

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



MAGNET



MAGNET

THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



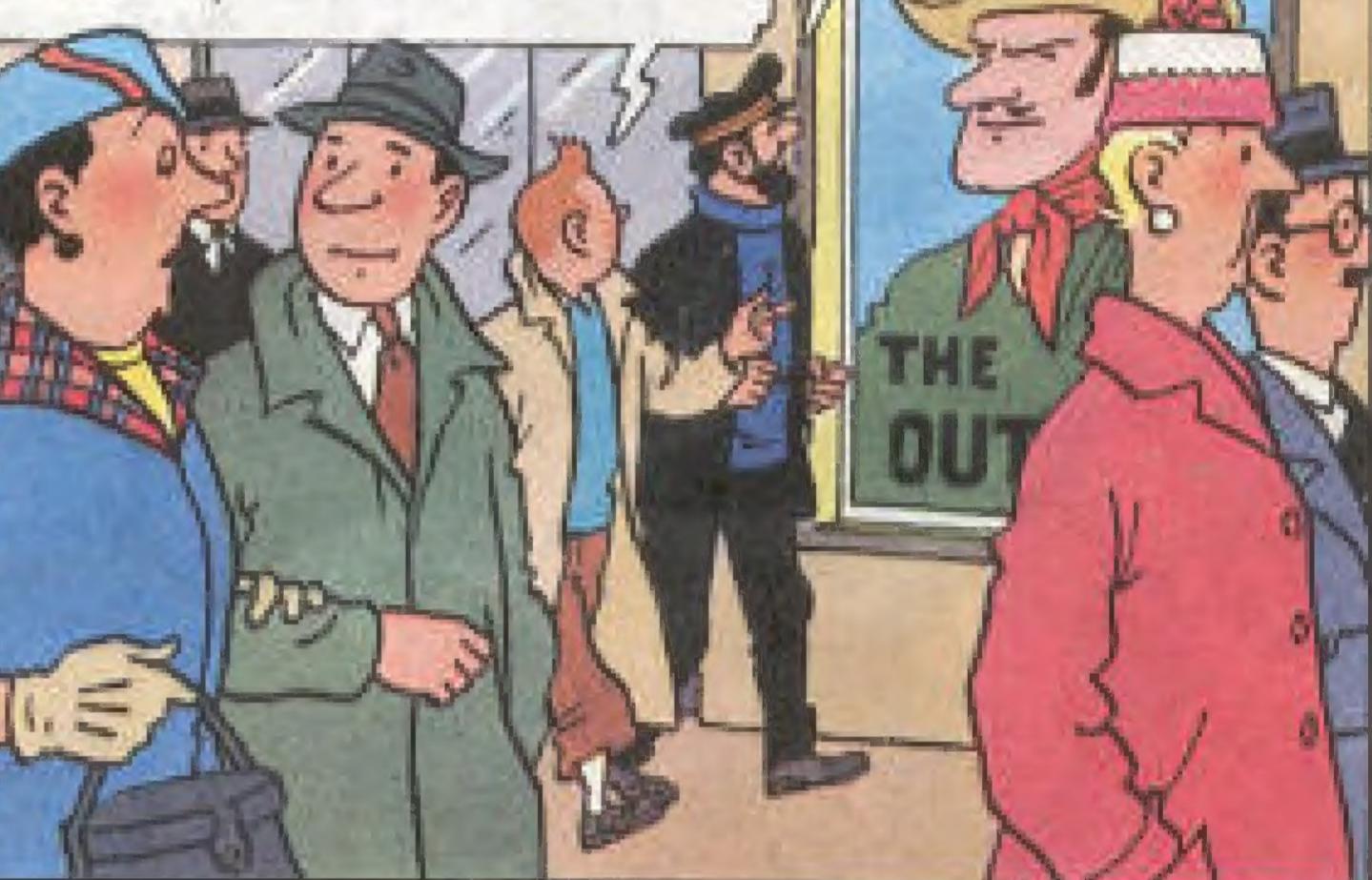
Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes...so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

He looks like Alcazar; don't you think so?



...but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years...he starts thinking about him...the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



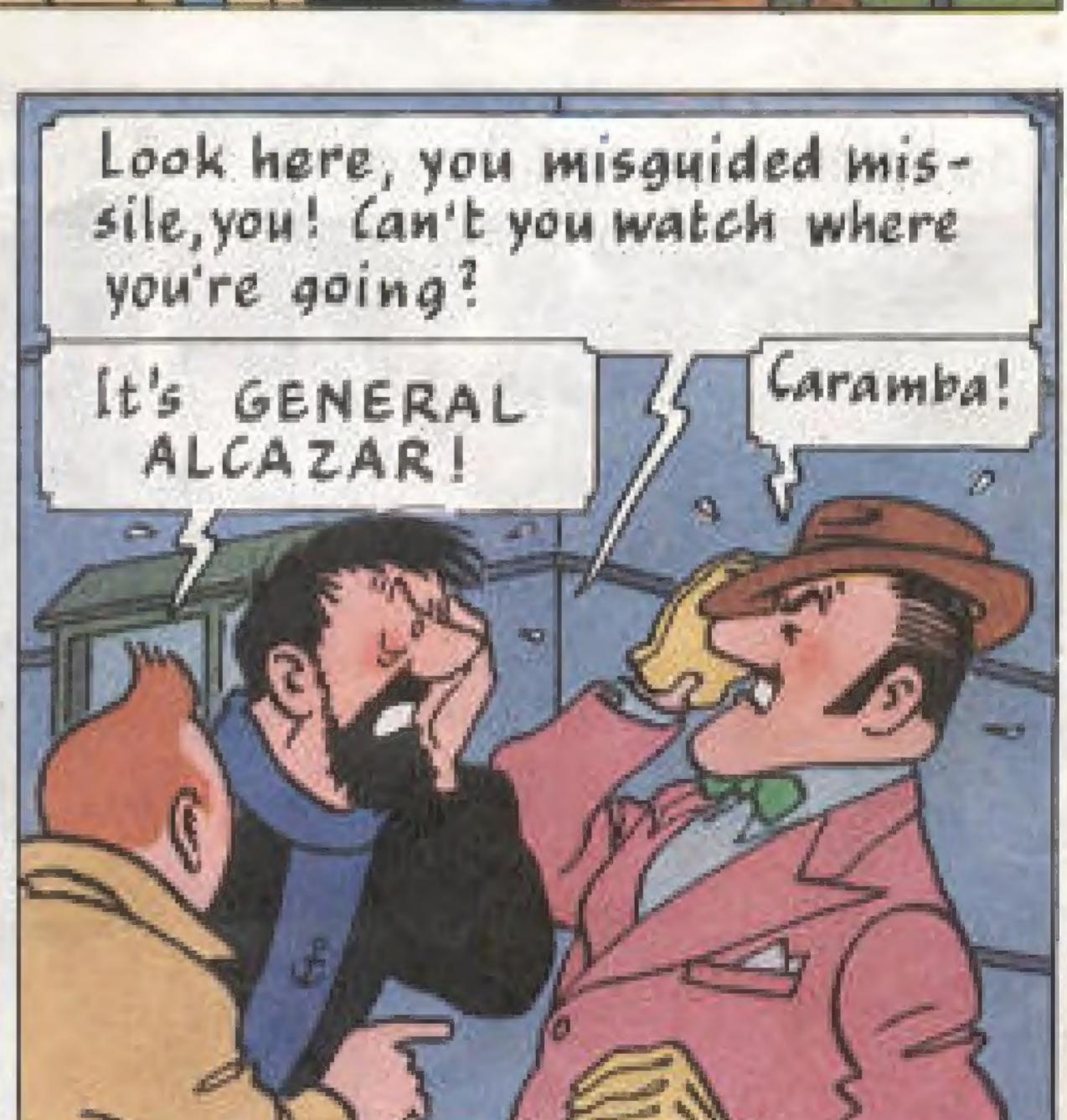
Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?



Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

Caramba!



It's extraordinary! I imagine!
The Captain and I were just this
moment talking about you!

Qué?... Of me?

Yes, of you... weren't we, Captain?
Then up you pop like a
jack-in-a-box. It's incredible...
But tell me, General, what
are you doing nowadays?

Me?... Er... Well... Si
... I... travel...
But...

Por favor... excuse please... In
mucho hurry... Already late for
appointment... I go now.

Oh, what a pity... At all
events, here's my address.
And where can we find
you, General?

Er... Um... At thees hotel...
er... thees Hotel Bristol.

Good! The Bristol...
And when do you...

Just so... Now I go... Adios,
amigos!

Goodbye,
General.

Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend
Alcazar was in a very chatty mood!

Yes, an odd
fellow. Oh well,
come on.

?

OH!

Crumbs! It's the
general's wallet.
He didn't put it
right inside his pocket.

Quick! He can't have got far.

Hello, where's he gone to? ...

Perhaps he got into a car.
... Never mind. The Hotel
Bristol is quite near; we'll
leave his wallet there.

A few minutes later, at the Bristol...

General Alcazar?... No, Sir, we
have no one of that name here.

I wonder: perhaps he's registered under another name... Ramon Zarate?

Ramon Zarate?... No, sir. A Spanish gentleman?

South American. Quite well-built. A long chin... small moustache... Wait, I'll try to draw him for you.

There... That's about it...

No, sir. I'm terribly sorry, but I don't know the gentleman.

Oh? That's odd. Well, thank you.

Now what can we do to return that idiot's wallet to him?

That's what I'm wondering.

I say, why shouldn't the wallet itself give us a clue towards finding the general. Come on; we'll go in here.

Now then, let's see what's inside here.

ROSSINI

Pound notes, French and Belgian money, a hotel bill, a four-leaf clover, a lottery ticket from San Theodoros... in fact, nothing to give us a lead.

... And in this envelope, photos of aircraft... Odd, isn't it, Captain?

Ah, a letter!... This time I think we're on to something. Look, Captain.

Friday

Dear Sir,

Please telephone PIC 8524 between 10. and 12.0 p.m. and ask for Mr. Debrett.

Regards,
J.D.M.C.

But the general's address isn't here.

I know, but I'll ring up the number given in the letter.

ROSSINI

Hello, is that PIC 8524? May I speak to Mr. Debrett?... Who am I?... A friend of General Alcazar, and I... Hello?... HELLO??...

Can you hear me? ... What? ... You don't know the name Alcazar? ... What about Ramon Zarate? ... Nor that? ... You see, sir, I found his wallet and... I beg your pardon?

I tell you, sir, I am not Mr. Debrett! I don't know your General Alhambra, and I am not interested in your story ... Goodbye!

There's politeness for you! ...

Very odd... They don't know of him at that number. Too bad... We'd better be getting home to Marlinspike.

A little later...

How strange. The front door's open...

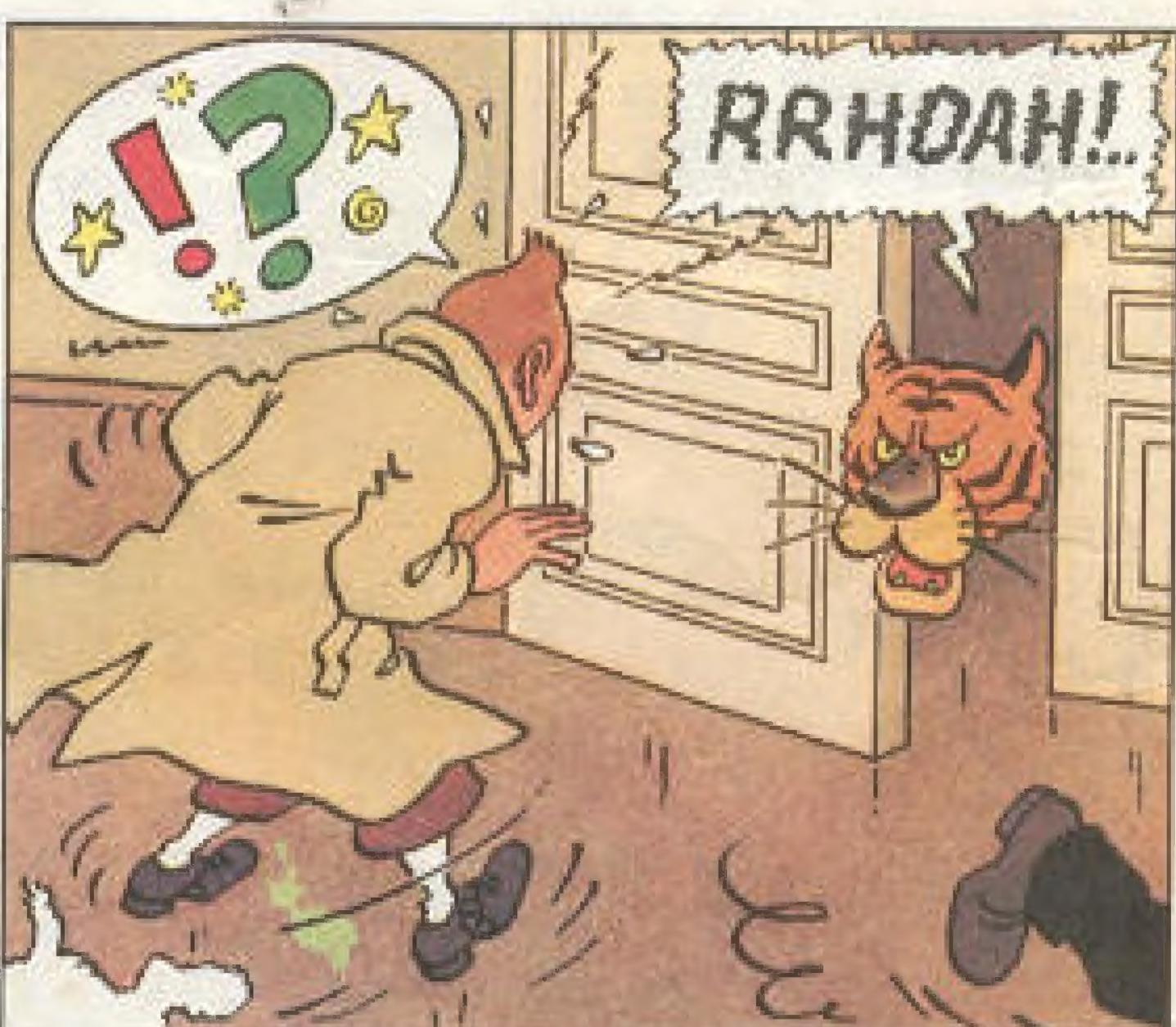
WOOAAAH!.. WOOAAAH!

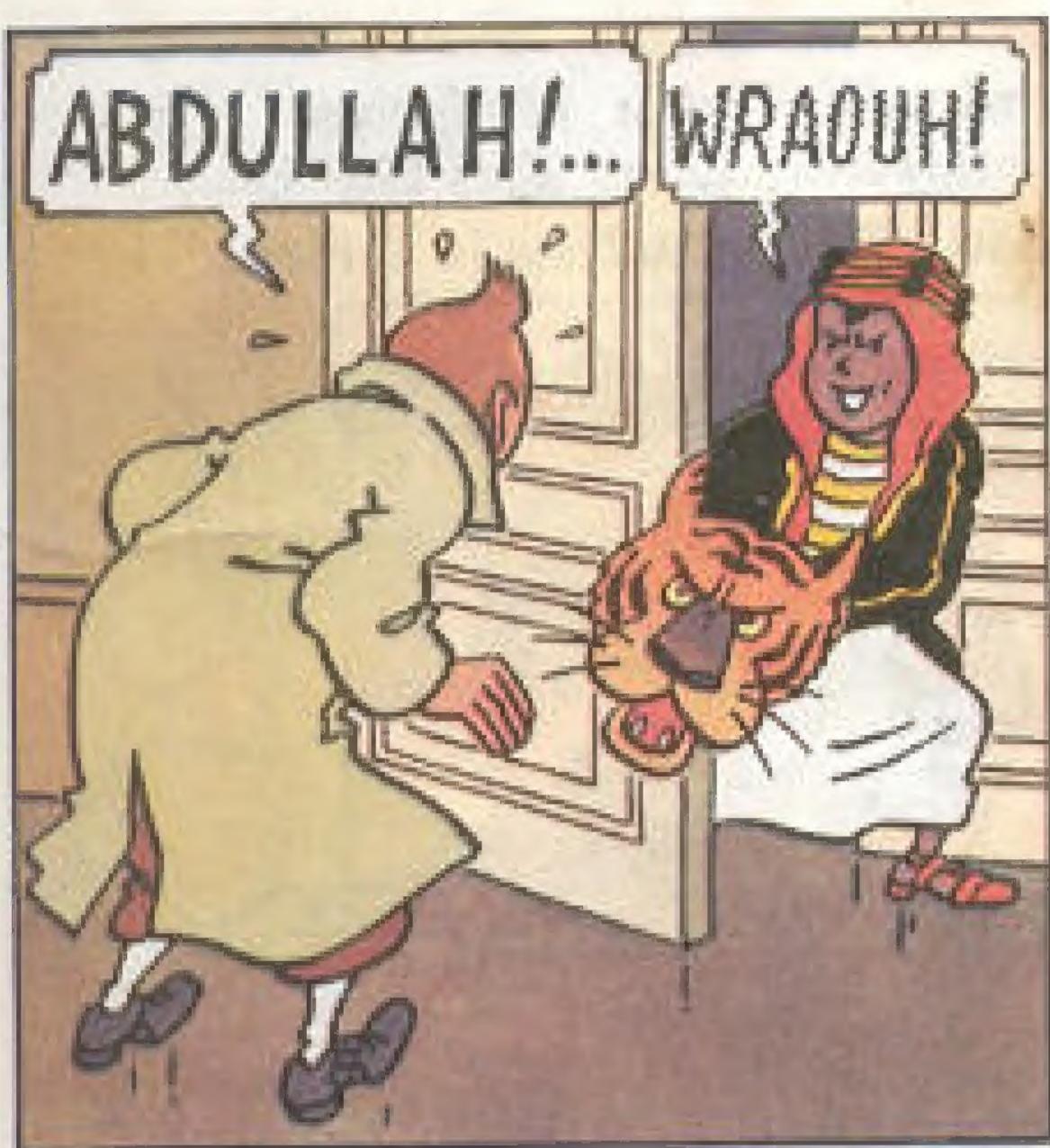
Good heavens! My poor Snowy! Who's done this to you?!

I'll get to the bottom of it!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Who's the thundering son of a sea-gherkin who did that?... Nestor!... Nestor!





Me Hassim, servant to His Highness
Prince Abdullah ...



And I bring you message from my Master.



Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,

I entrust to you my son Abdullah, to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.

Emir Ben Kalish Egab

Read that, Tintin, it's for you... Tell me Hassim, what does the Emir mean... "the situation is serious"?

I know not, Effendi.



What d'you make of it? One thing's clear: we've got Abdullah on our hands. We'll have to bring the young scamp to heel.



Halt thou!... Touch not the son of my Master!



Touch not! Touch not! You arabesque, you! D'you imagine I'm going to let that little pest raise Cain in my house?



Just wait till I find you, you young rascalion!



Oh sir!... Sir!... It's terrible, sir... All those foreign persons have settled themselves...

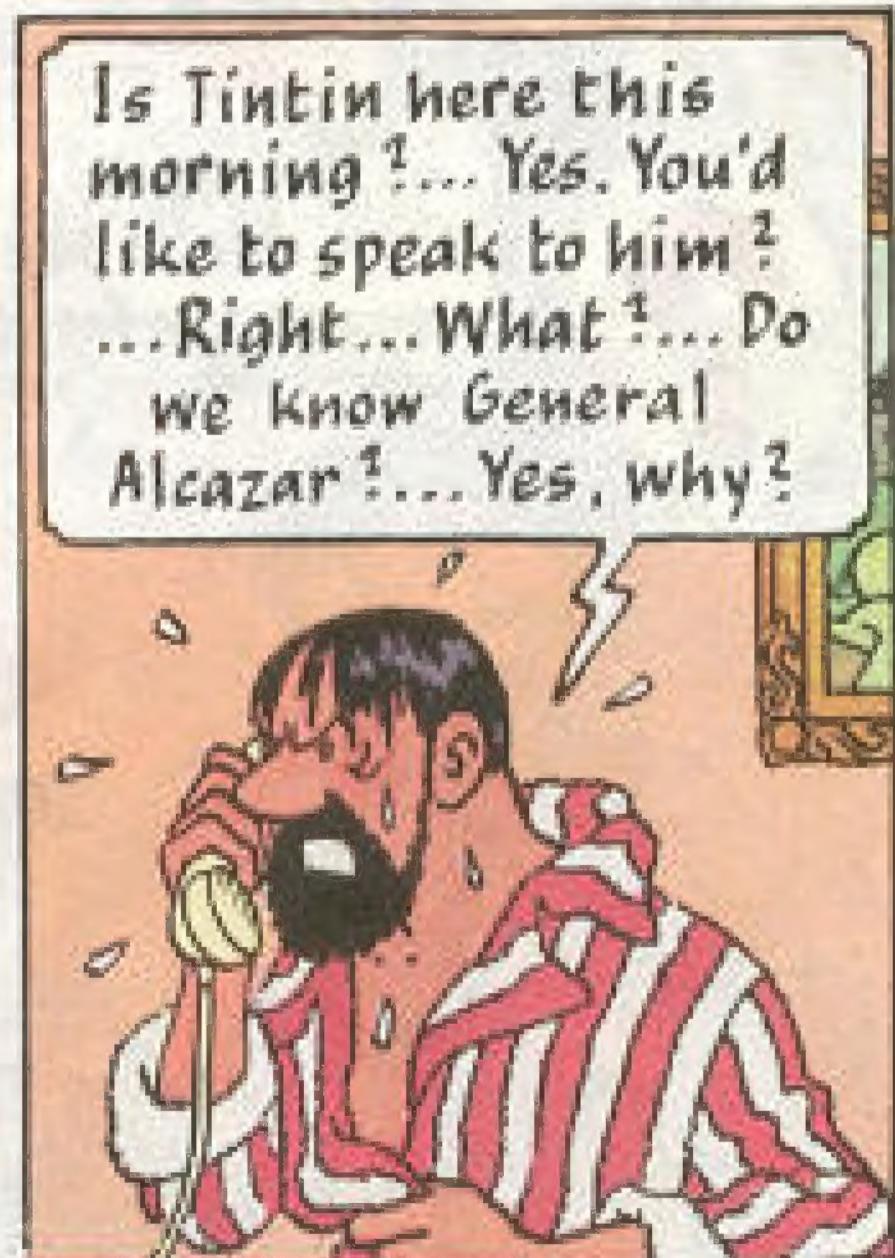
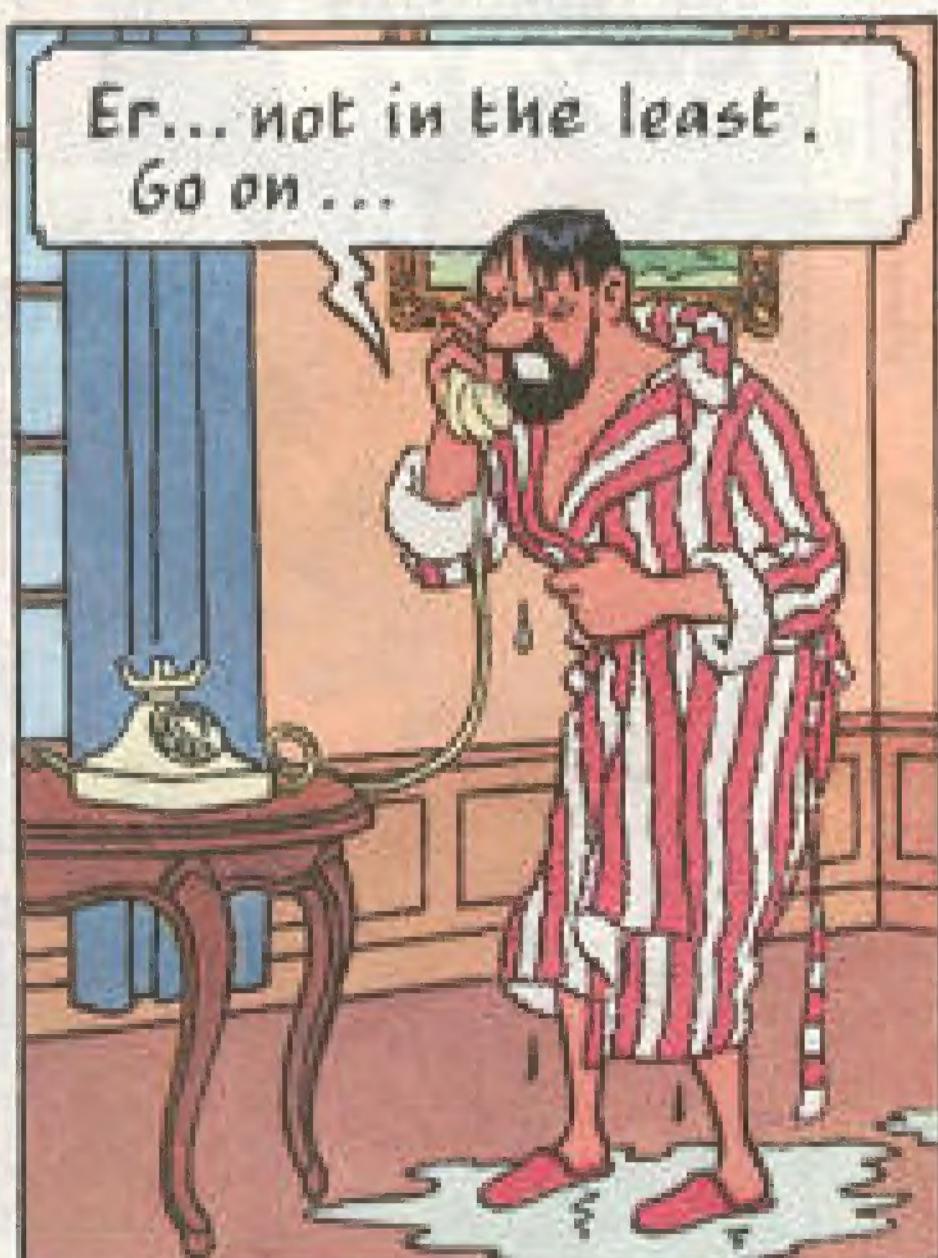
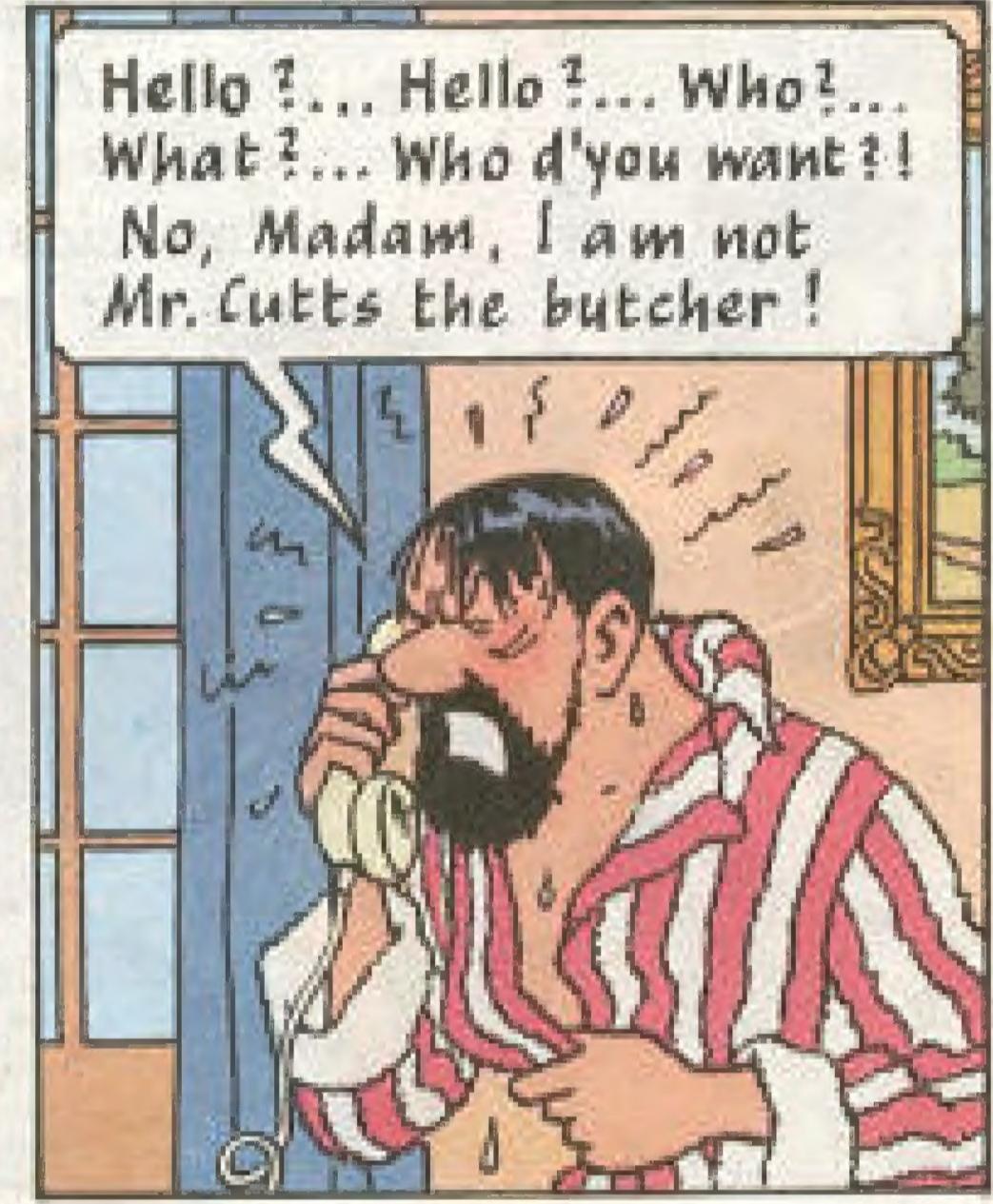
Later, Nestor... tell me later.



... in the state-rooms!



The next morning...



You'll explain that
to Tintin later?
Good... What?
... No, no trouble
at all...

Ringing up when
I'm in the bath!
I ask you!

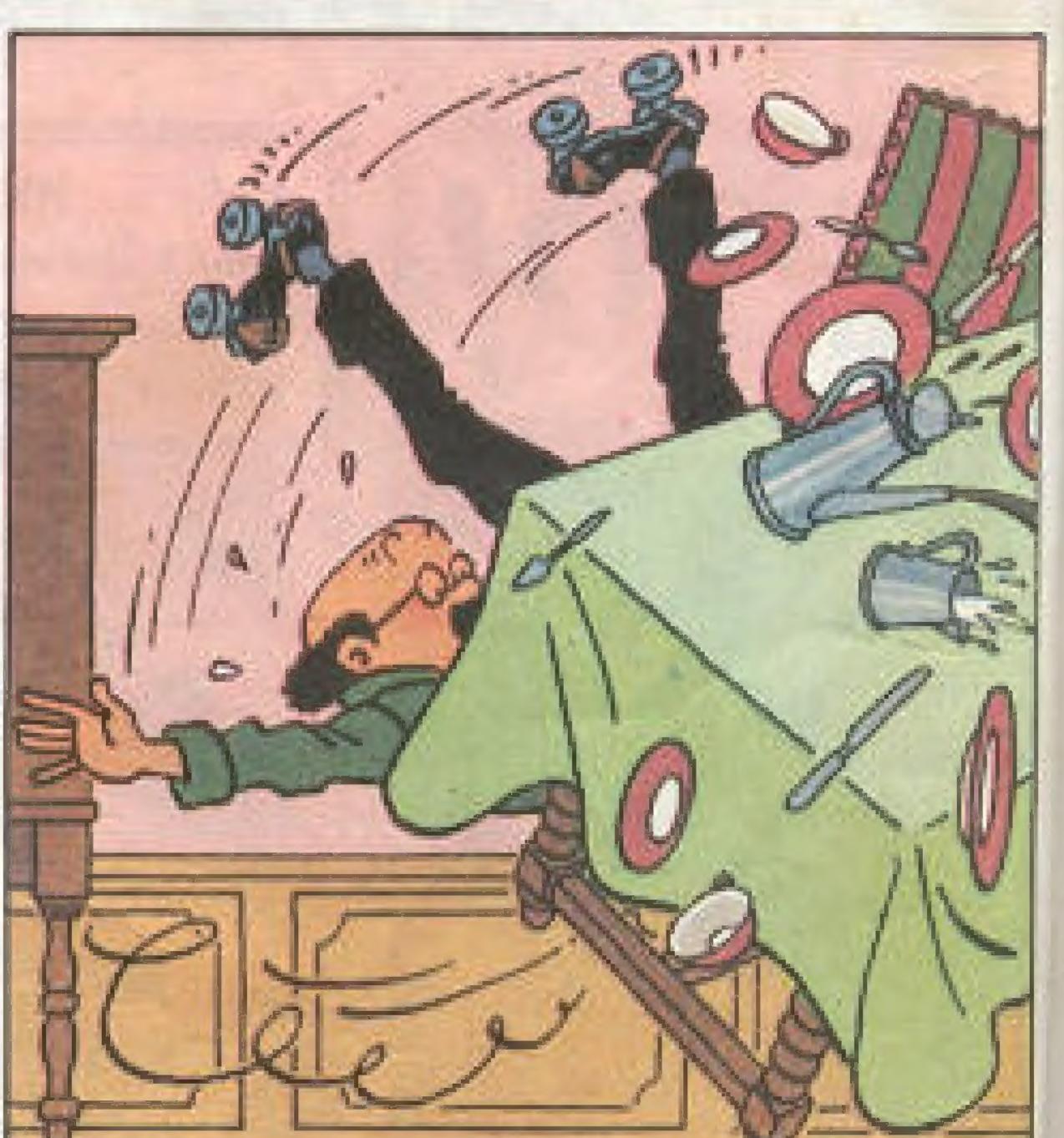
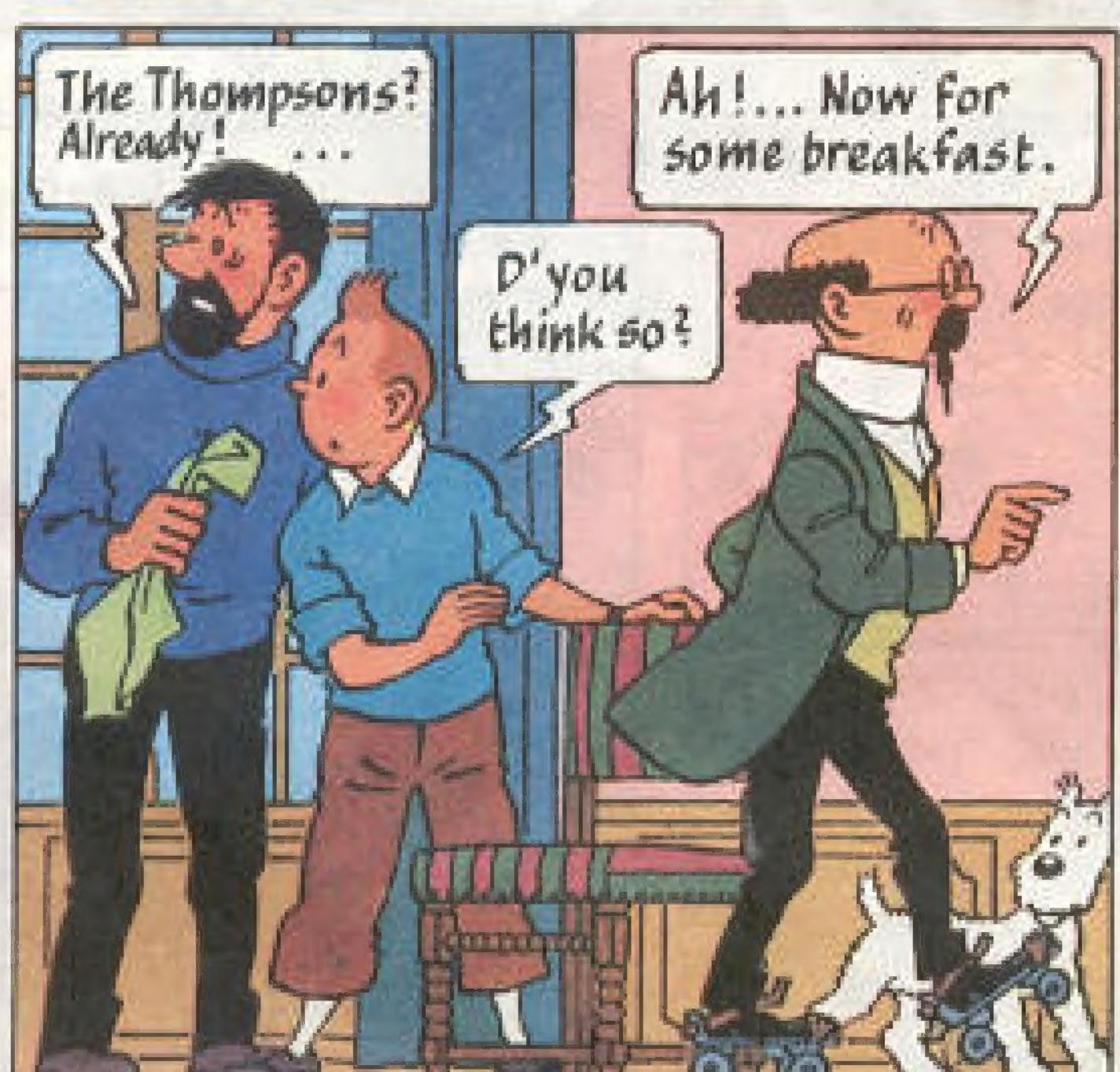
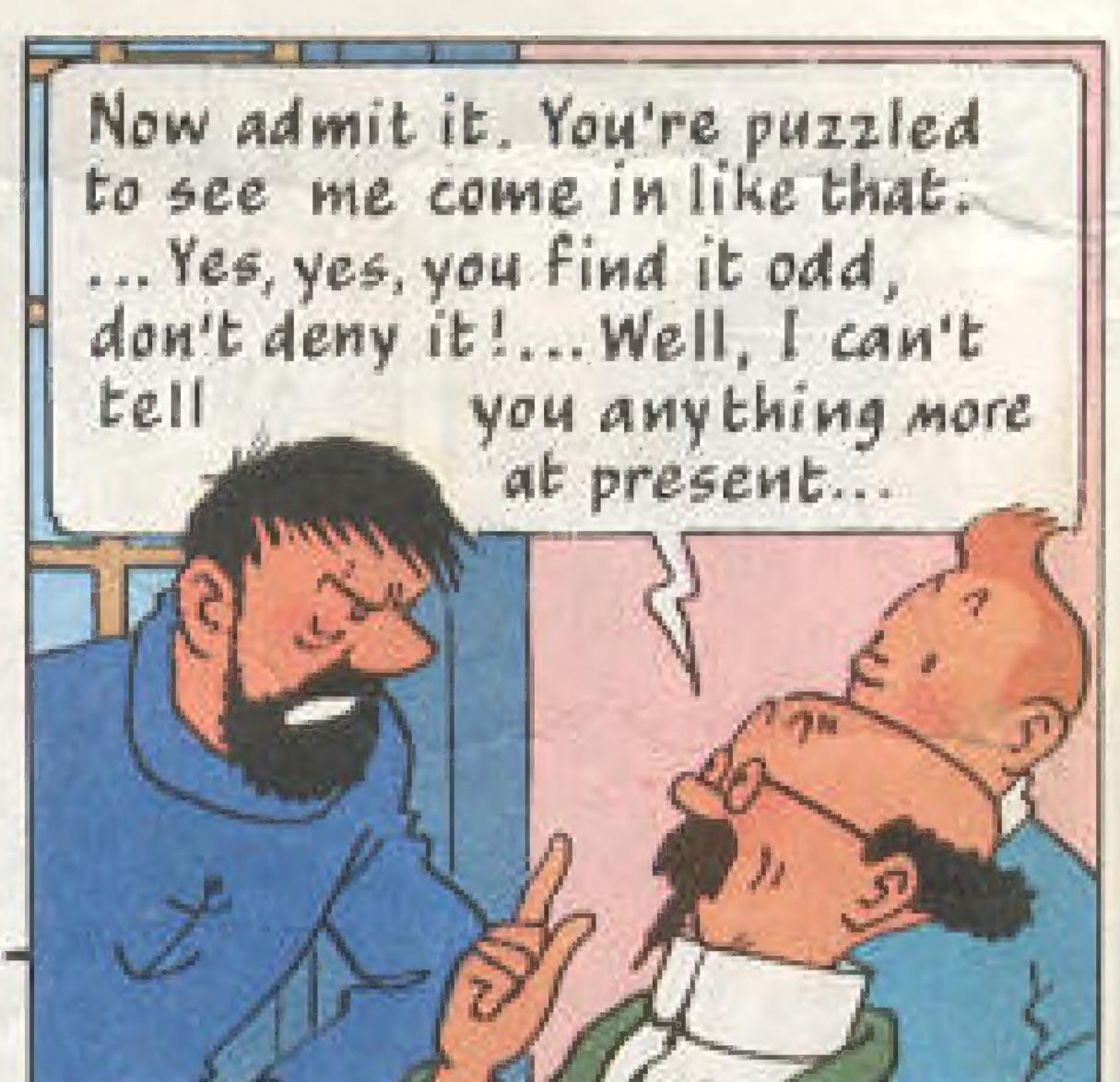
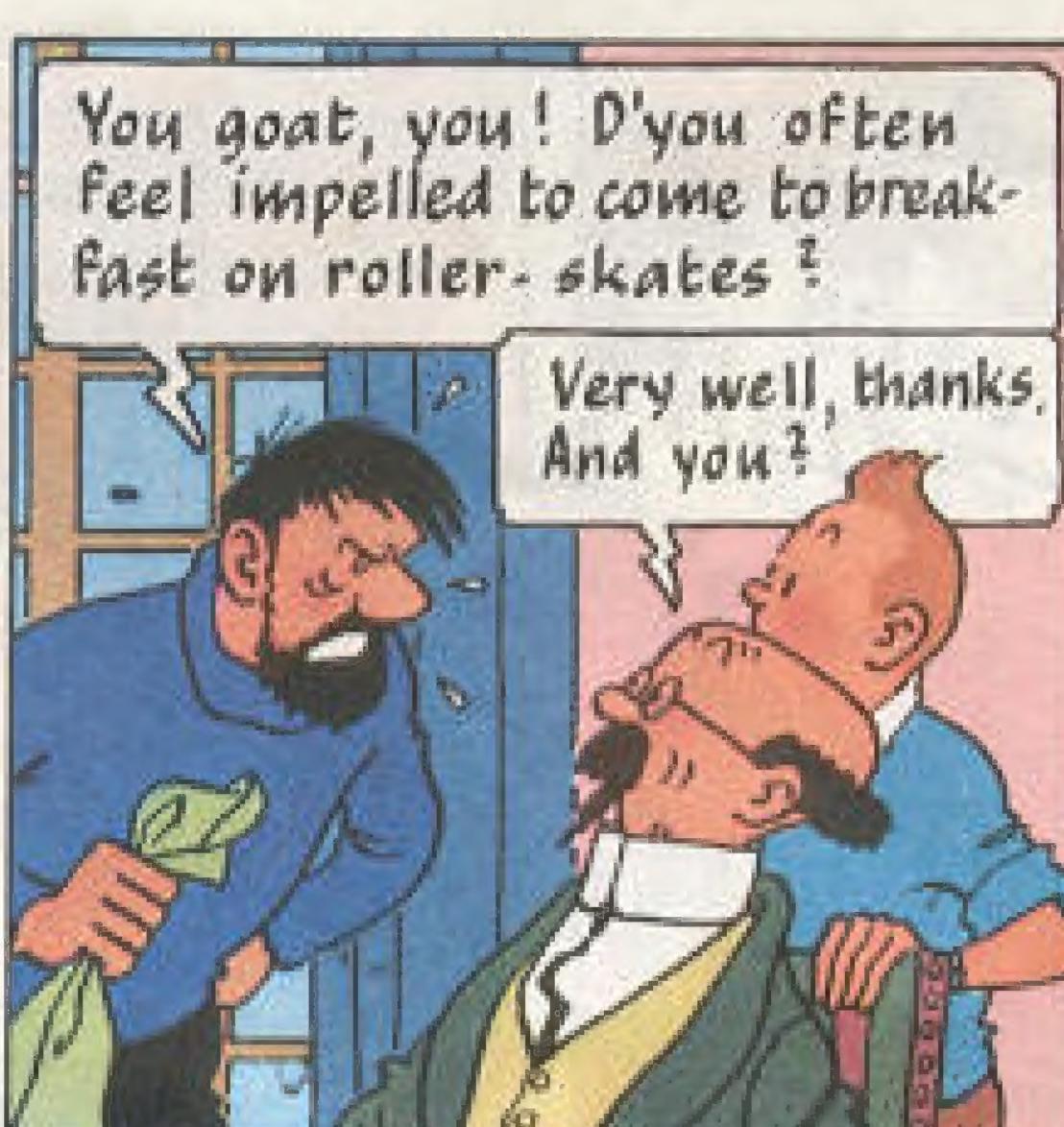
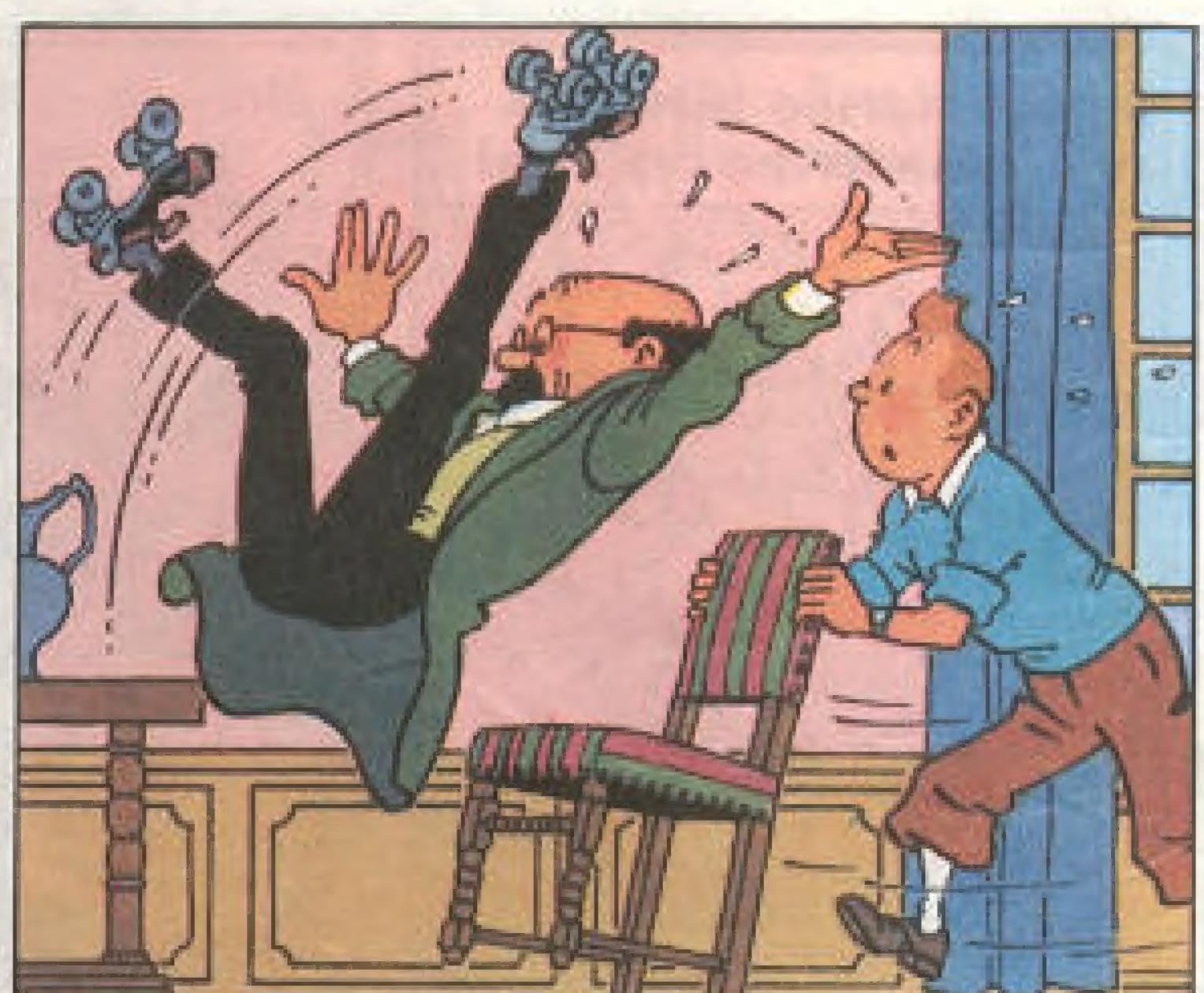
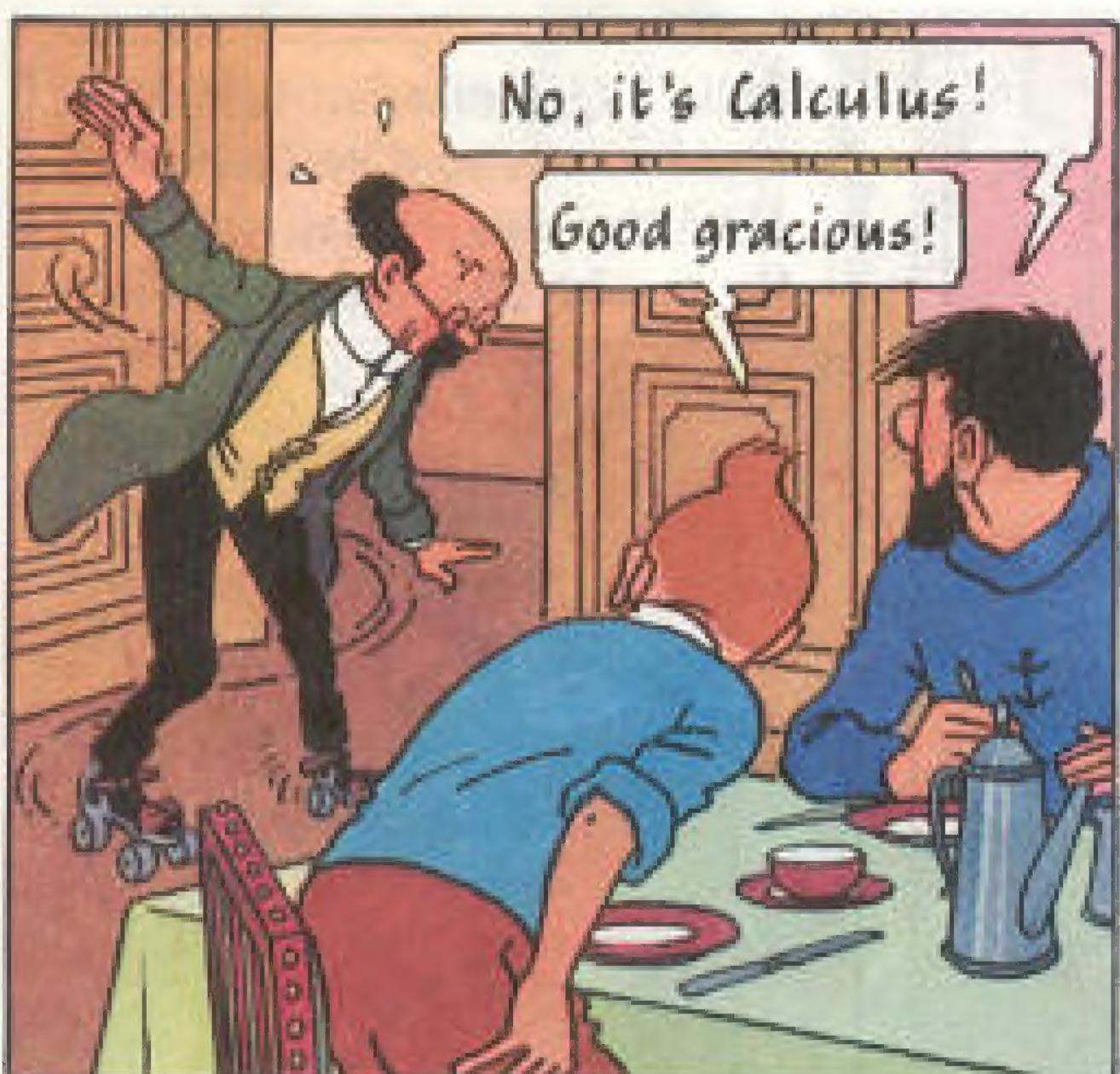
Half an hour later...

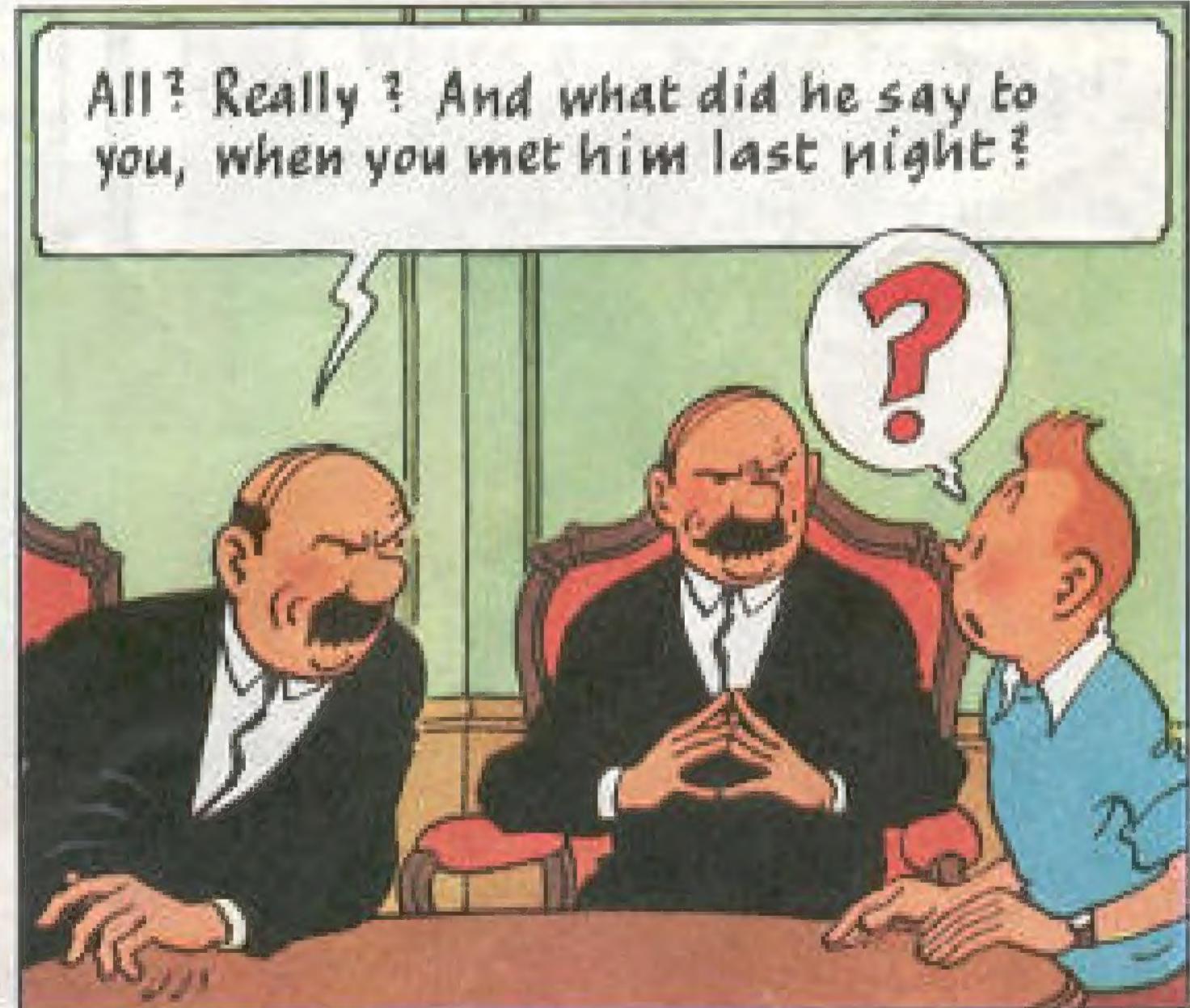
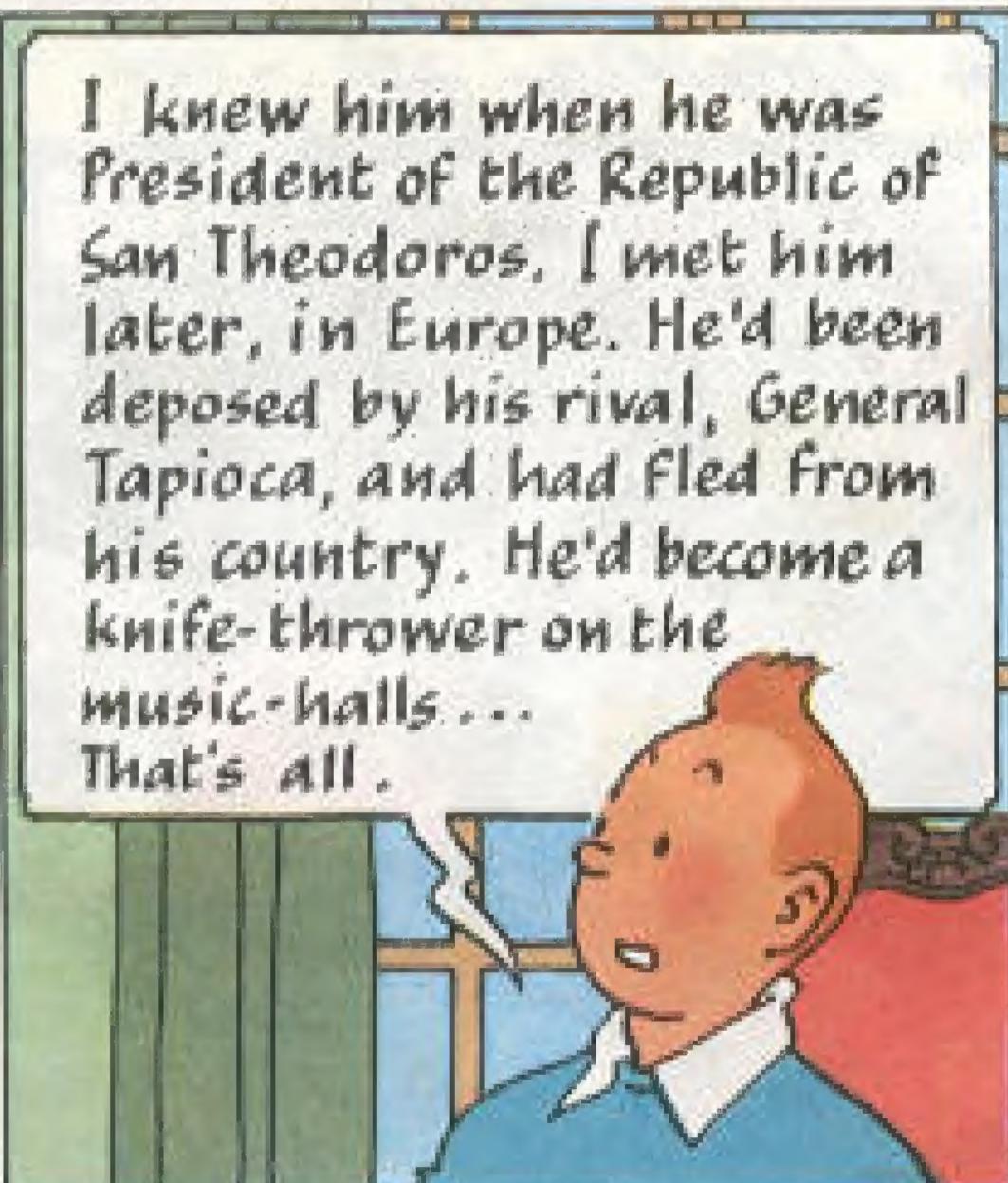
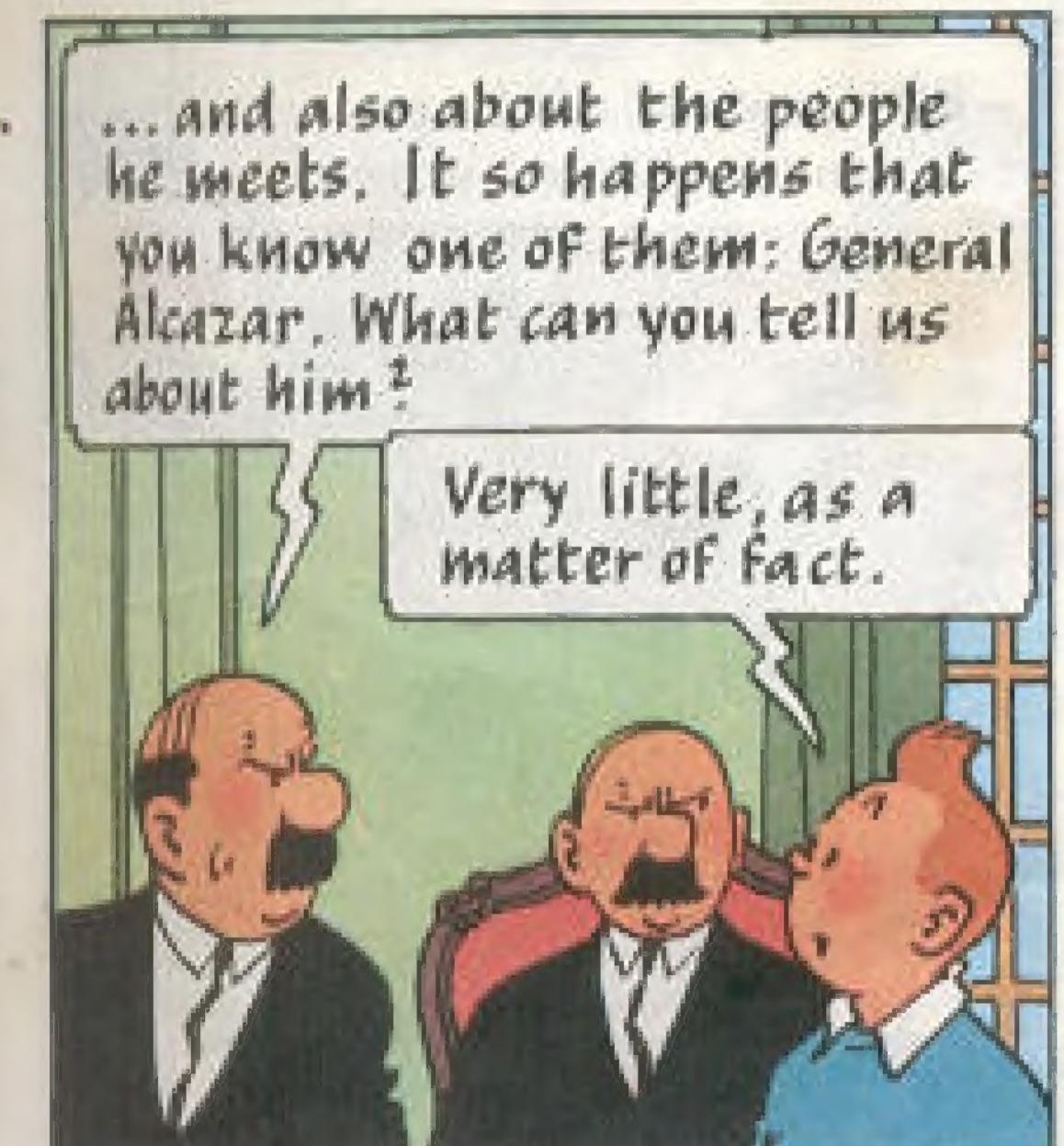
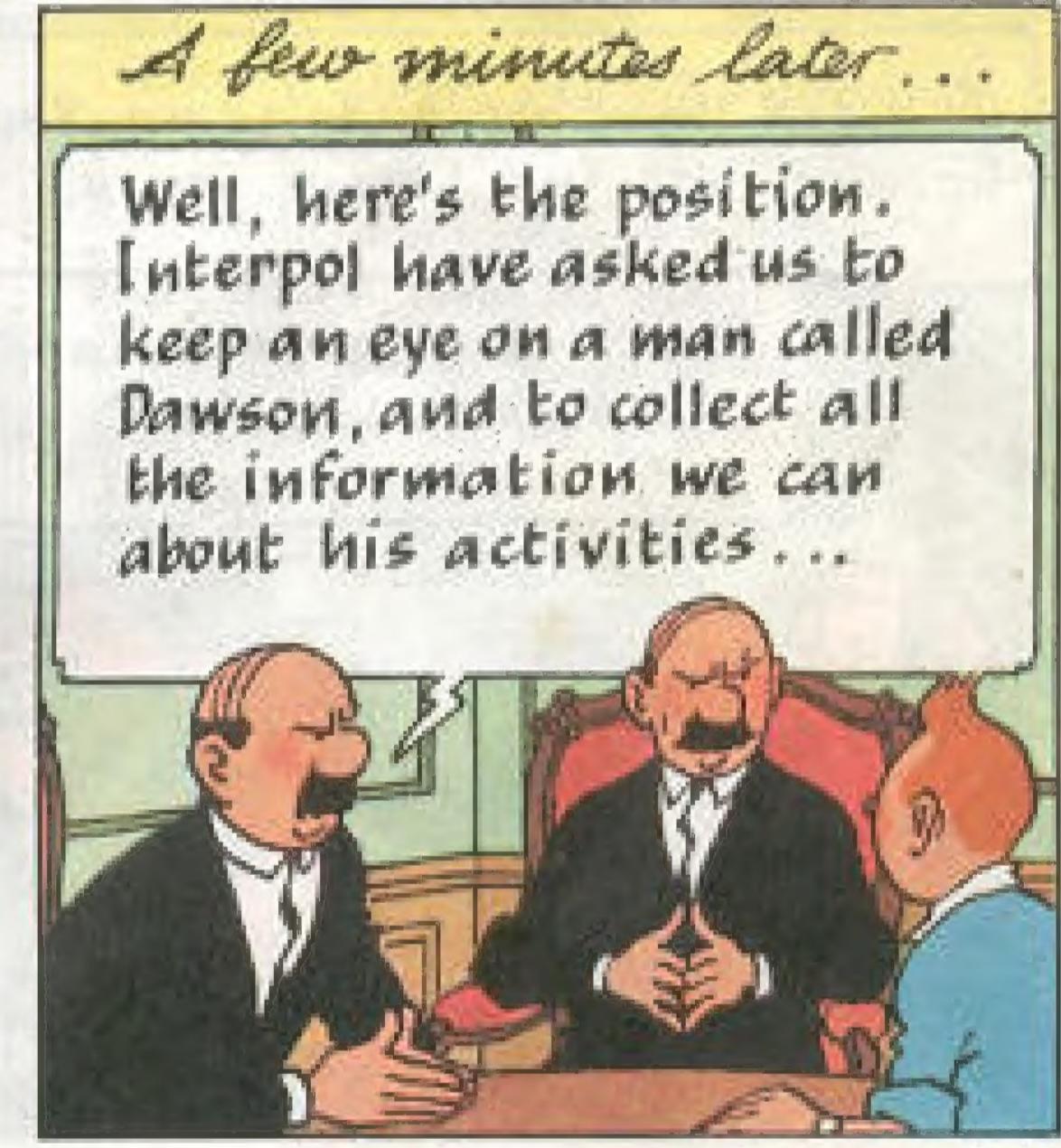
Well, well! Thompson and Thom-
son?... And they want to talk to me
about General Alcazar. Odd, isn't it?

Yes... Talking of odd things
... where's Abdullah
this morning?

KHRRR KHRRR

Blistering barnacles,
here he comes!





Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel...er... the Hotel...

Excelsior: yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.



Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



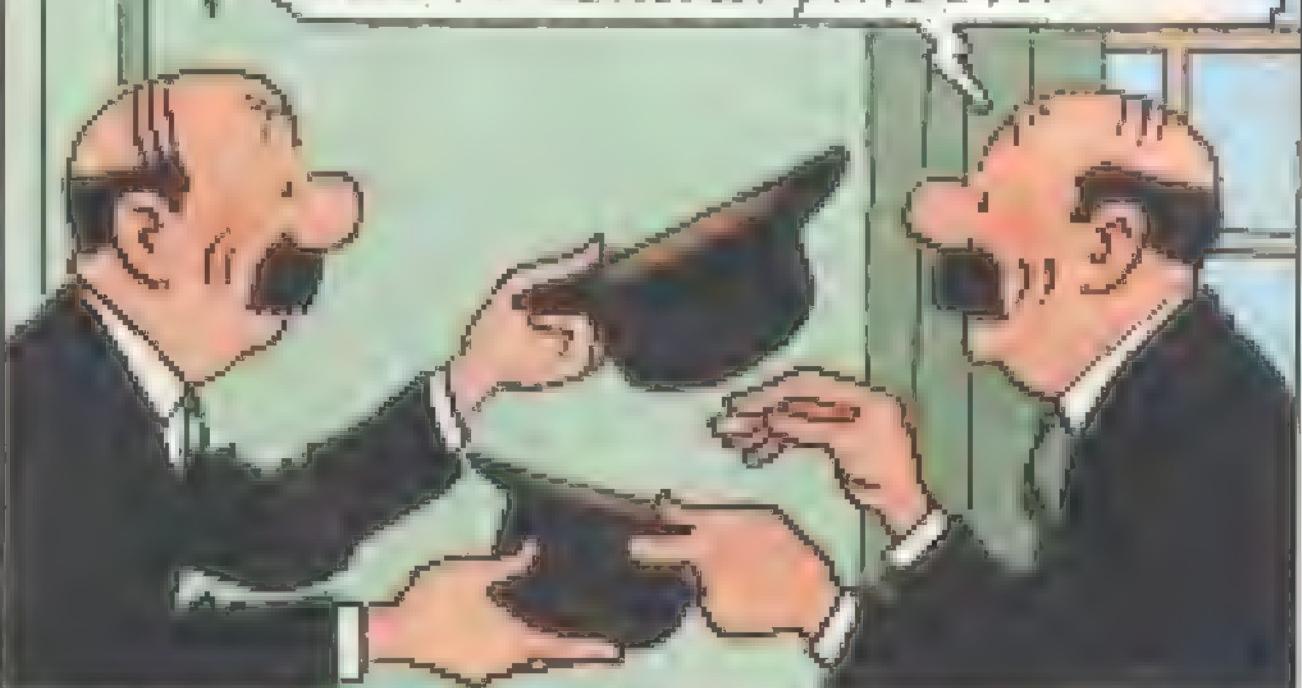
What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our mats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine!

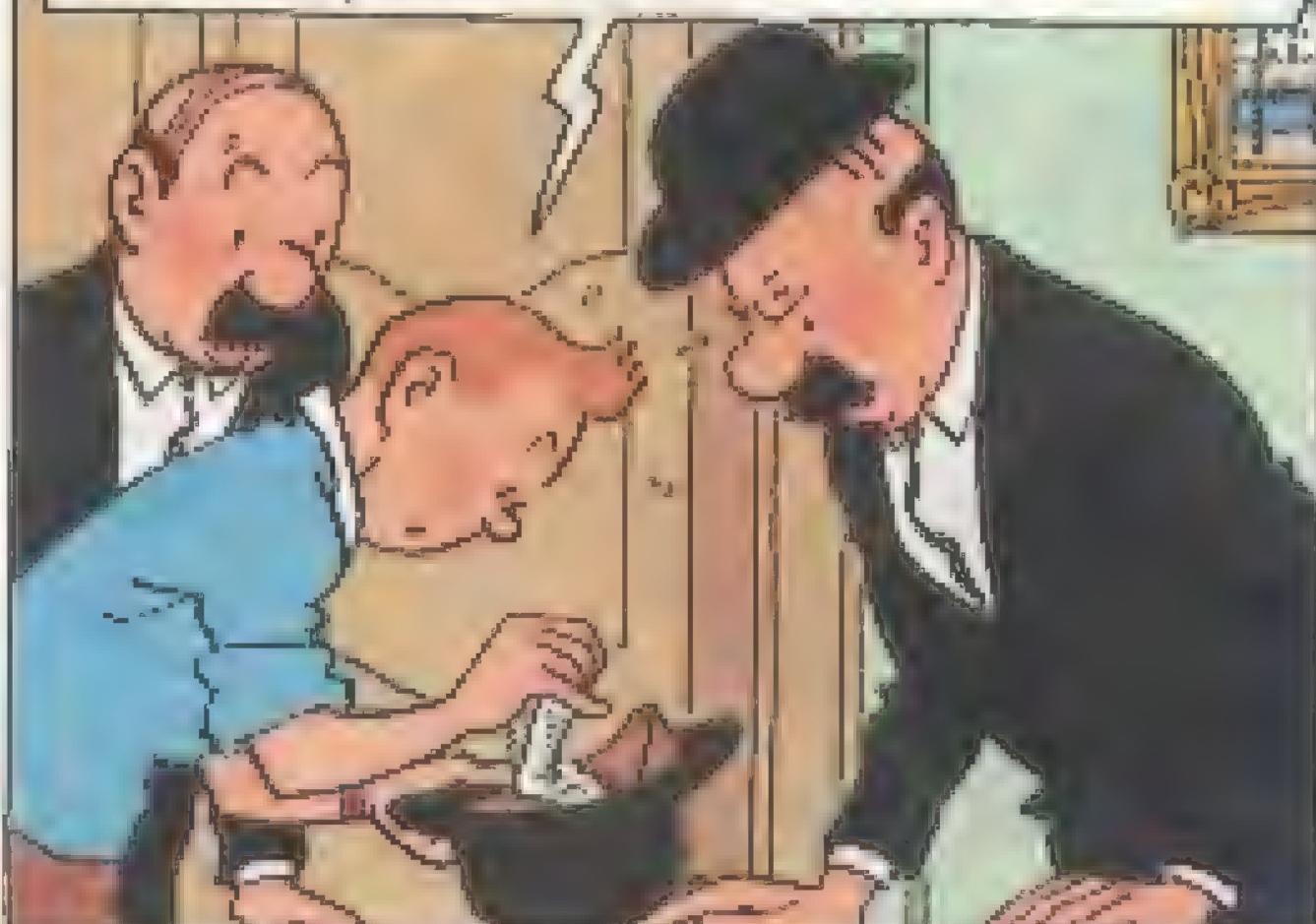


May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this...

Abdullah?

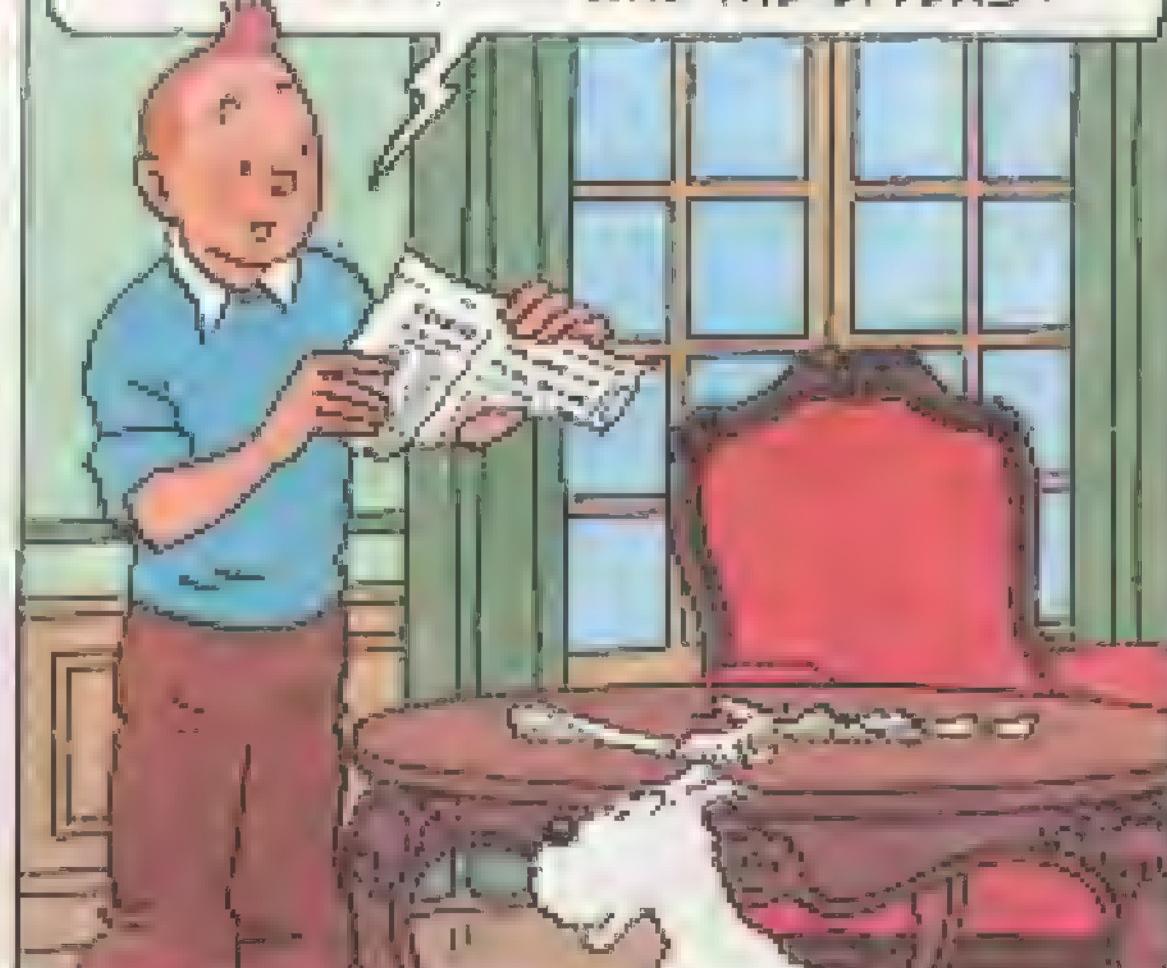


There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



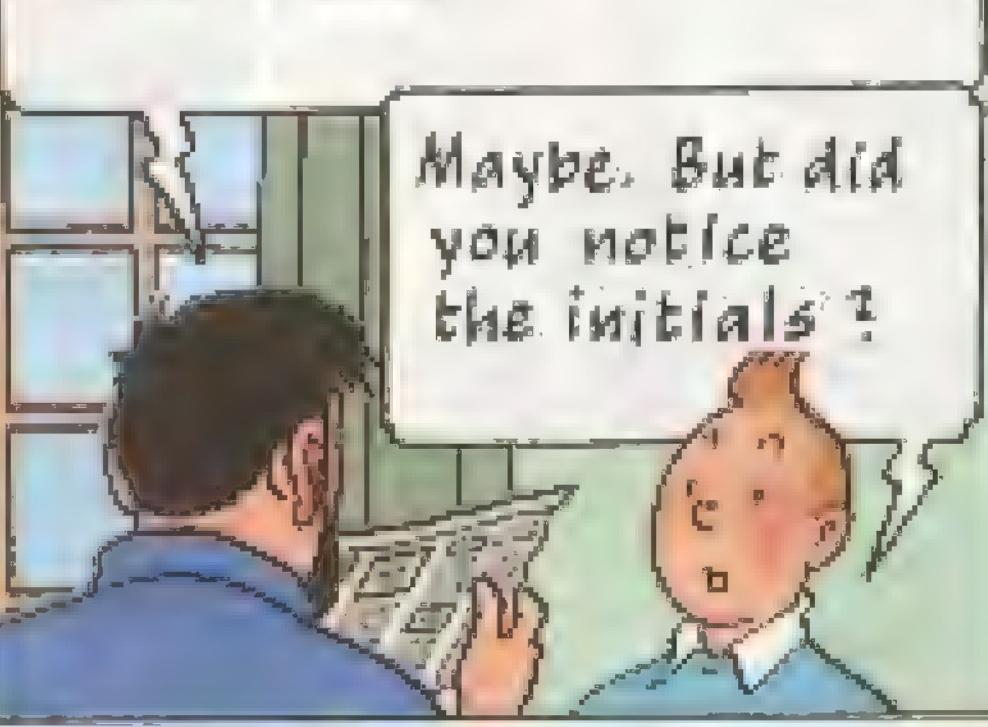
Well, what did our Siamese twins want?



Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms". You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!



J.D.M.C.... J.D.M.C. ... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!

Precisely!

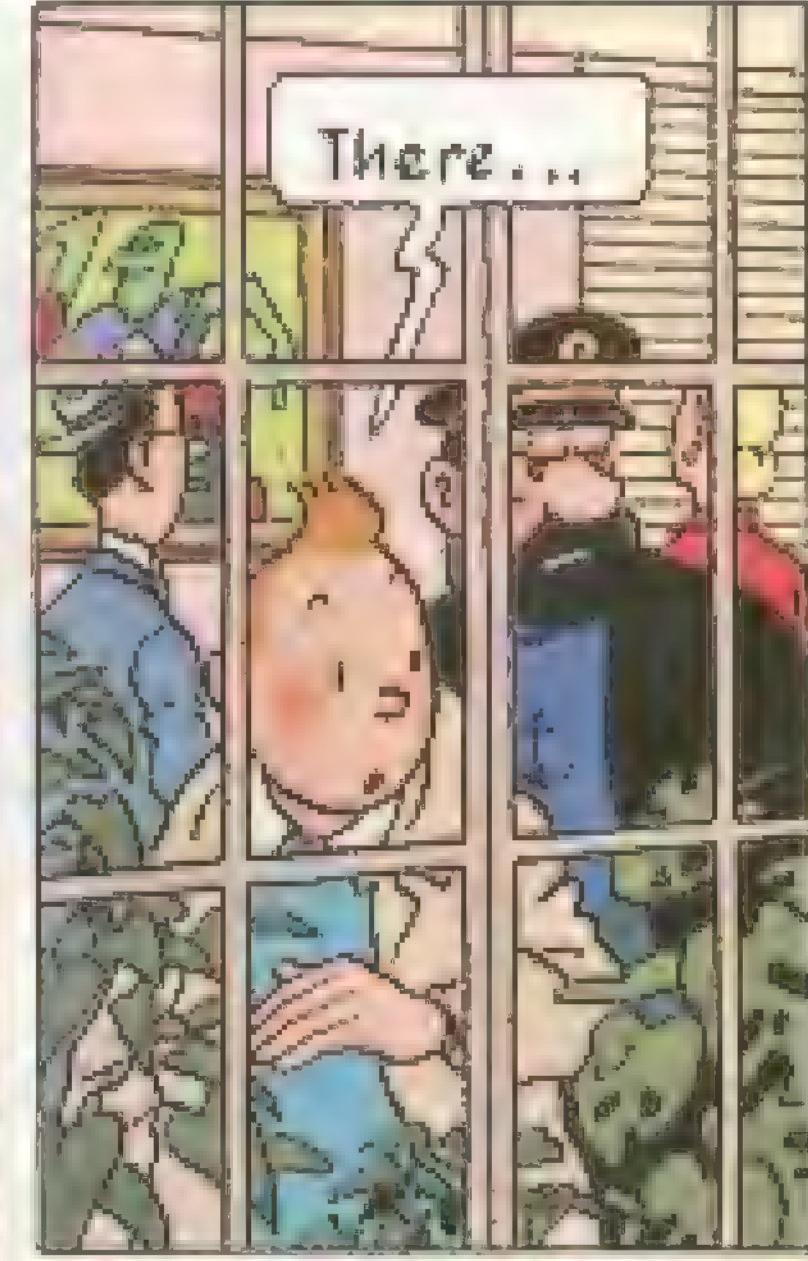
No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

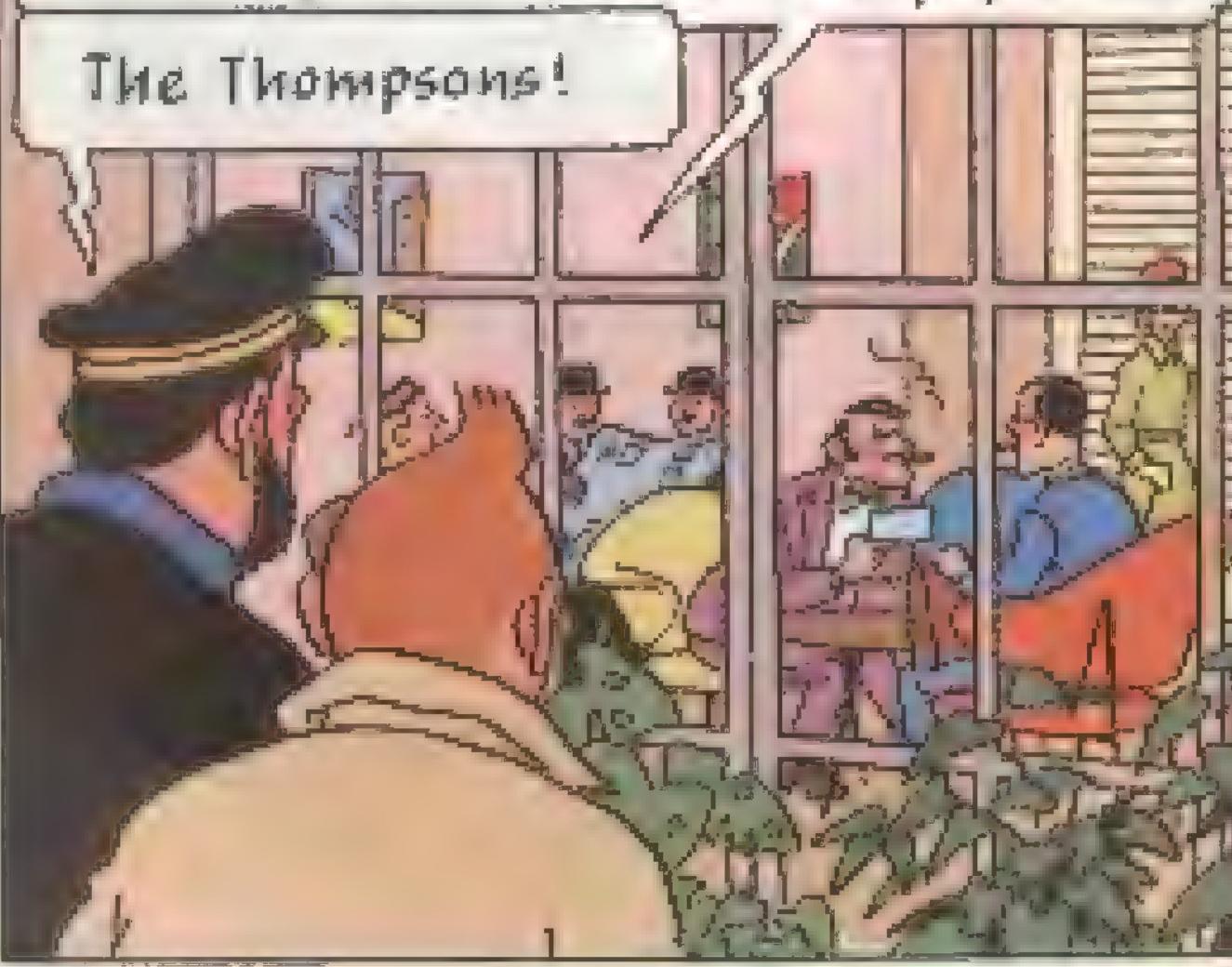


Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.



An hour later...

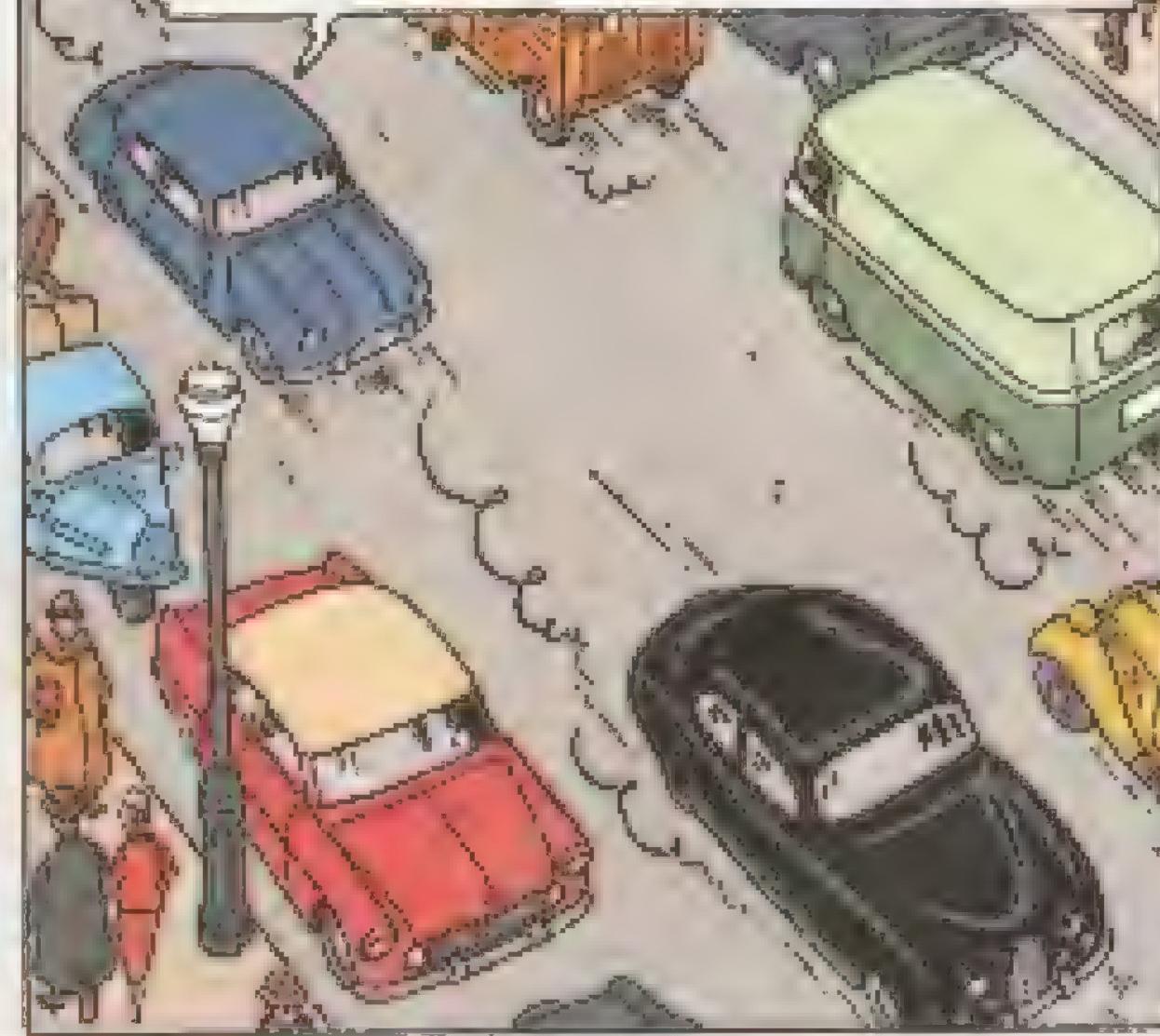
There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.

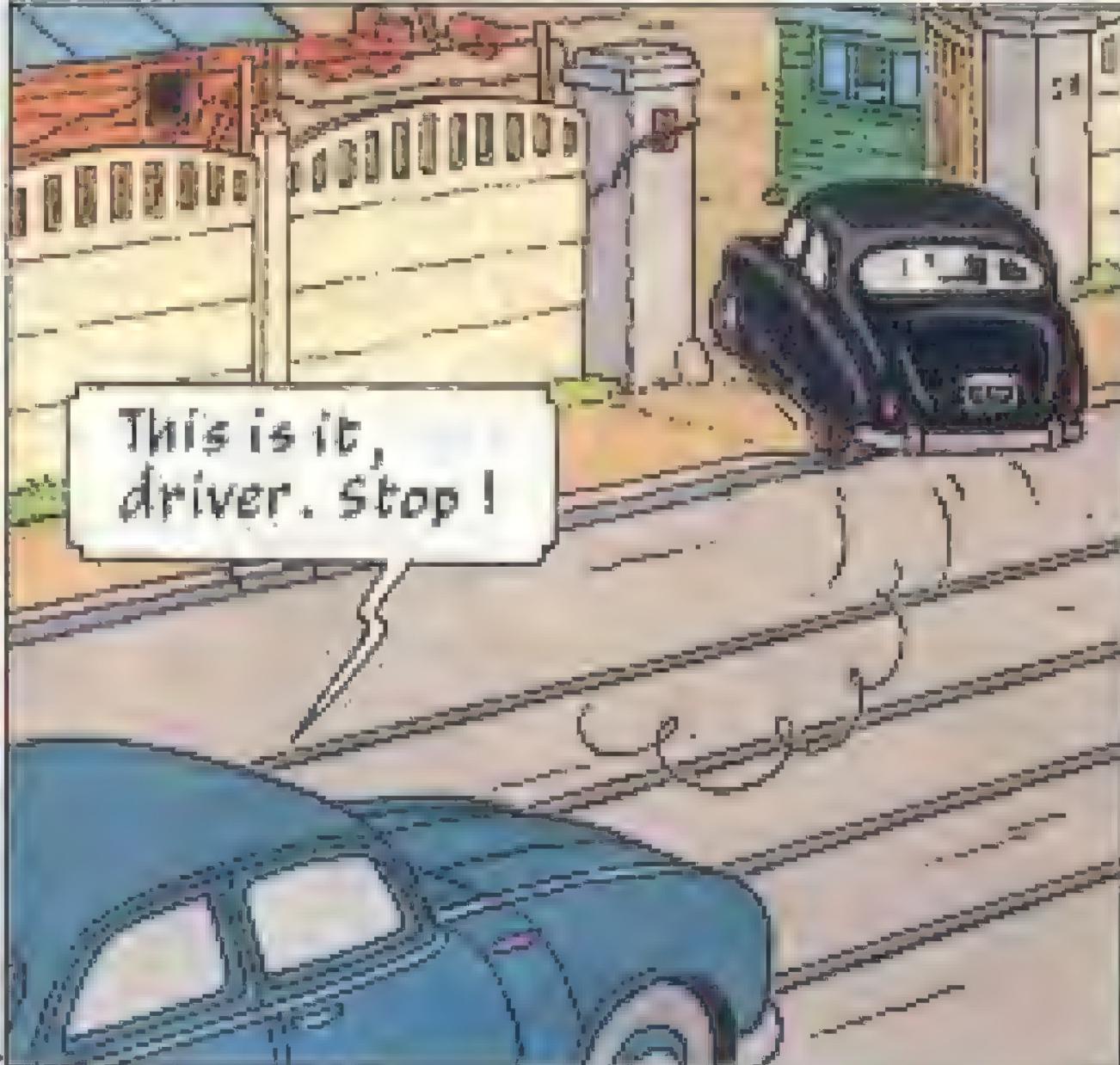
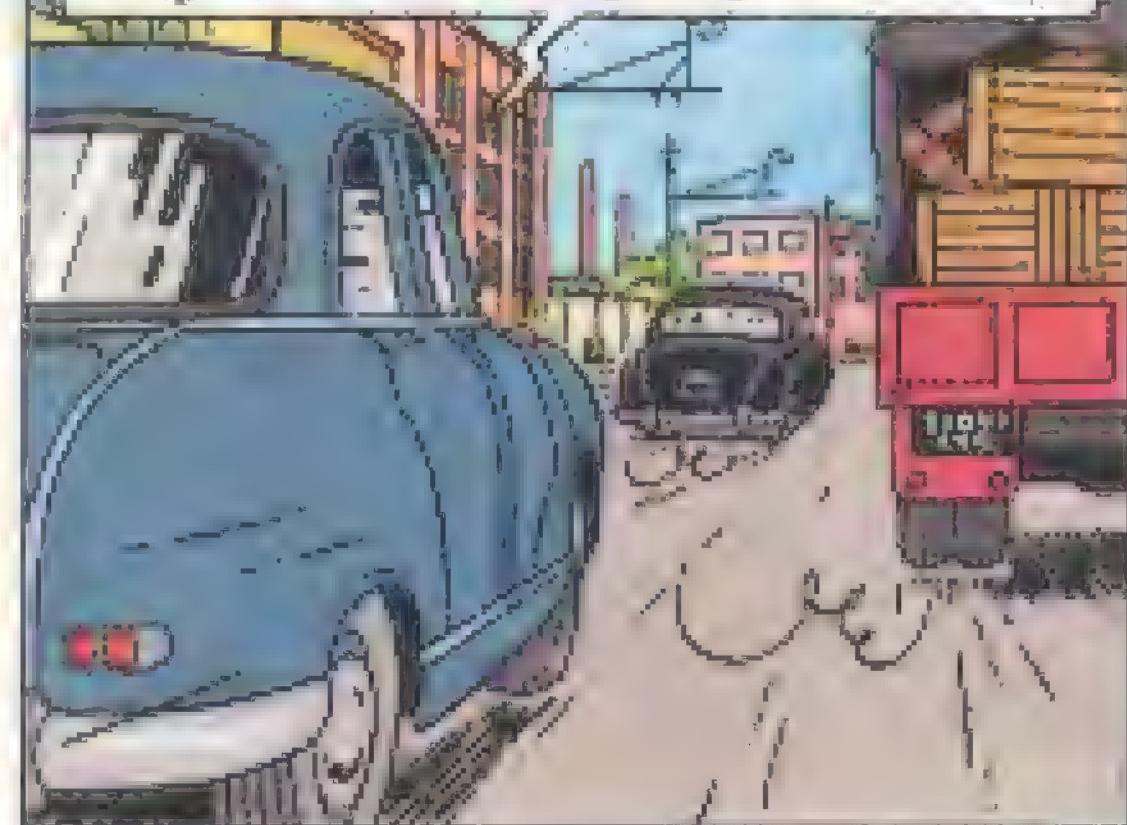


Where are we off to now?



Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.



Oh! A watchman!



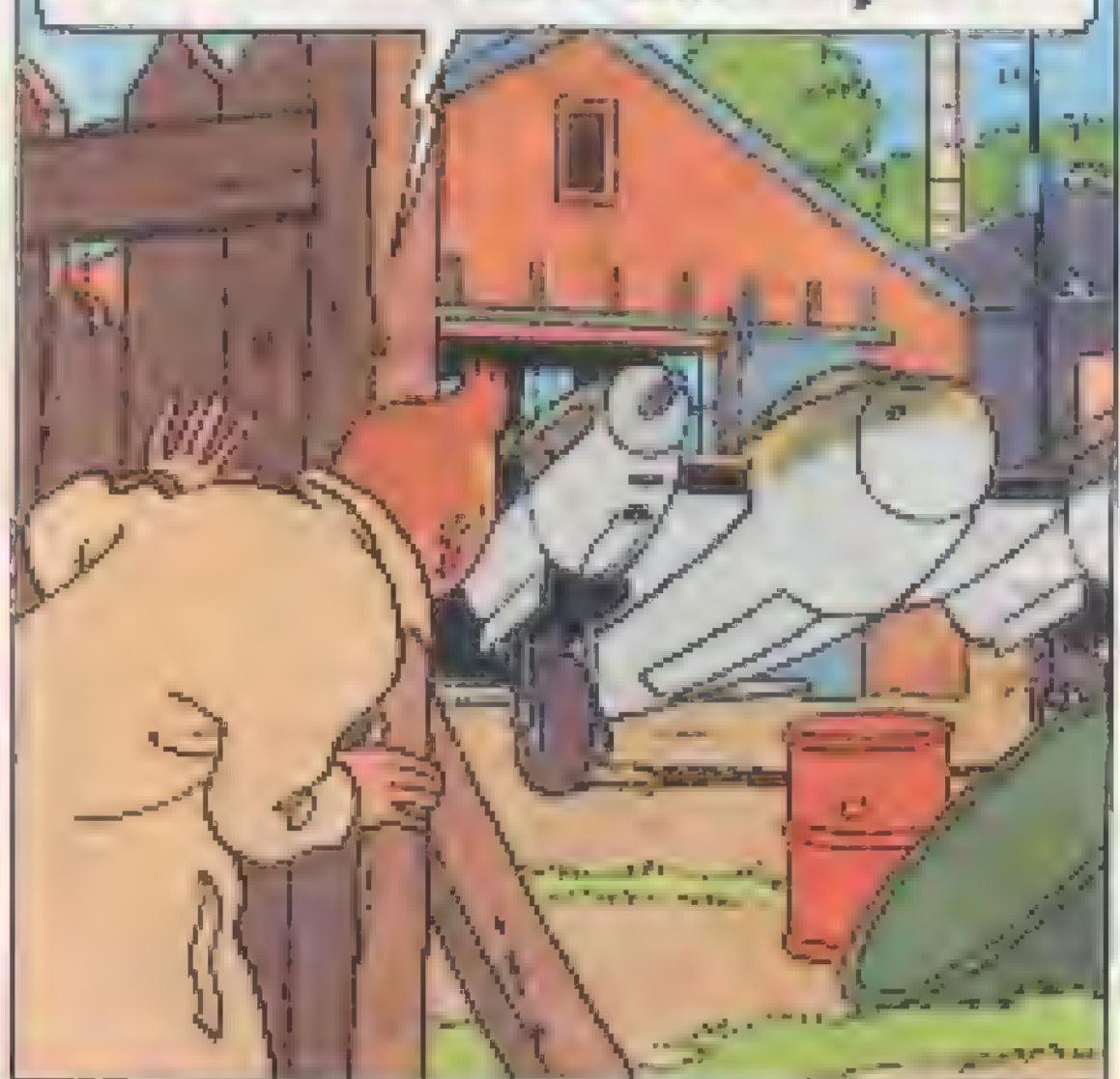
How can I get in without being seen? ... Perhaps ... Yes, I know



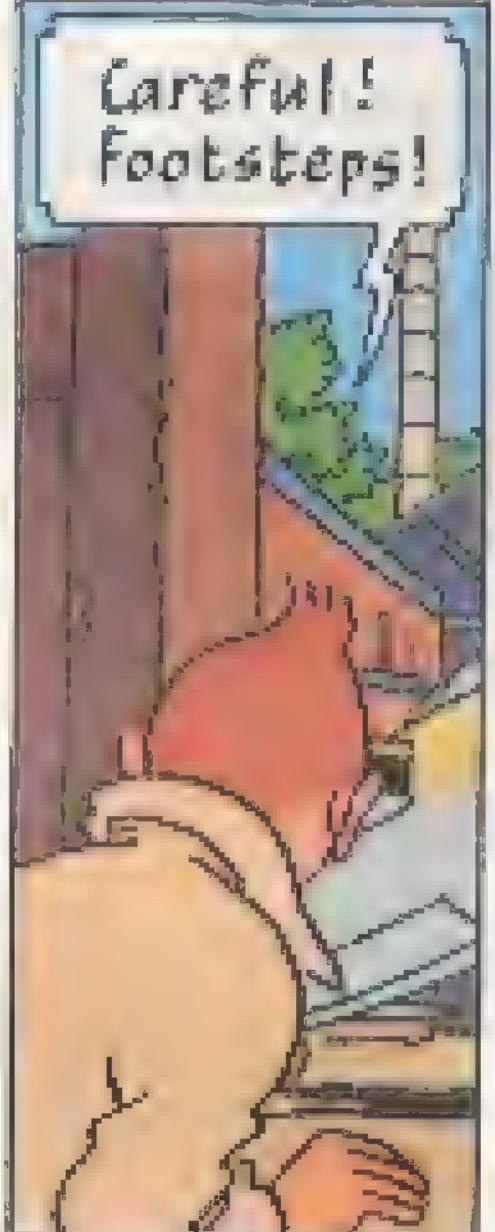
We're over the First hurdle. Now let's see...



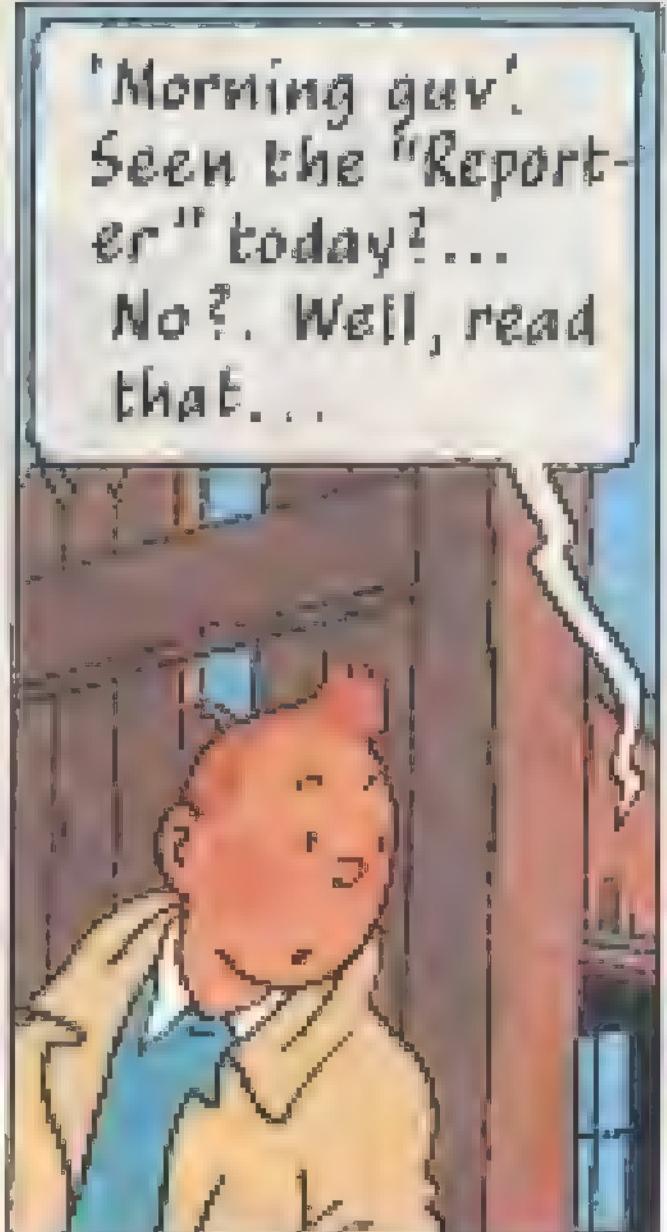
Aircraft! So we were right!



Careful! Footsteps!



'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No? Well, read that...



Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!



How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?



You've said it! ... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...



What's that?... What on earth's going on?... What's this confounded thing?



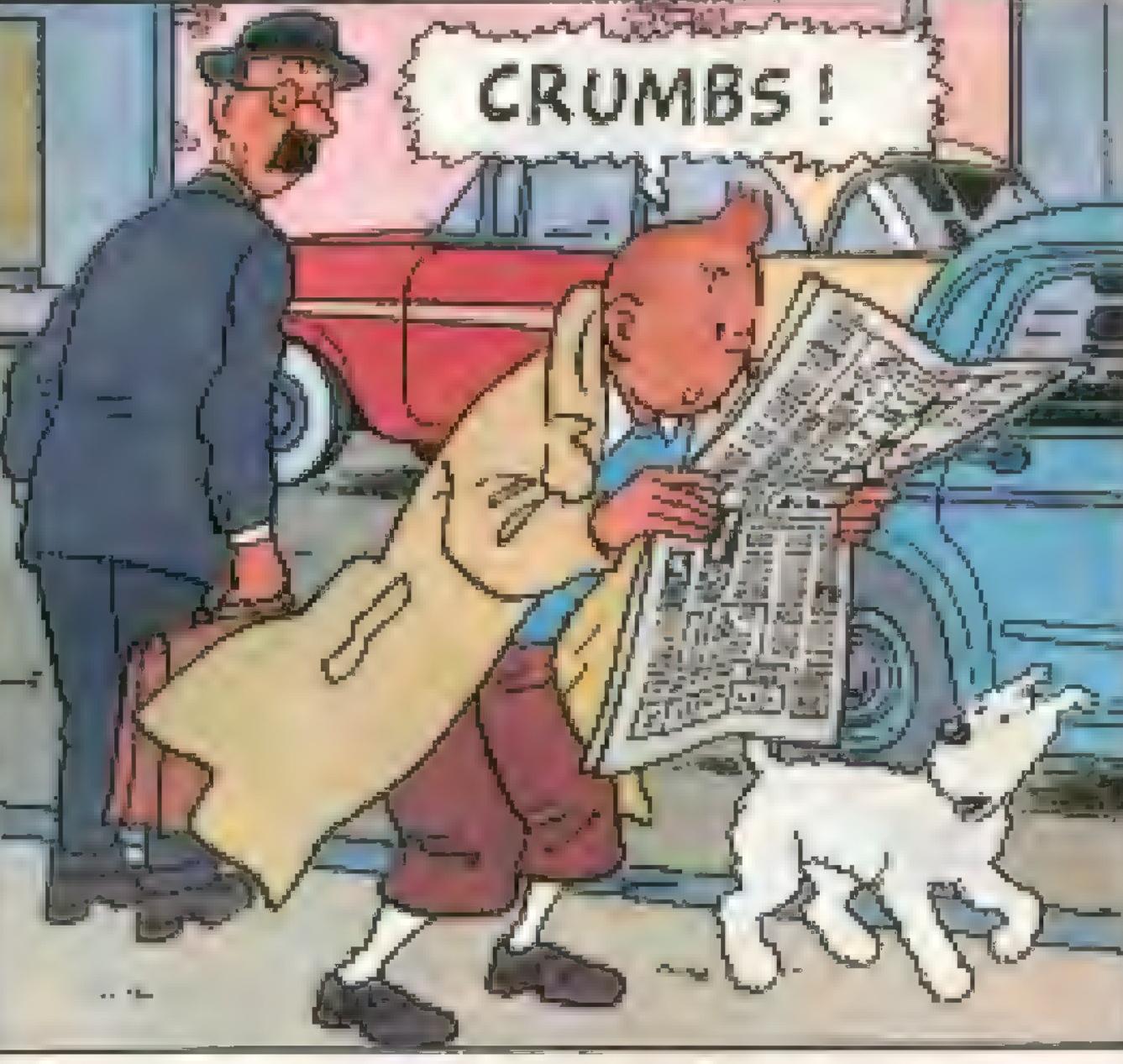
An alarm-clock!



Abdullah, the little pest! I'll bet he put that alarm-clock in my pocket!



A young lad with a white dog, you say?... How did they manage to get in without your seeing?



Great Scot! What will the Captain think of this?



A little later...

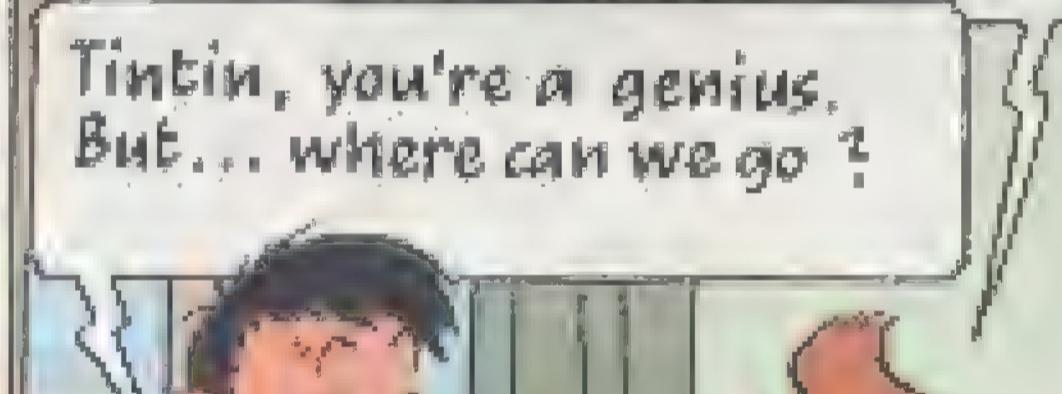




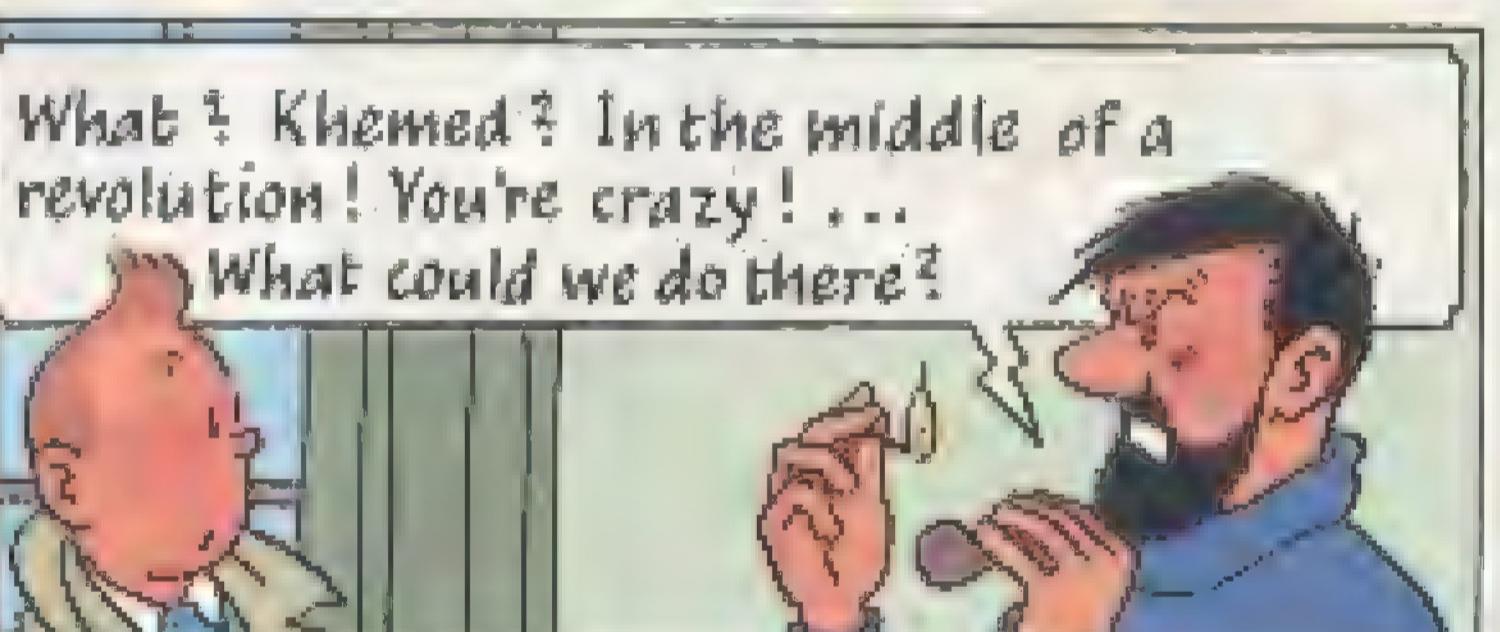
Thundering typhoons! The poor Emir! This explains the serious situation he mentioned in his letter... Well, you're right: we can't send Abdullah home.



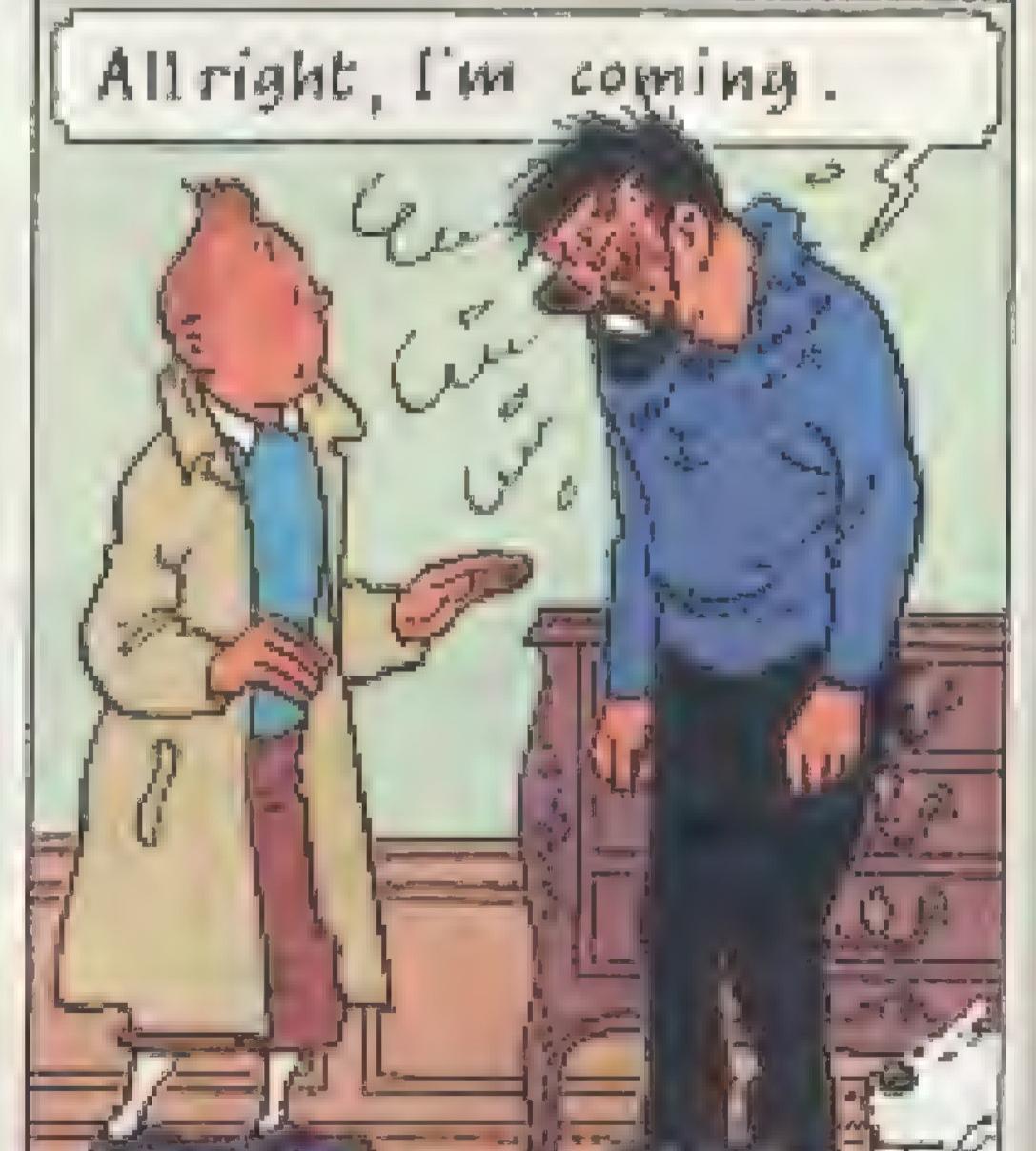
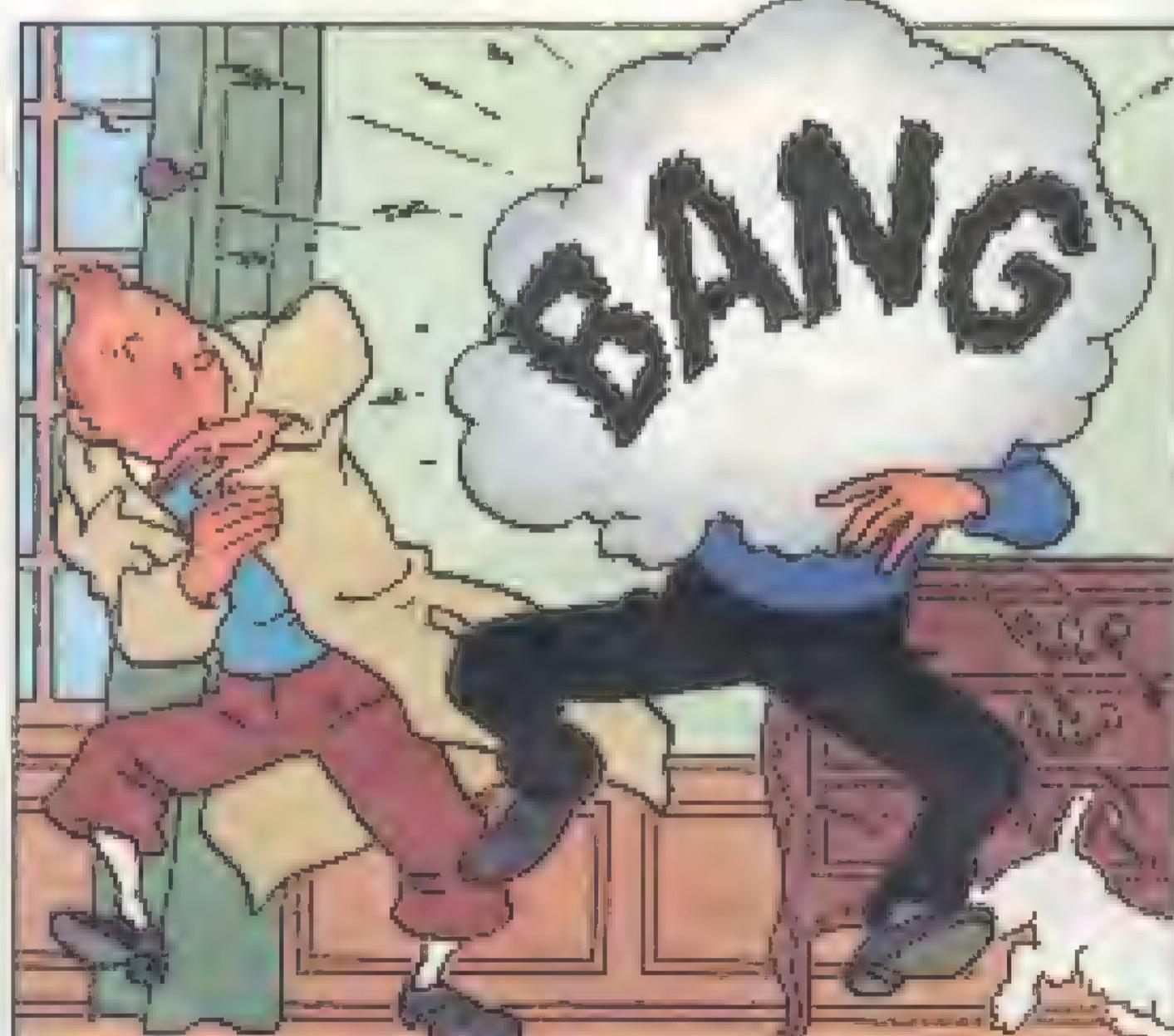
...perhaps there's another way out. If we can't send him off, there's nothing to stop us going away ourselves.



Where?... Well, what about Khemed?



Perhaps we might try to rescue the Emir. At the same time, we could try to clear up this odd business of the aircraft.



A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something...but what?



Hello?... Who's that?... Oh, it's you, General... What?... Oh, your wallet... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.



Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him.



The airport at Wadedah, capital of Khemed, three days later...



Here comes the plane from Beirut.



You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...



I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.



Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.



Blistering barnacles ! What sort of a yarn is that ?

Here are your passports. You will be conducted to the aircraft.

Thundering typhoons ! You're not getting away with this ! Our passports are perfectly in order ... You have no right ...

Igual! Igual!
Jawasul ziz

Billions of blistering barnacles ! To have come so far, and then be held up by these Bashi-bazouks ! It's absolutely infuriating !

An hour later ...

There they go ! In an hour they'll be flying over the mountains ... Jebel Kadheh ... Then ...

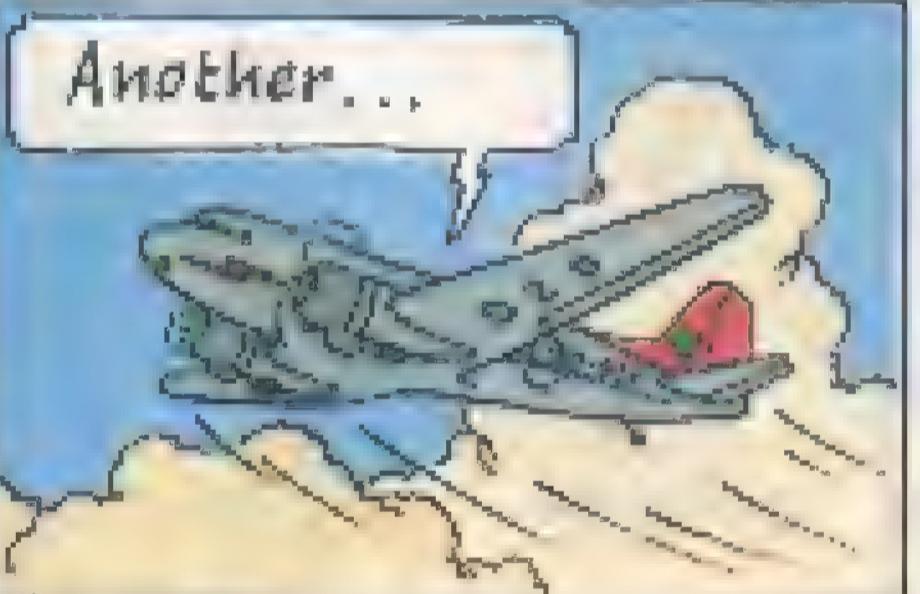
Another eternity in this flying coffin ! ... And a bumpy trip into the bargain. Rattled about like dice in a box ... I just wonder what sort of trouble will drop on us next.

Thundering typhoons ! Why does everything happen to me ?

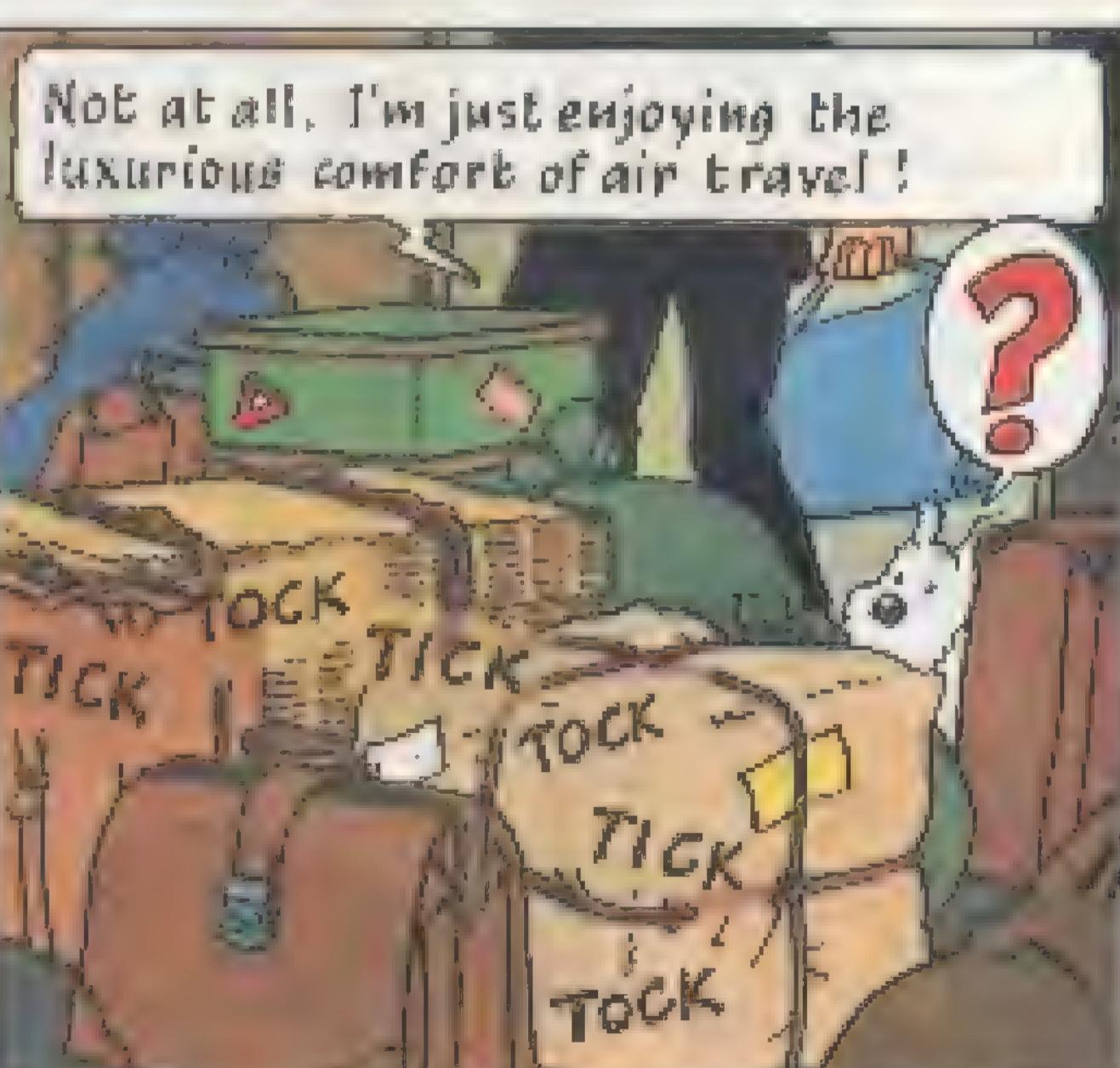
Look out, Captain !



Another ...



... air-pocket !



Golly! I can smell trouble.
There's something sinister
going on here. I must warn
Tintin at once.

I'm wondering WHO warned
the authorities at Wadesdah
of our arrival, and WHO
persuaded them to deport
us?

Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?

WOOAH!
WOOAH!

Here, will you stop that!
You know, he... yes, he
wants to show me something.
All right, I'll follow you

Is there? It's the luggage.
You want me to go in? All
right, I'm coming.

PH-E-E-E-T

Wooah!
Wooah!

PH-E-E-E-T

What's that siren
for?

جیر... جیل

An engine on fire! That's the alarm
for the extinguishers!

Thundering typhoons! The ex-
tinguishers haven't worked; it's
burning more fiercely than ever!

Wadesdah Tower... Wadesdah Tower... This is KH-
OZD... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers
unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.

It's no good! It's too
heavy. I shall just
have to...

This is KH-OZD... Starboard engine still burning... Port engine misfiring... We are losing height...



I simply must make him understand. He's got to come and look at this thing.



Again?... No, old chap, that's enough. I tell you, this is no time for games.

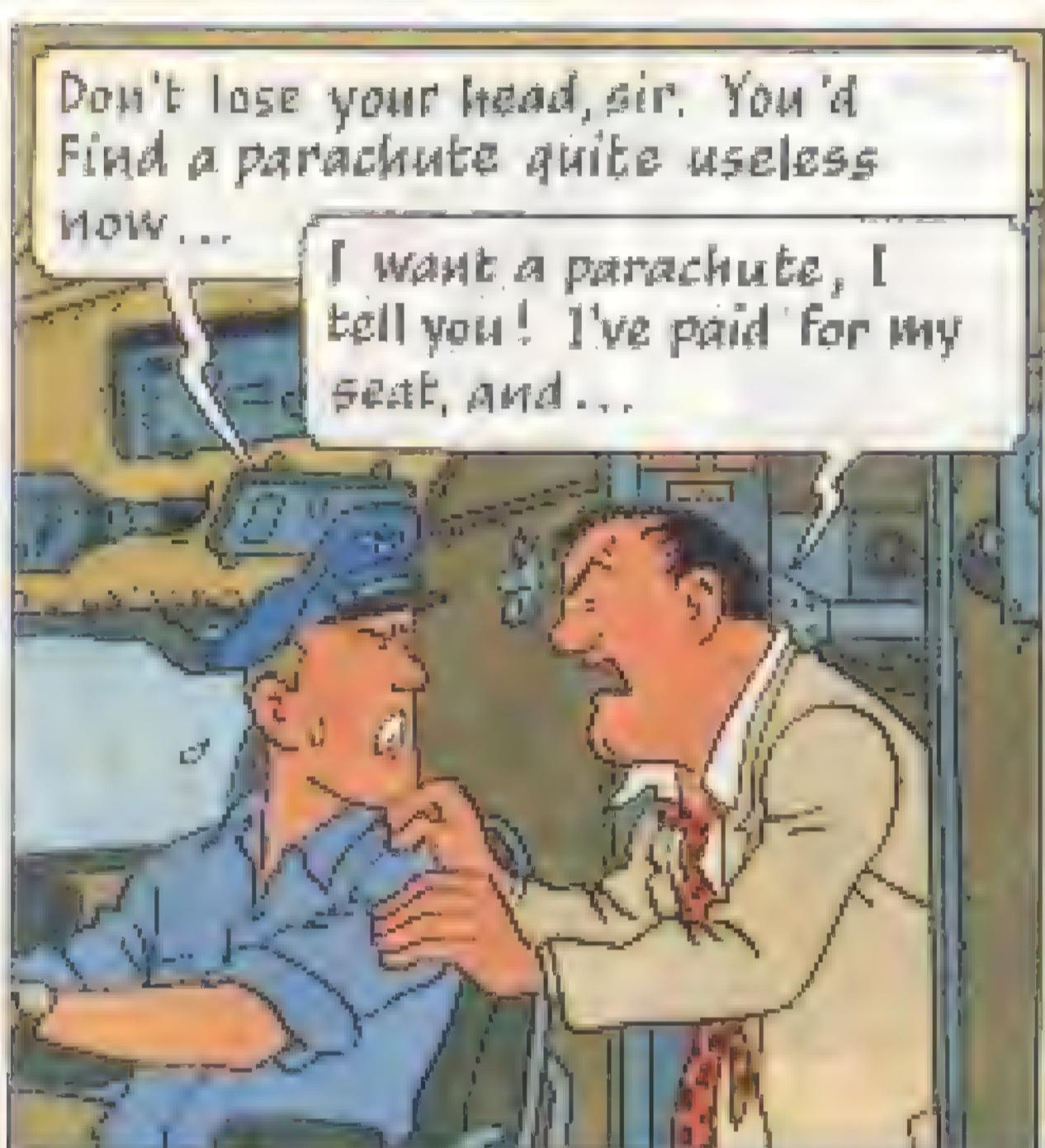


A parachute... I insist that you give me a parachute!

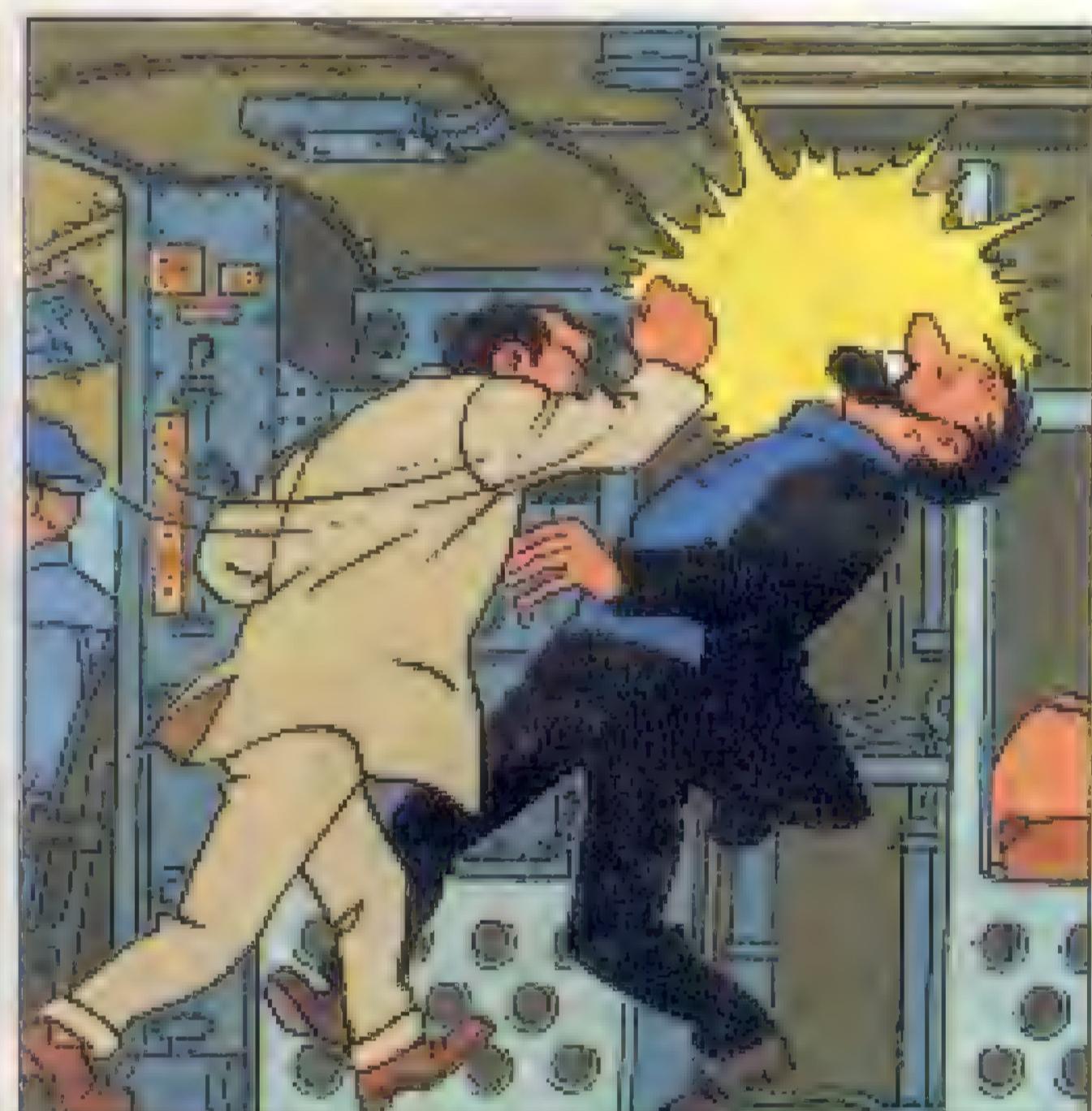


Don't lose your head, sir. You'd find a parachute quite useless now...

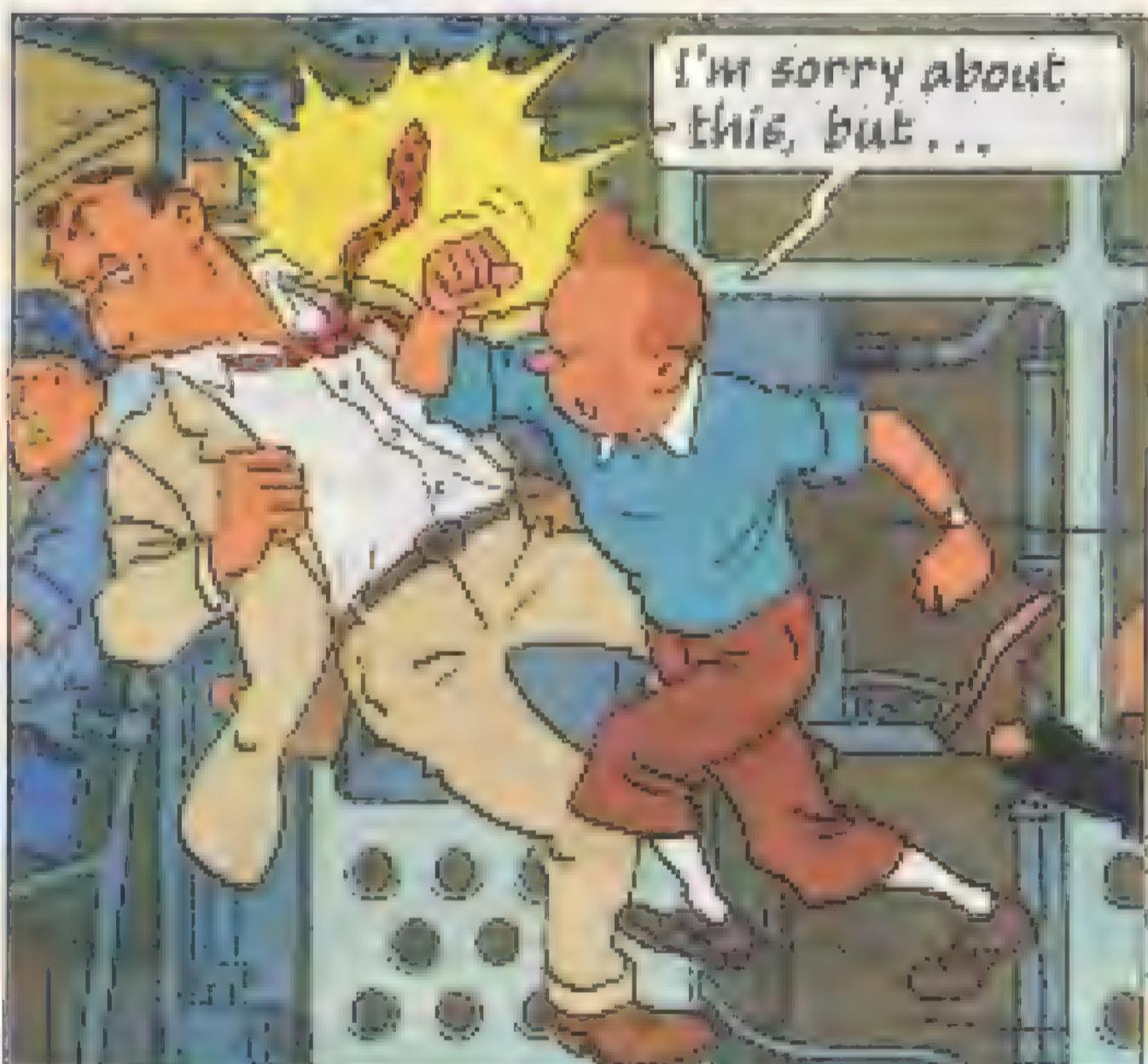
I want a parachute, I tell you! I've paid for my seat, and...



Look here, young fellow, keep calm, will you? And leave the pilot alone: he's got enough on his plate already!



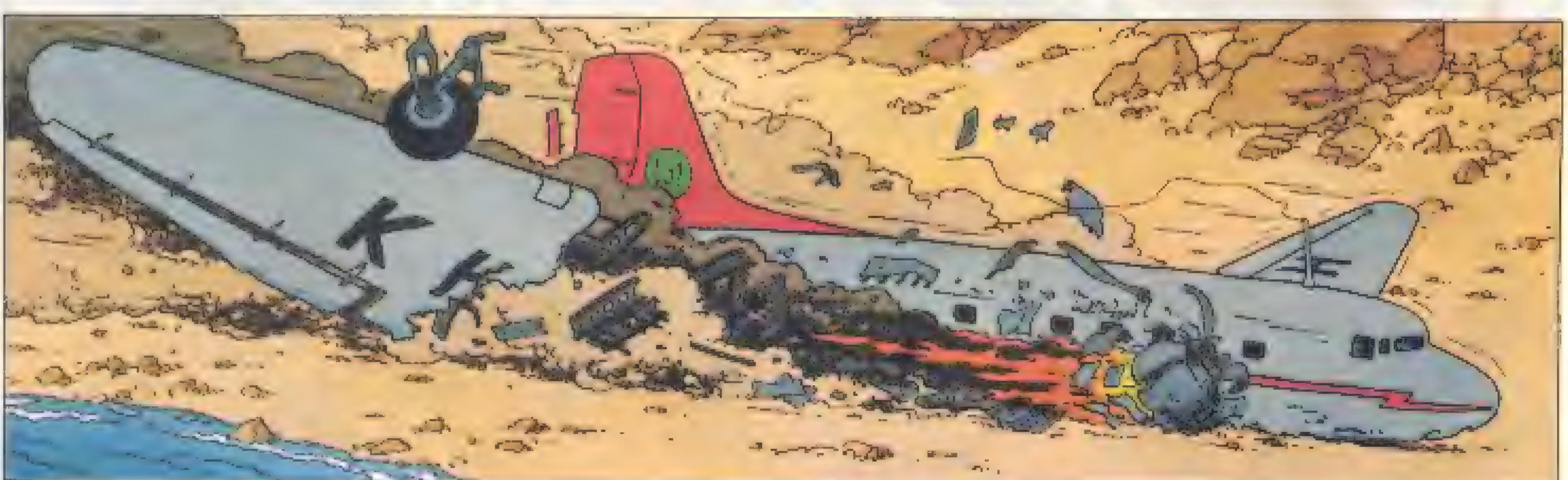
I'm sorry about this, but...

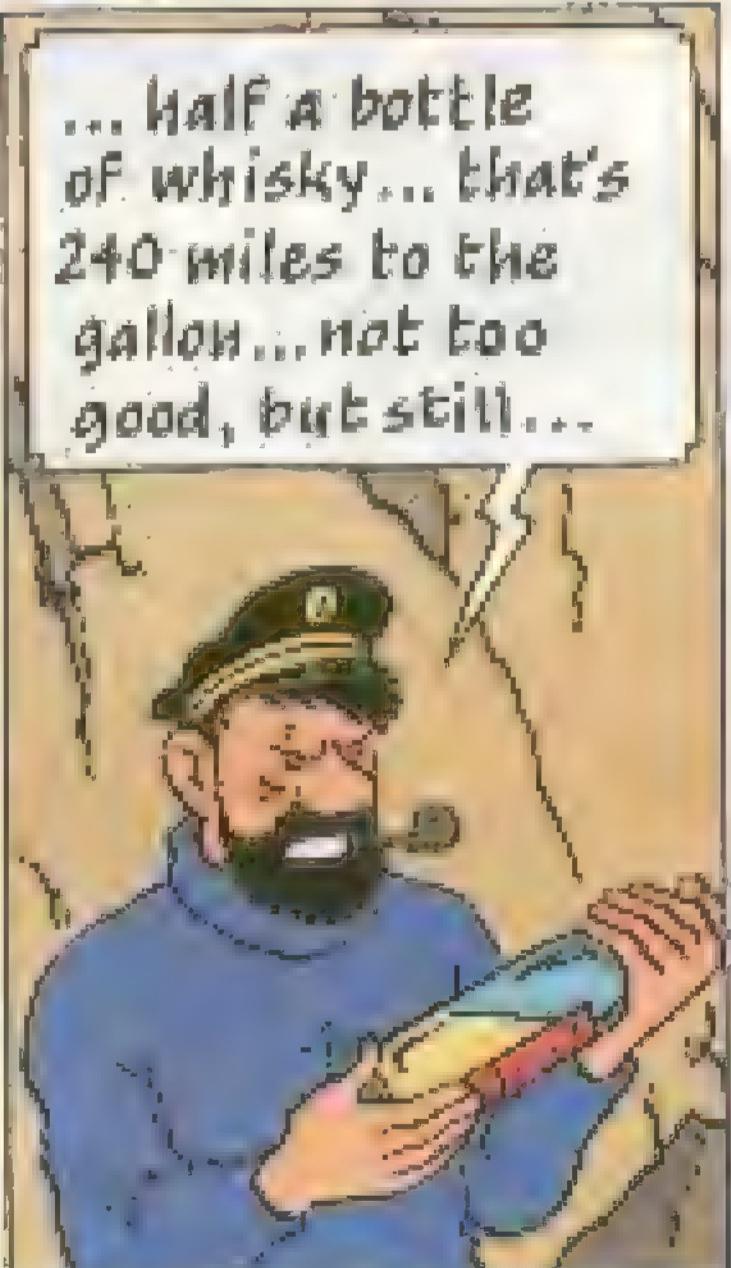
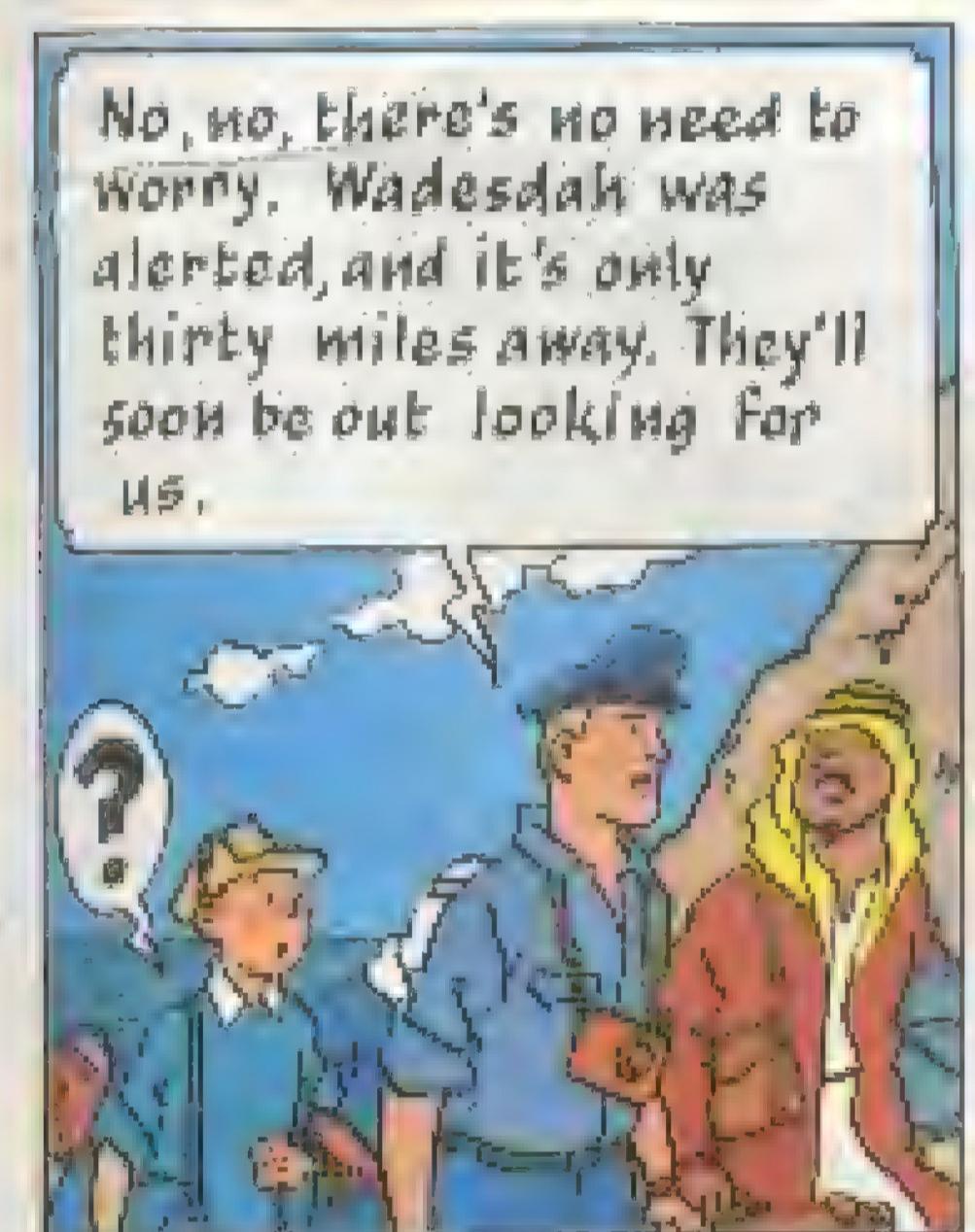
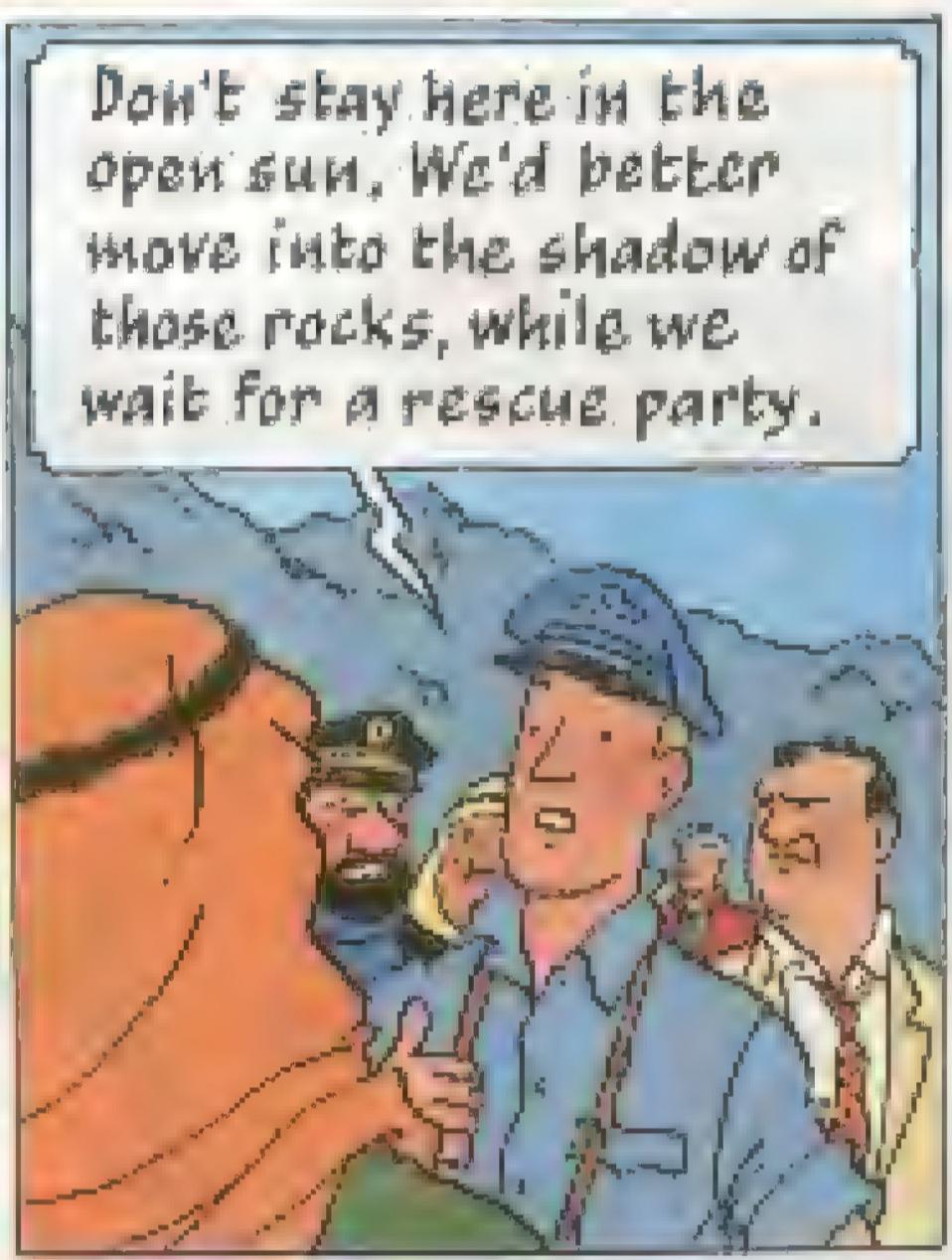
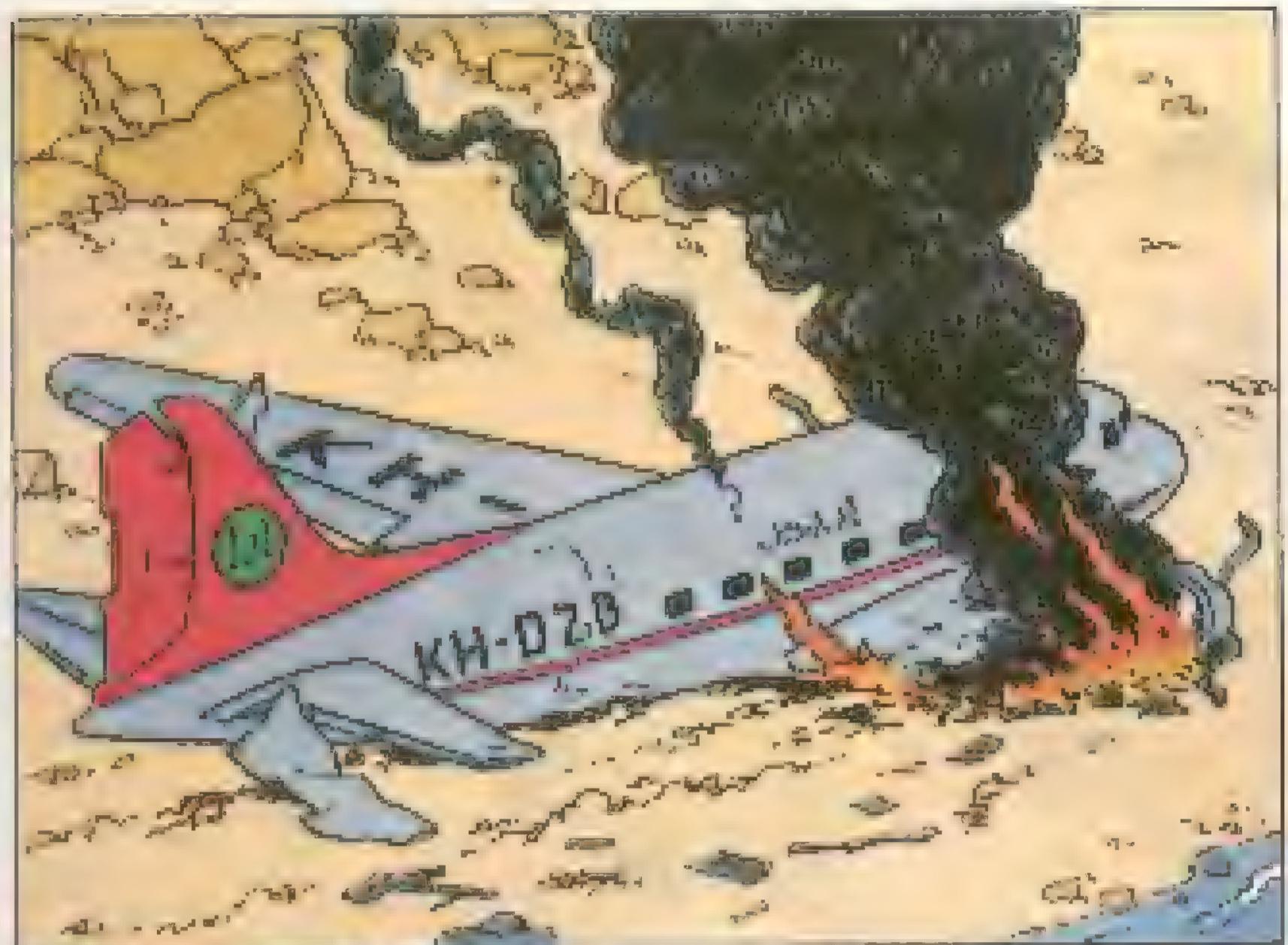


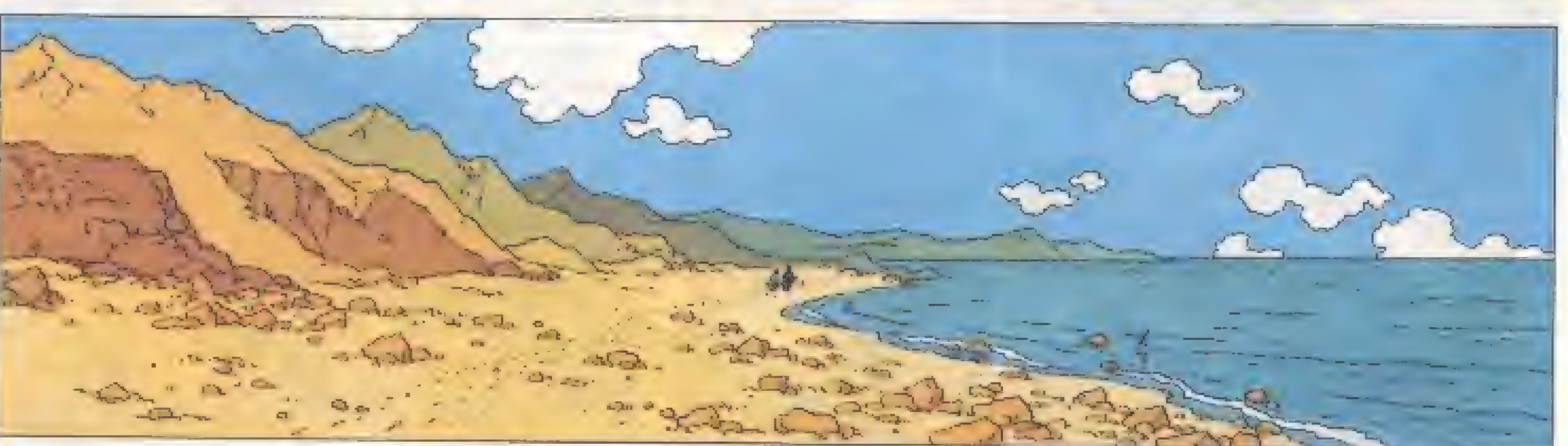
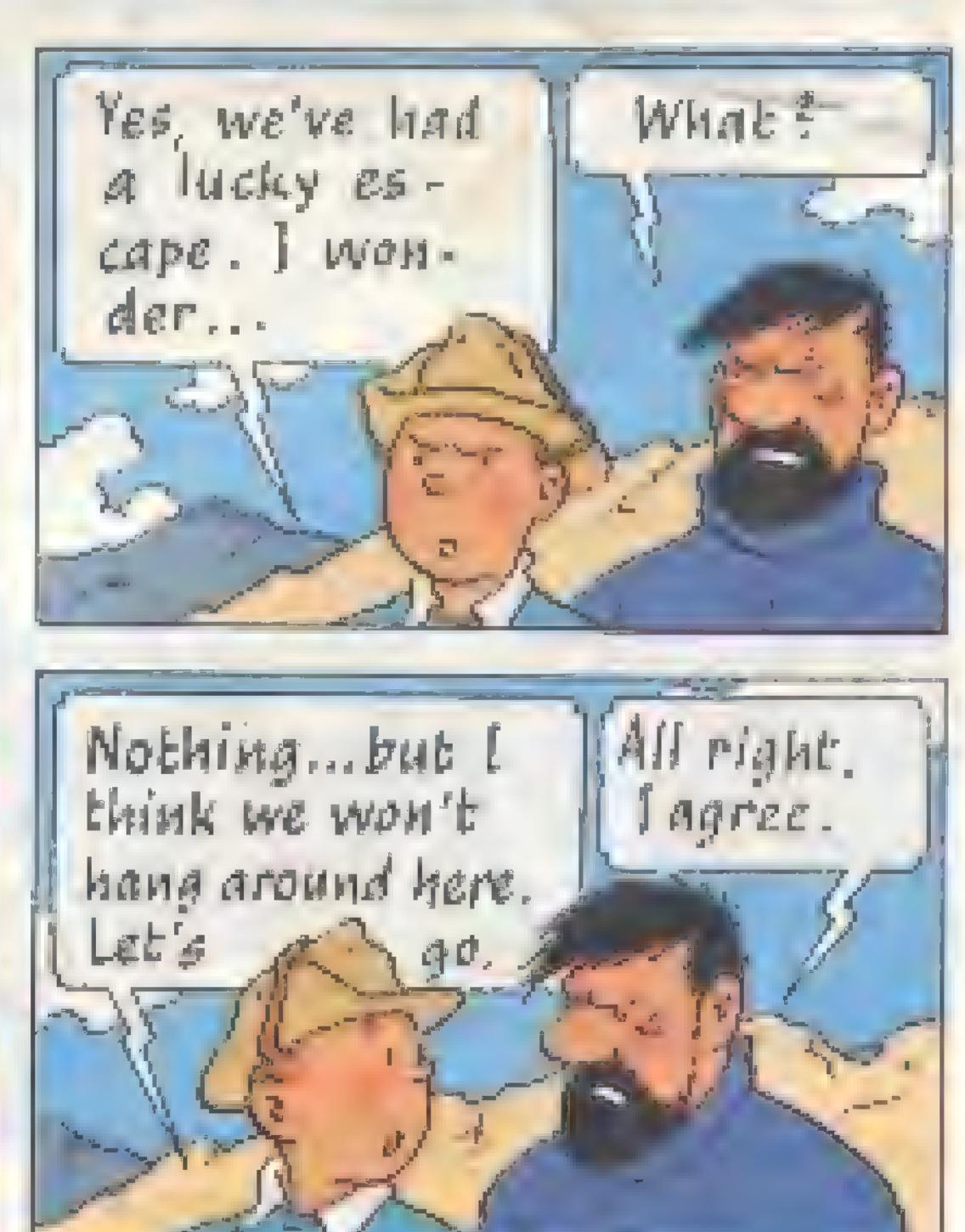
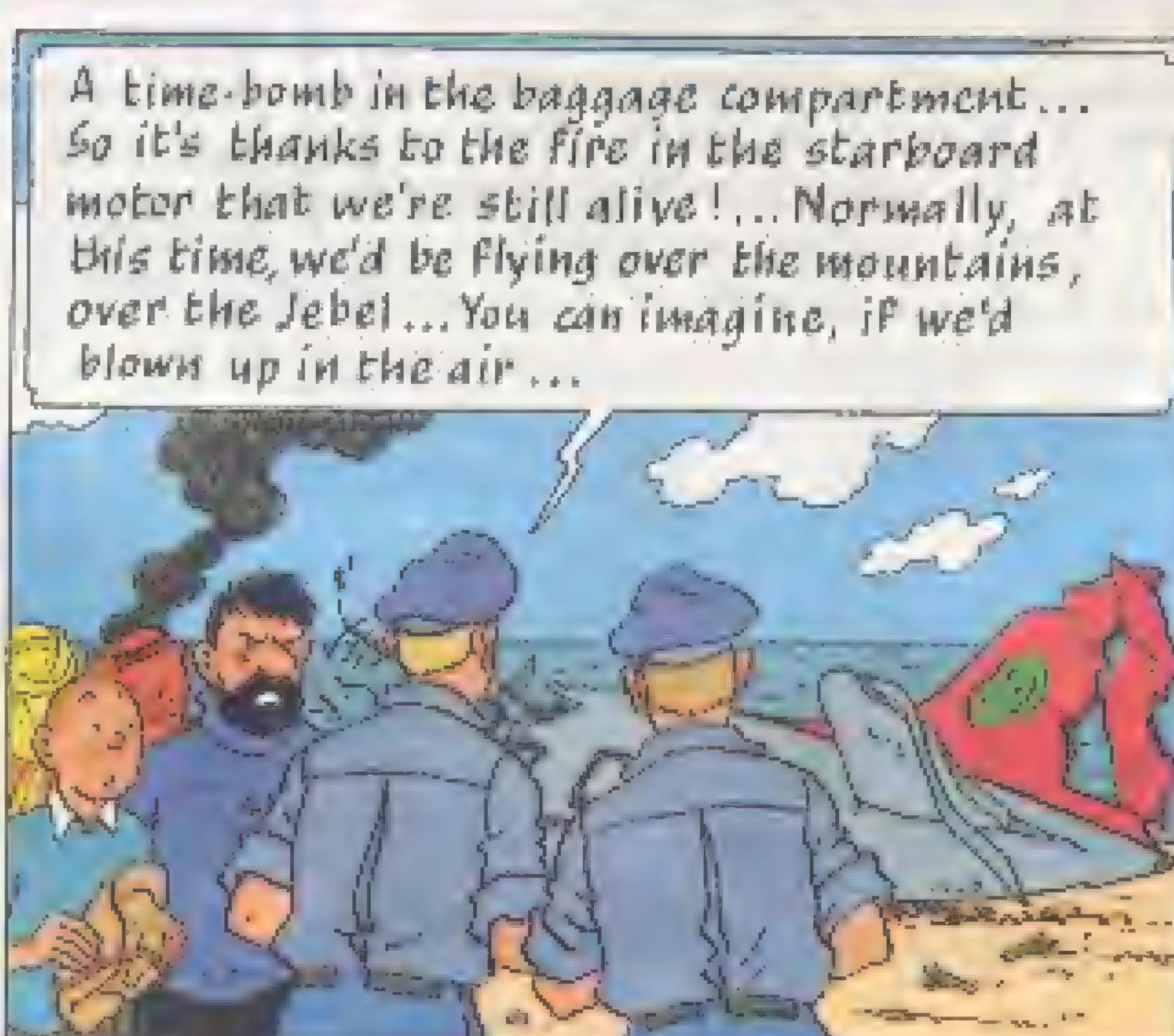
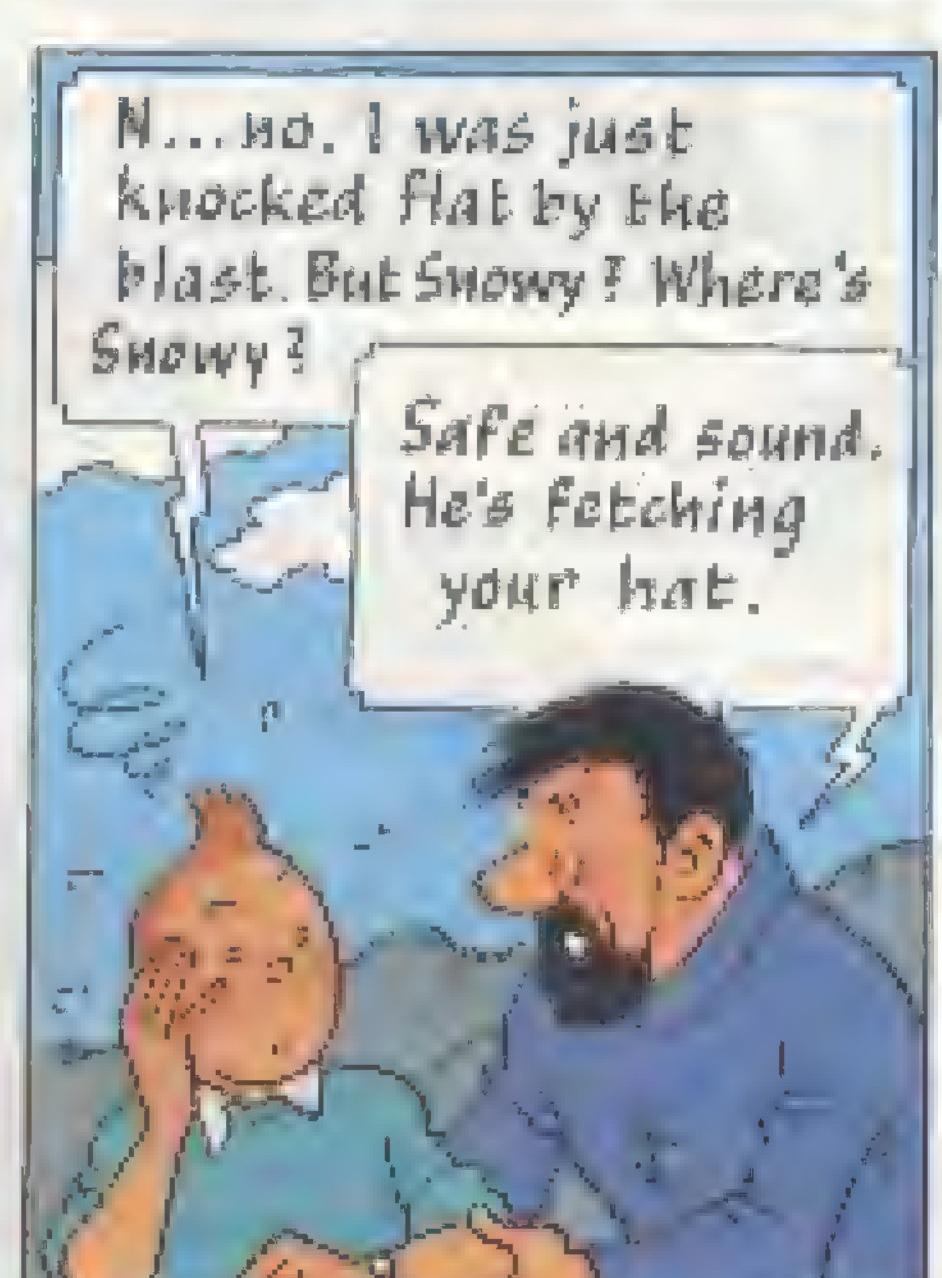
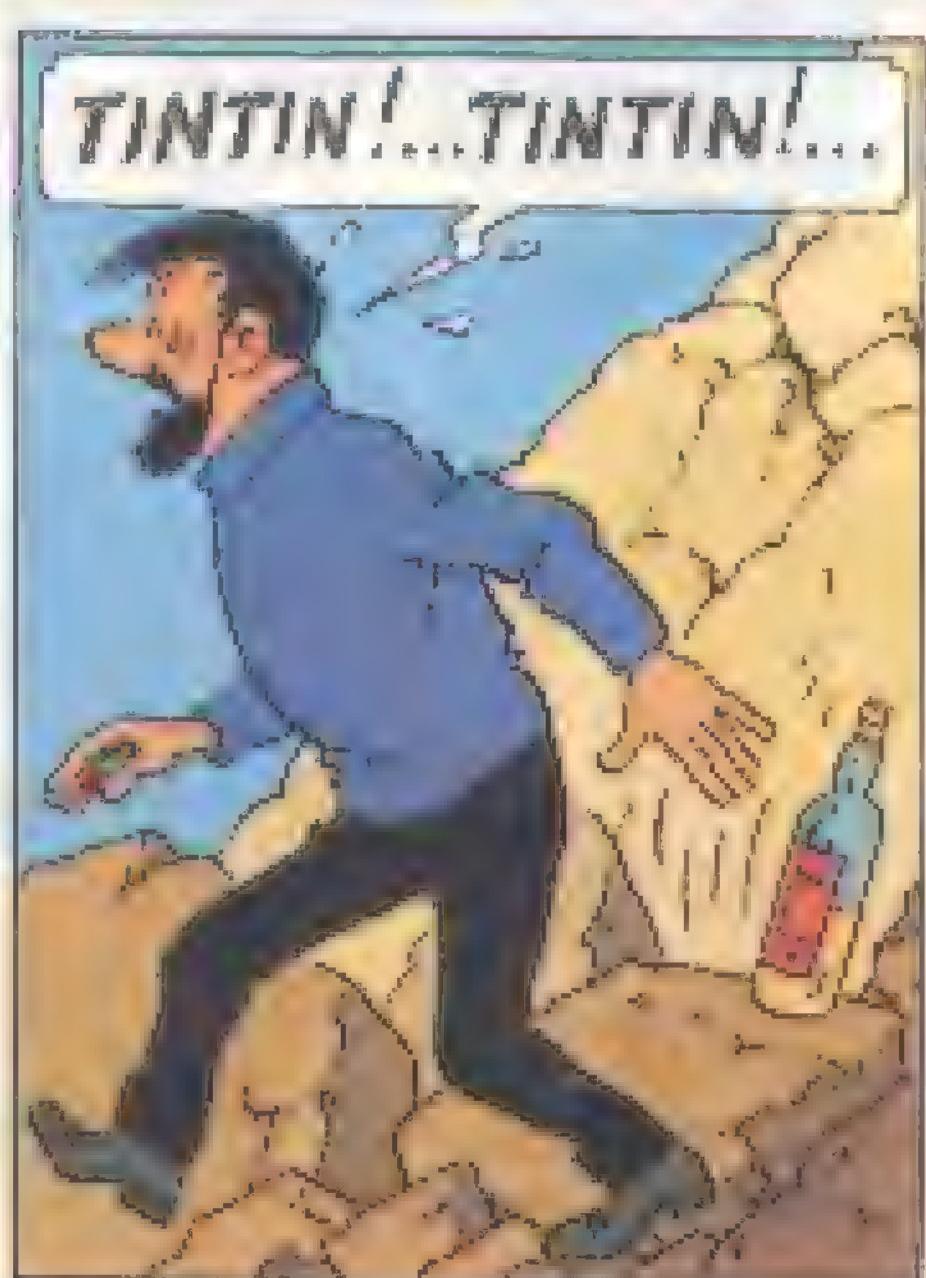
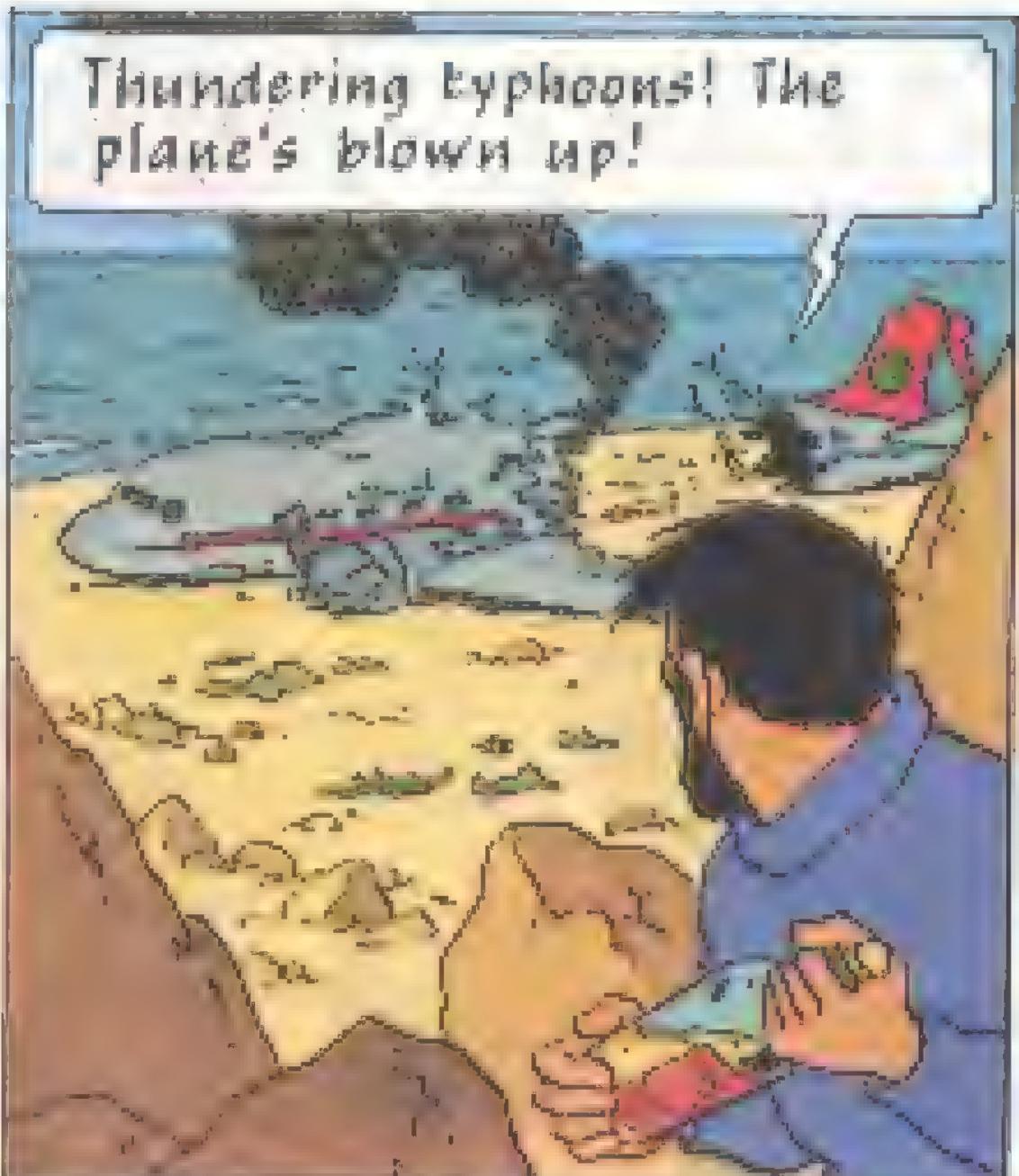
Good lad!... Thanks! Everybody hang on tight, we're going to try to land...



This is KH-OZD... We're over the southern edge of the Kadzah... We've jettisoned the fuel... We're stopping the port motor... We're trying a belly landing.





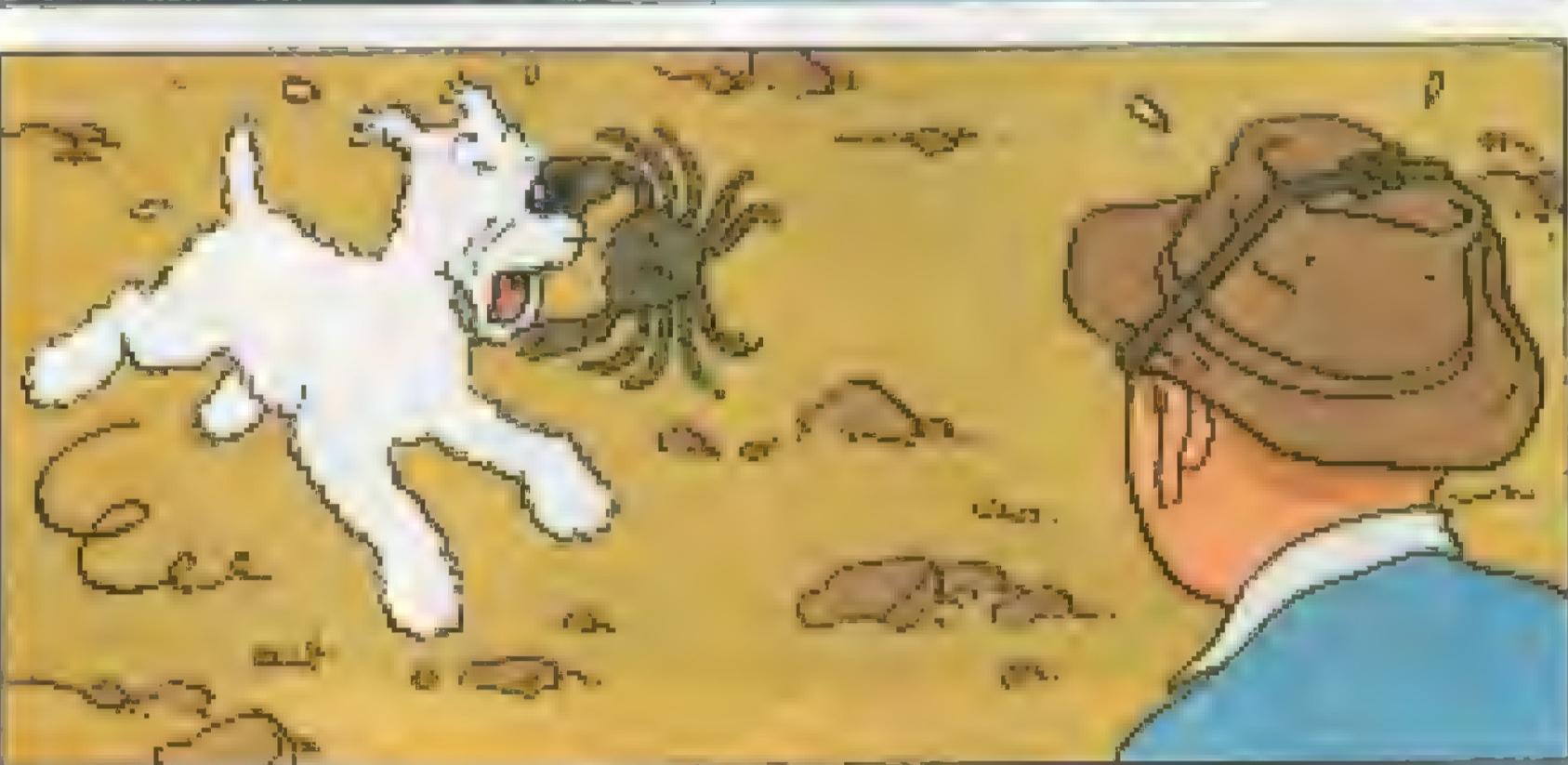


When we get to Wadesdah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.

We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.



SNIFF SNIFF



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jaunt!... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply must reach Wadesdah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're out looking for us.



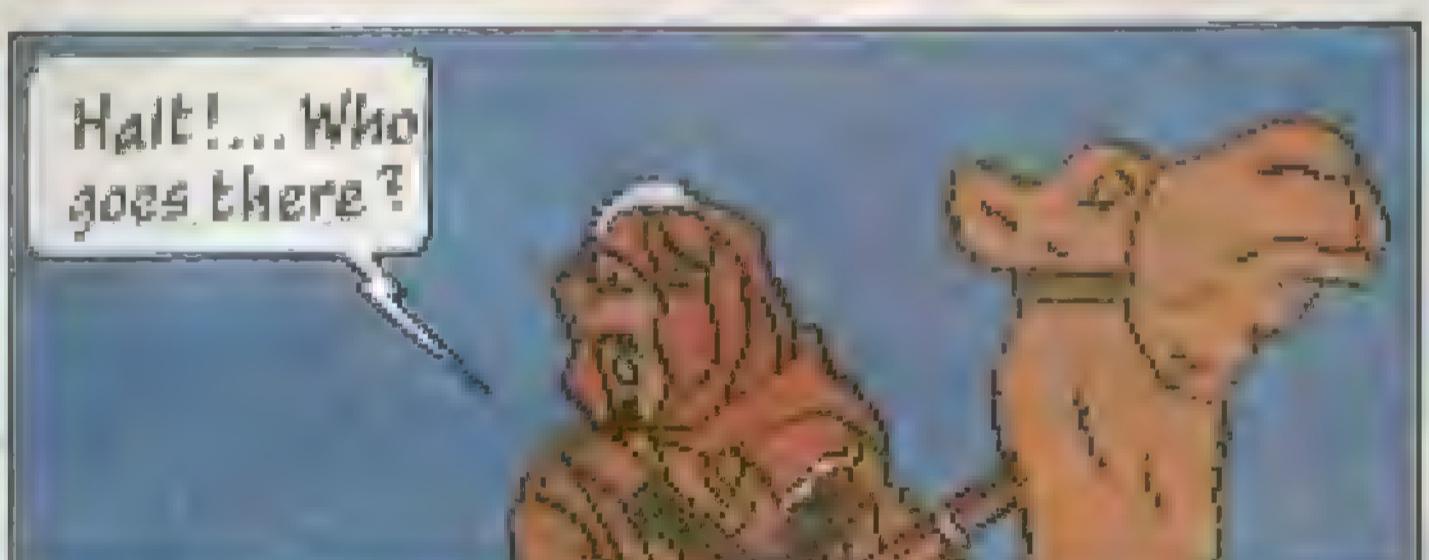
I heard a noise... a sort of rumbling...

It's just an aeroplane... Listen.

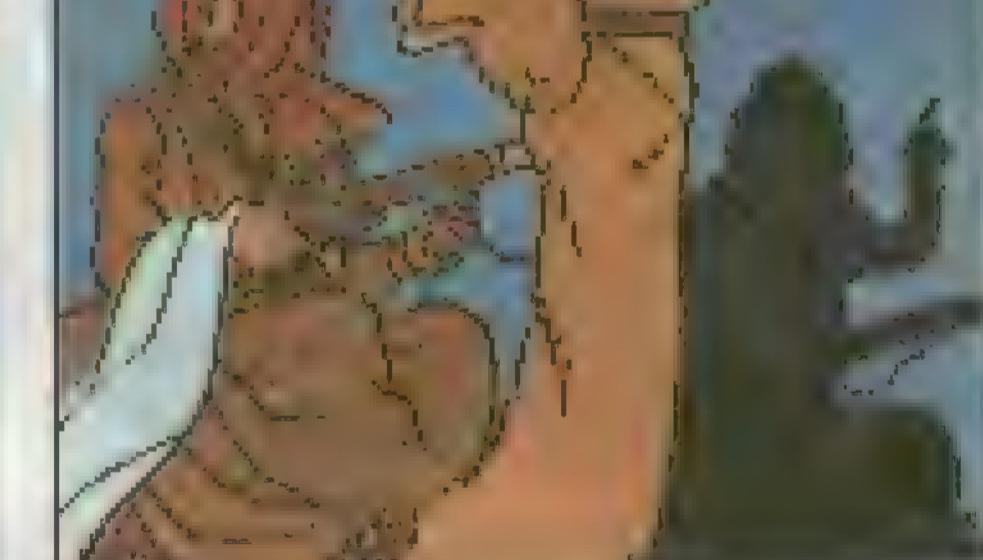


For heaven's sake stop snoring!

Me, snoring? I didn't hear anything.



Halt!... Who goes there?



Whew!... They've gone.

Oh, good... ZZZ...



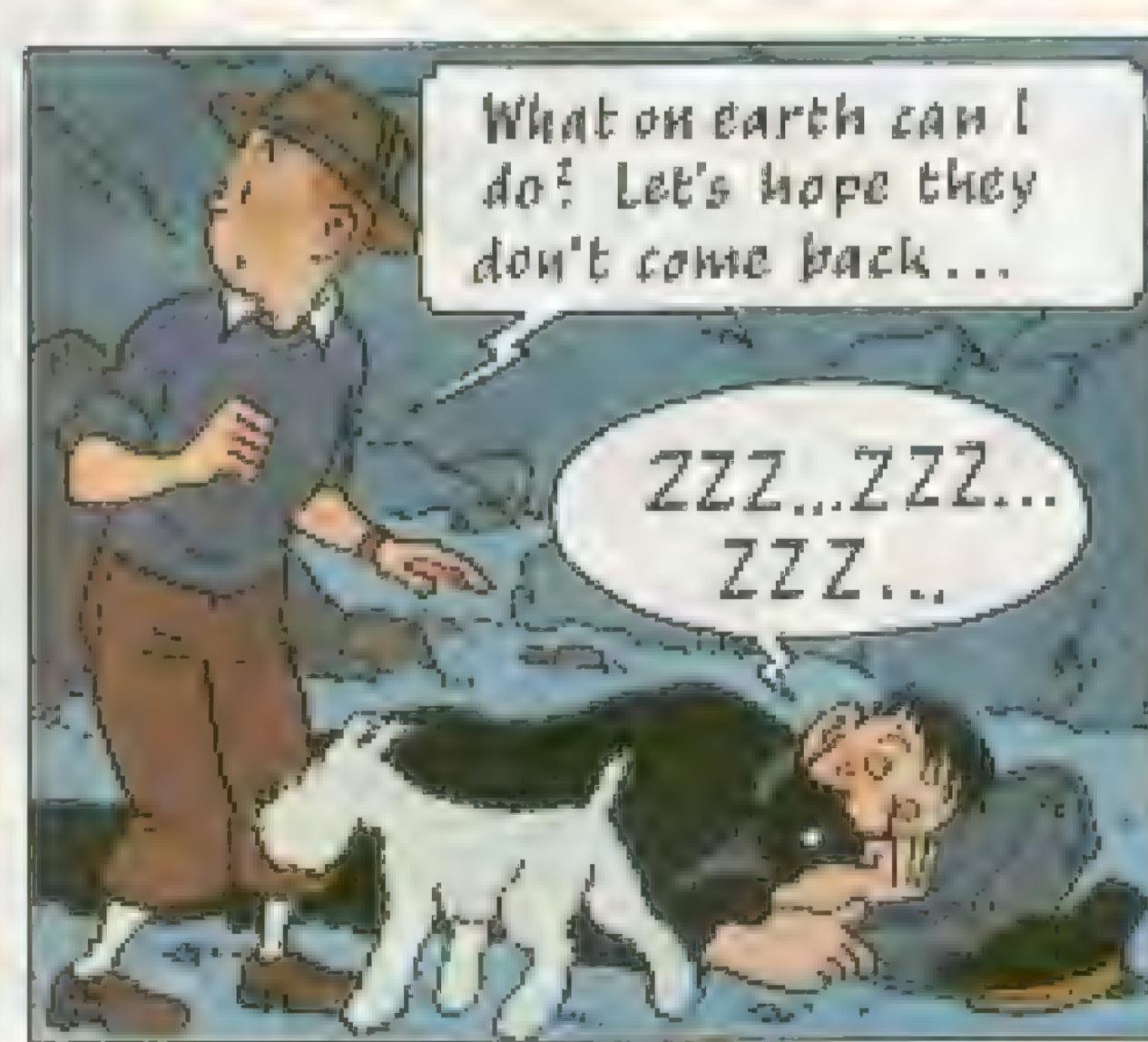
Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor... ZZZ... ZZZ...



It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!

ZZZ



What on earth can I do? Let's hope they don't come back...

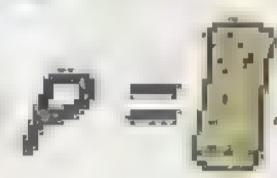
ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...

I always keep a small flask of rum for emergencies. Now's the time to use it ...

This confounded cork won't come out...

Ah!... That's it!

POP

POP =  = WHISKY

Aaah! Now then, where are those sprouts?... I mean scouts...? I'd l-i-like a word or two w-w-with them!

Sh! Be quiet! We must get on.

early next day ...

Wadesdah at last! Now we must be careful... The main gates will be watched; but I know a small gateway, and that'll be unguarded.

Stop!
That's enough!

Yes, that's it. I remember.
You did say he always has a bottle of wine handy?

Senhor Oliveira!...
Senhor Oliveira!...

The joke's on us if he's moved!

Senhor Oliveira!...
Senhor Oliveira!...
Open the door! It's Tintin!

There, you see. We got in unmolested. Now we must find Senhor Oliveira de Figueira. I'm sure his house is near here.

Blistering barnacles!... A patrol!

Quick, we must find somewhere to hide!

Who's that?

Patrol...
Who's that?...

What do you mean:
who's that? I'm
asking you! ...
What's the idea,
waking people
up at this hour?!

We can't help it if
you're a light
sleeper!

A light sleeper!
... What a nerve!
After all the row
you've been making!

Well, never mind! ...
Next time we'll walk
on our hands, to save
waking the most
noble Dom Oliveira!

I...oh, go to the
devil!

Just listen to that! There's one
we haven't woken up, anyway!
... What a din! ... Ha! ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha!

Whew! They've
gone! That
gave me a fright!
Come on, Cap-
tain, stop snor-
ing for goodness
sake!

UC JOURNAL
OF THE
ARMED
FORCES

REWARD
TINTIN
HADDOCK



What are you doing here?
Don't you know there's a
price on your head?

I know... I've just
seen the poster.

Goodnight,
everybody.

It's incredible! ... Fantastic!
... I can't believe it! ...
But first of all: I'm sure
you must be hungry? ...

Rather...

ZZZ
ZZZ

Thirsty, too?

Er... a drop of
your wine
would save
our lives.

Now then, tell me what
you're doing in
Khemed.

It's like this...

...and so
Abdullah...

...aircraft
for sale...

...Then we decided to set out for
Wadesdale on foot, and to come to you...

It was wise of you. Now, I'll
bring you up to date on the
situation in Khemed. Six
months ago...

...letter from
the Emir...

...Flew to
Wadesdale...



ACTION STATIONS!



I... What was that?... Er... forgive me... I... I think I was dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

OH, well...

I'll light up. That'll help me to stay awake.

Good idea.

Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that six months ago, as a result of an agreement between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah became an important link in the air route to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems that trouble blew up between Arabair and the Emir. The situation began to deteriorate...

... As if by chance, trouble flared up all over the country, and Sheik Bab El Ehr took command of the rebels. These rebels were supported by a powerful air force which, so to speak, came out of the blue. The rebels marched on Wadesdah, and seized power.

It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira. You see, the rebel Mosquitoes and the Arabair DC3's came from the same source... And I'd like to know what touched off the dispute between the Emir and Arabair.

Eh... I've no idea at all.

Oh?... Well... We'll go into that later. The most urgent thing is to help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took refuge in the Jebel with Patrash Pasha, whose fierce tribesmen remained loyal.

HAAAAAH!

Come, it's time for sleep. Tomorrow we will find some way for you to leave the city, and join the Emir.

Yes, Good.

Two days later...

D'you see, there?... A patrol coming...

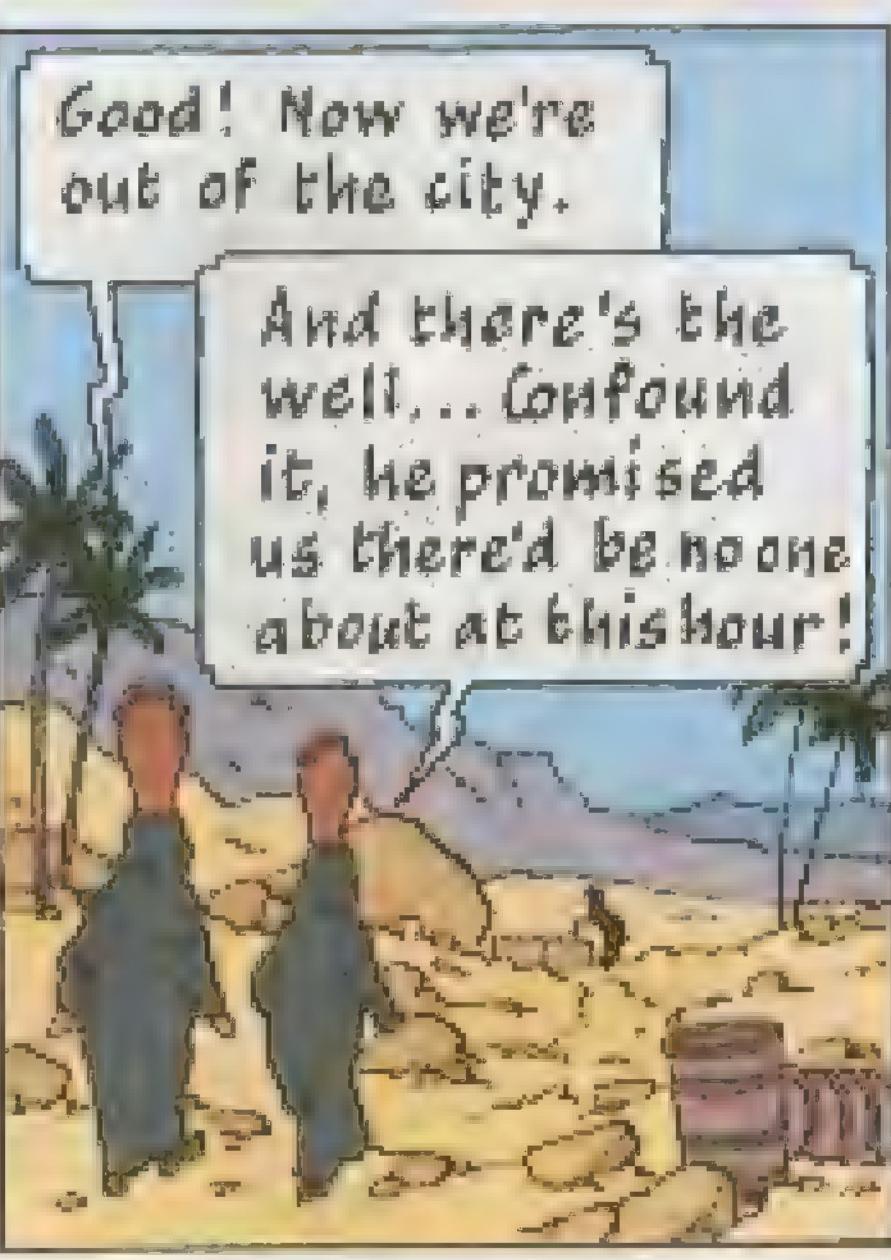
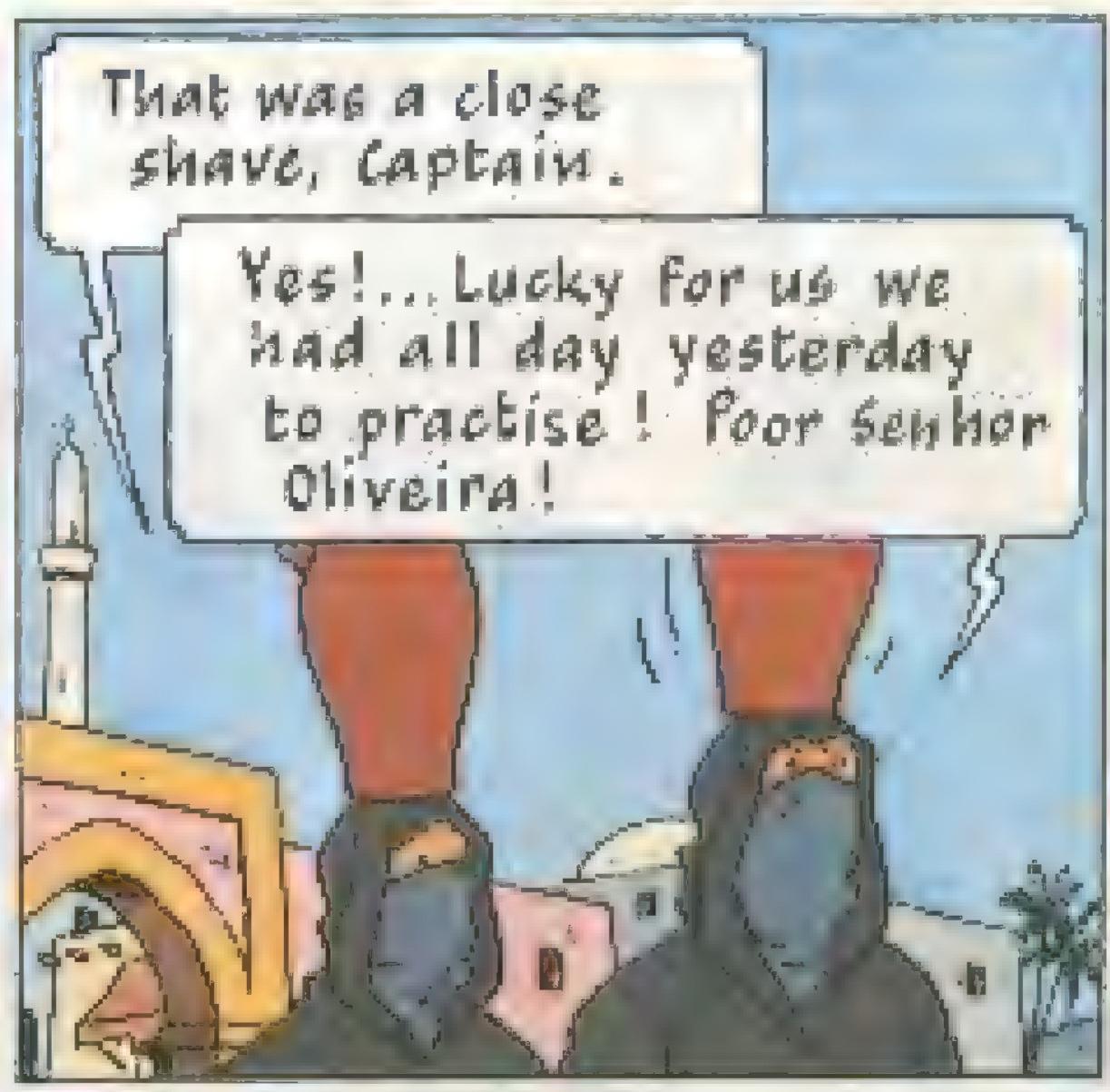
I know... Keep calm!

TEN THOU...

?

What... what... what... what happened?

Your pipe, Captain. It set fire to your beard.



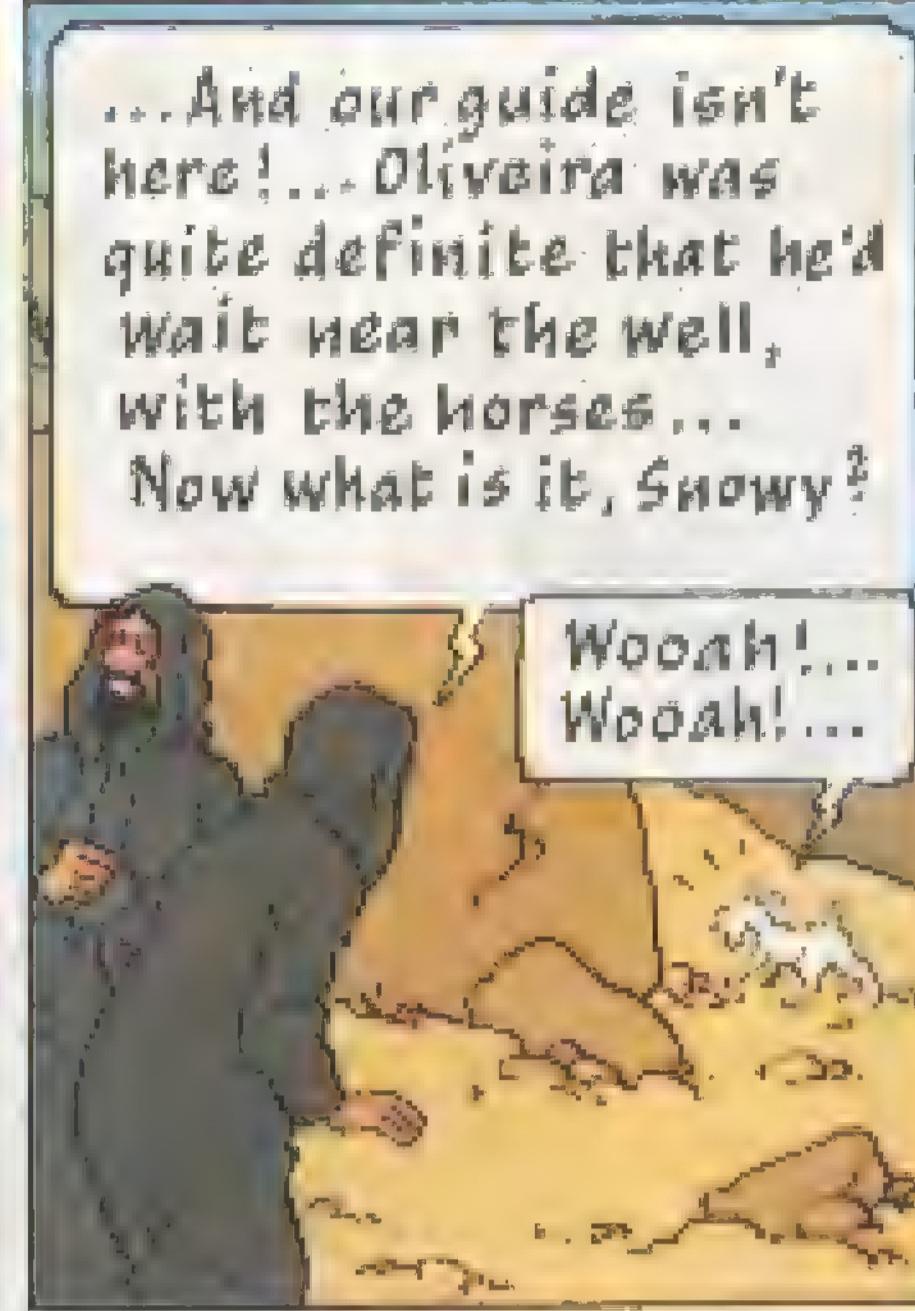
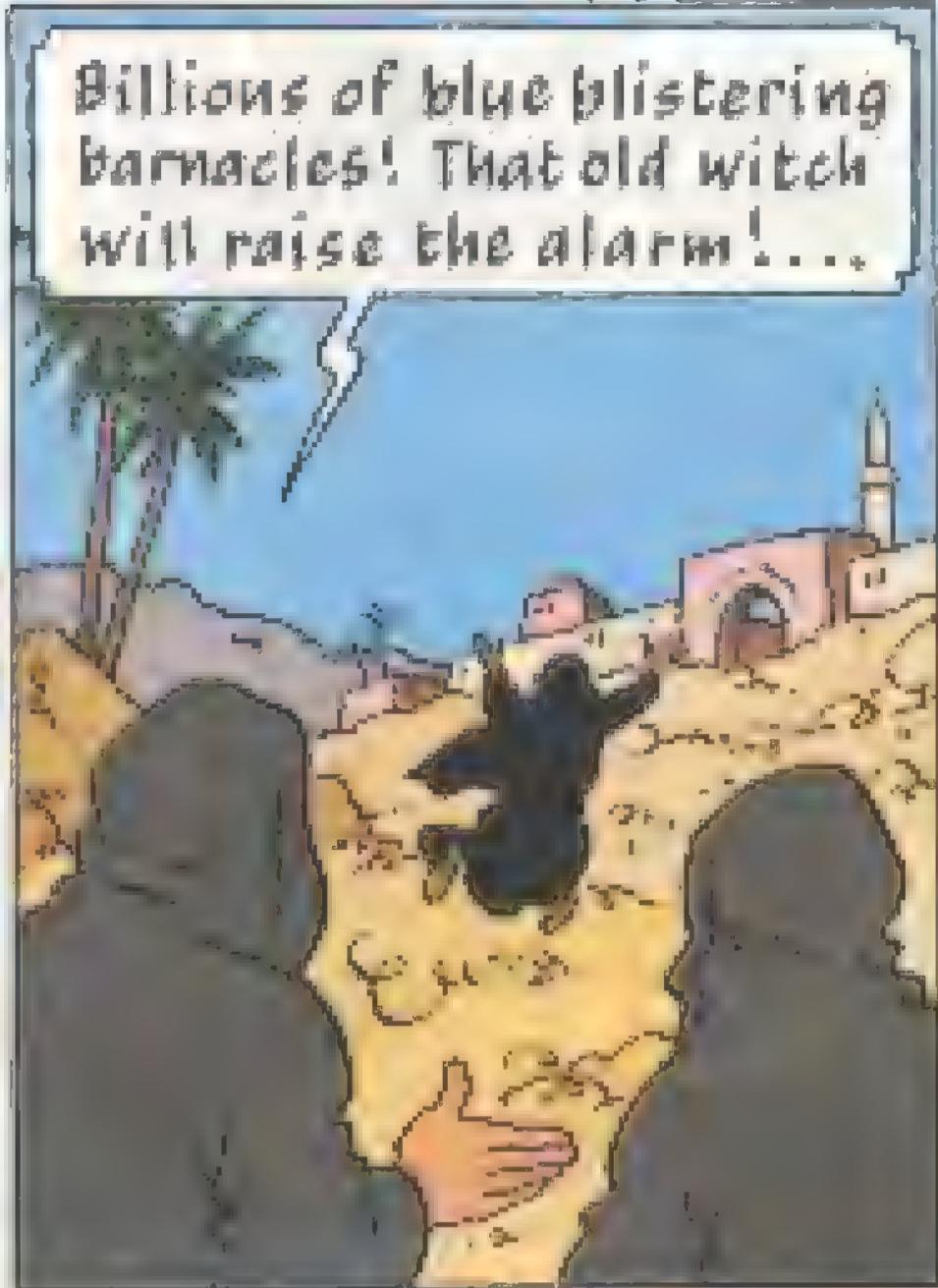
Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress Fatima?! What do you want, anyway?

WOOAH!

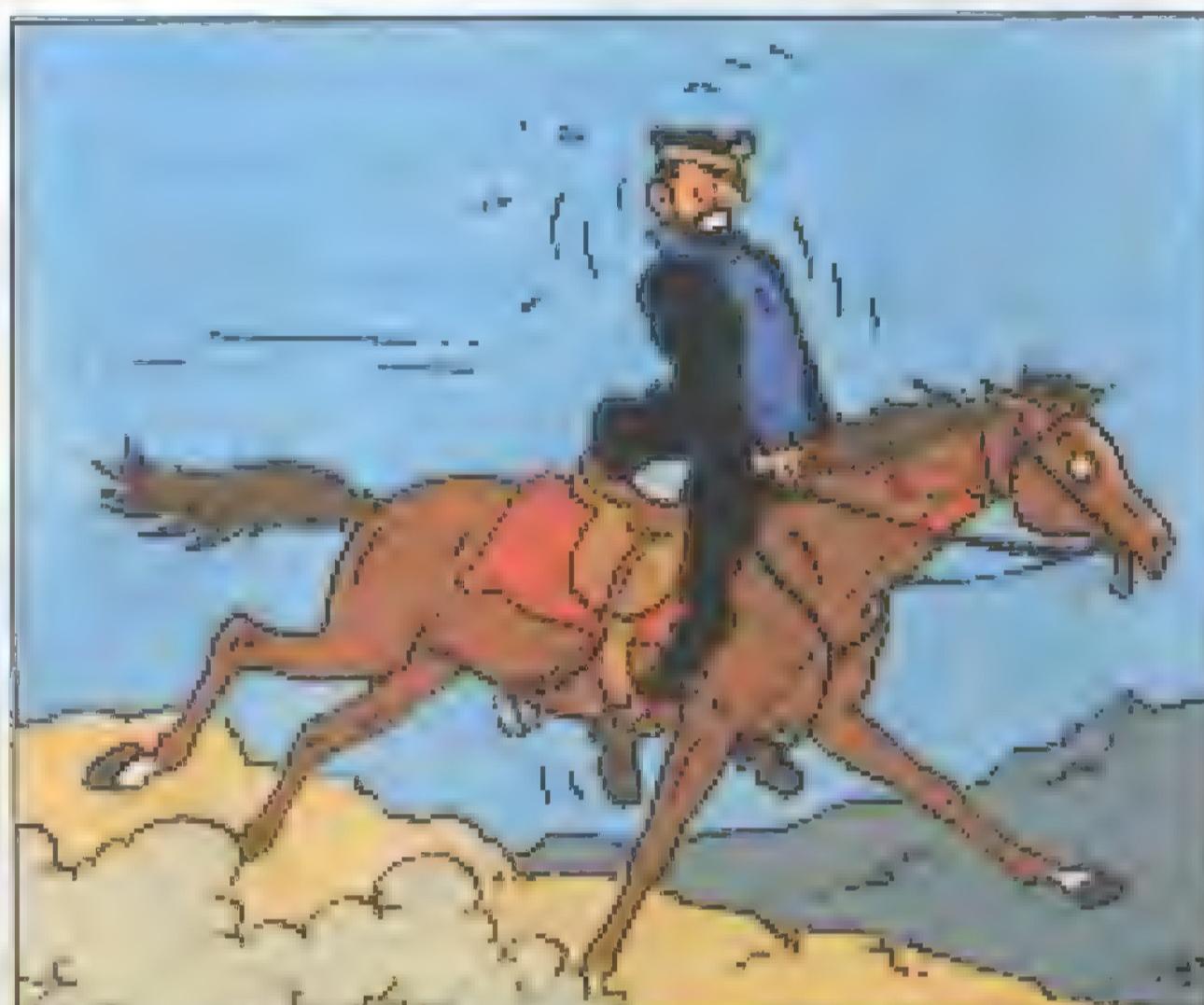
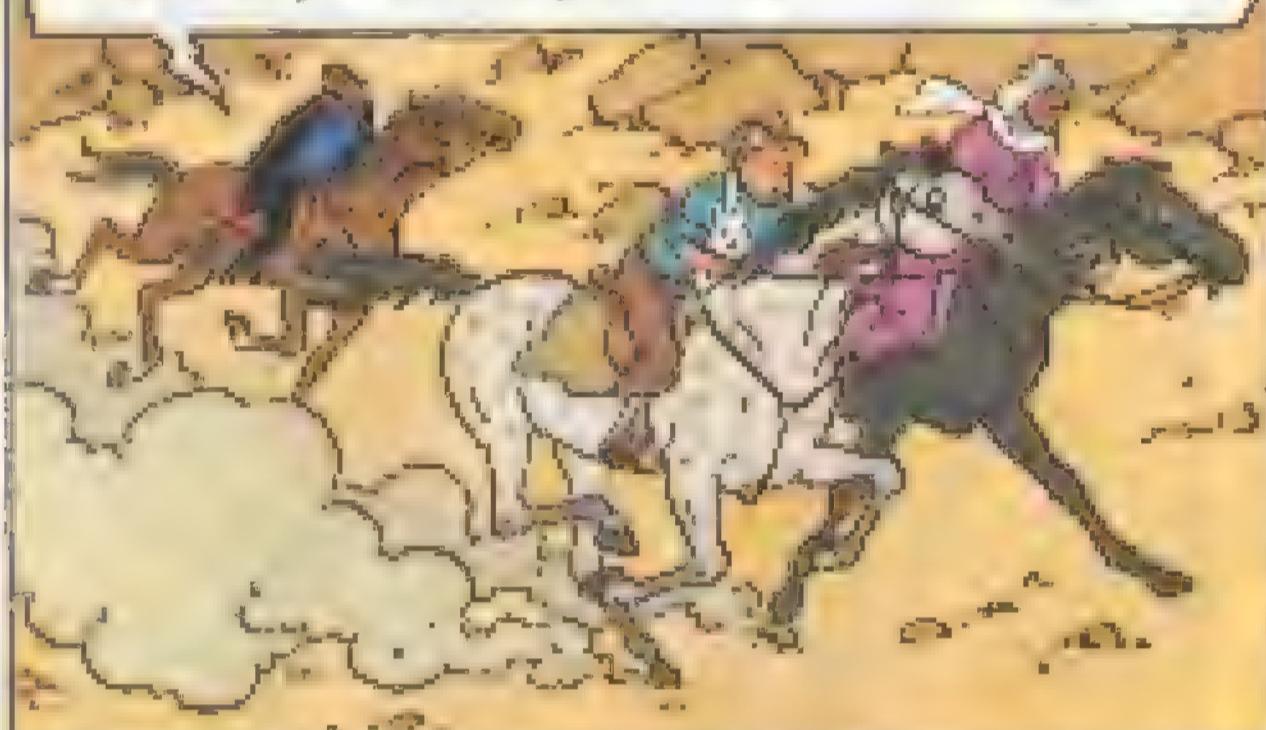
Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That old witch will raise the alarm!...

...And our guide isn't here!... Oliveira was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Snowy?

There he is! Fine! Back in the saddle again...

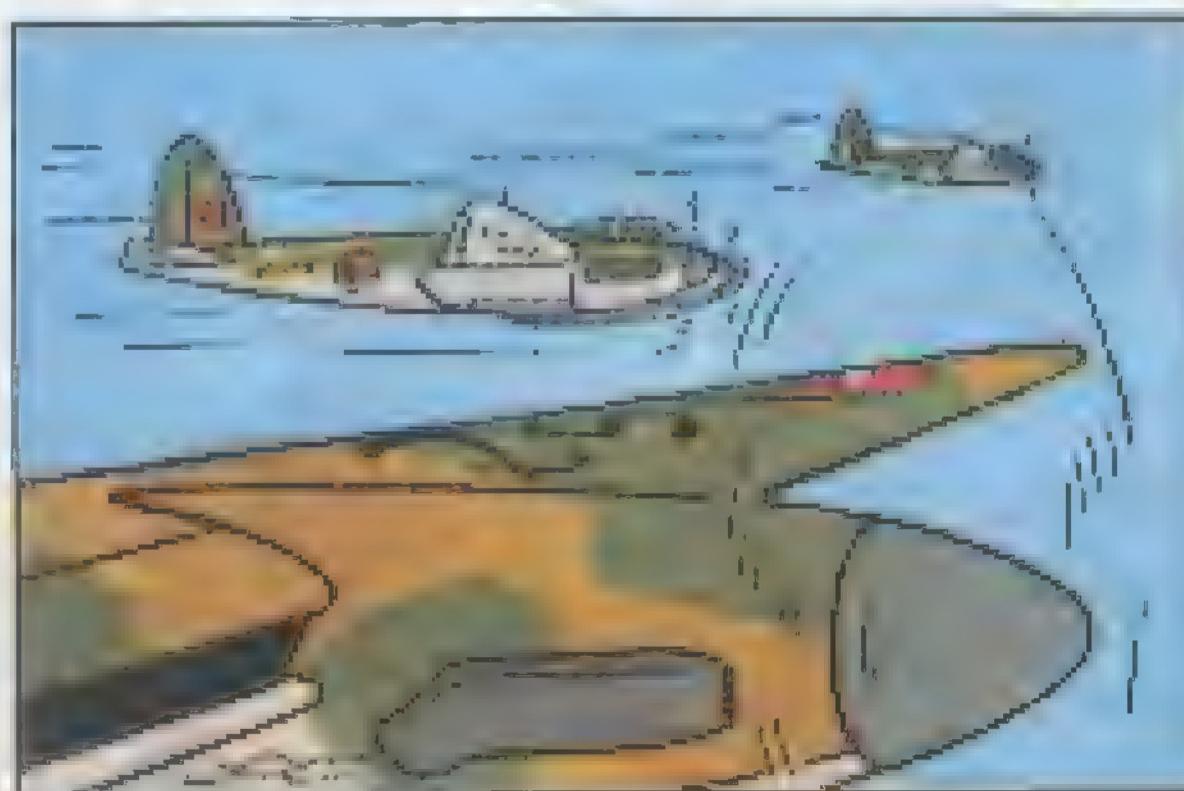
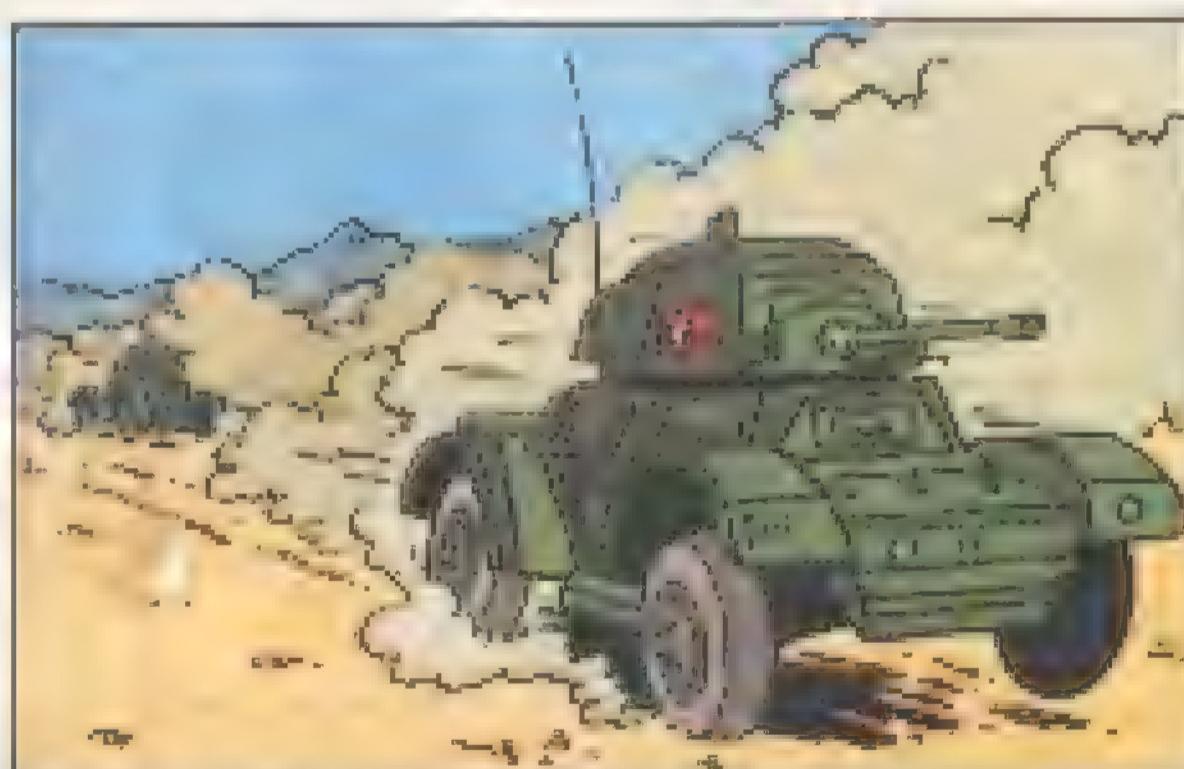


My stirrups, blistering barnacles! ... My stirrups! ...



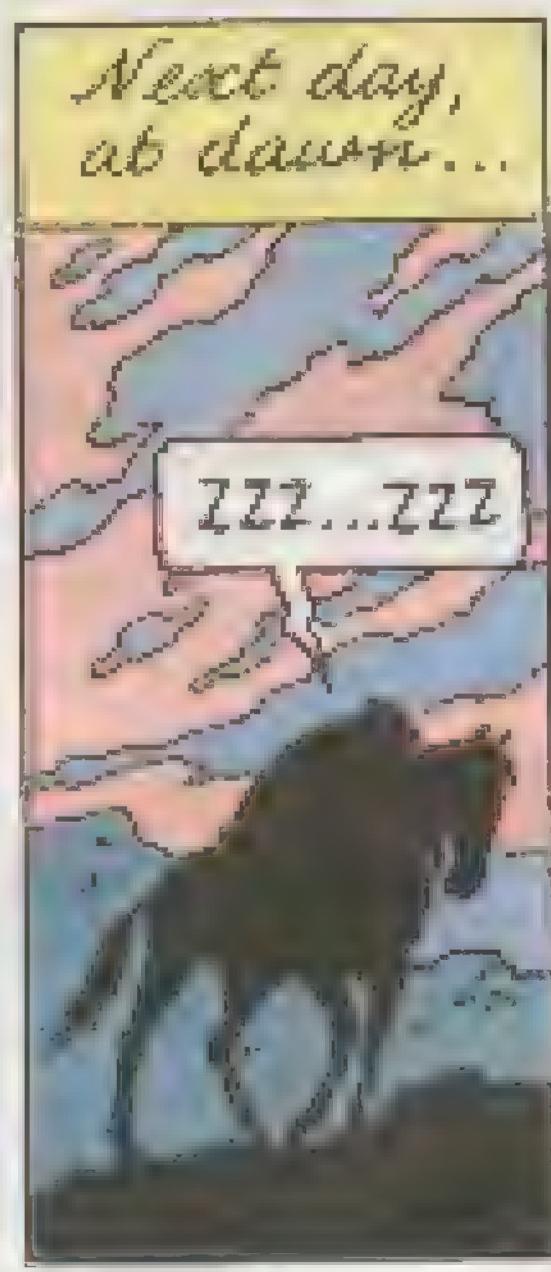
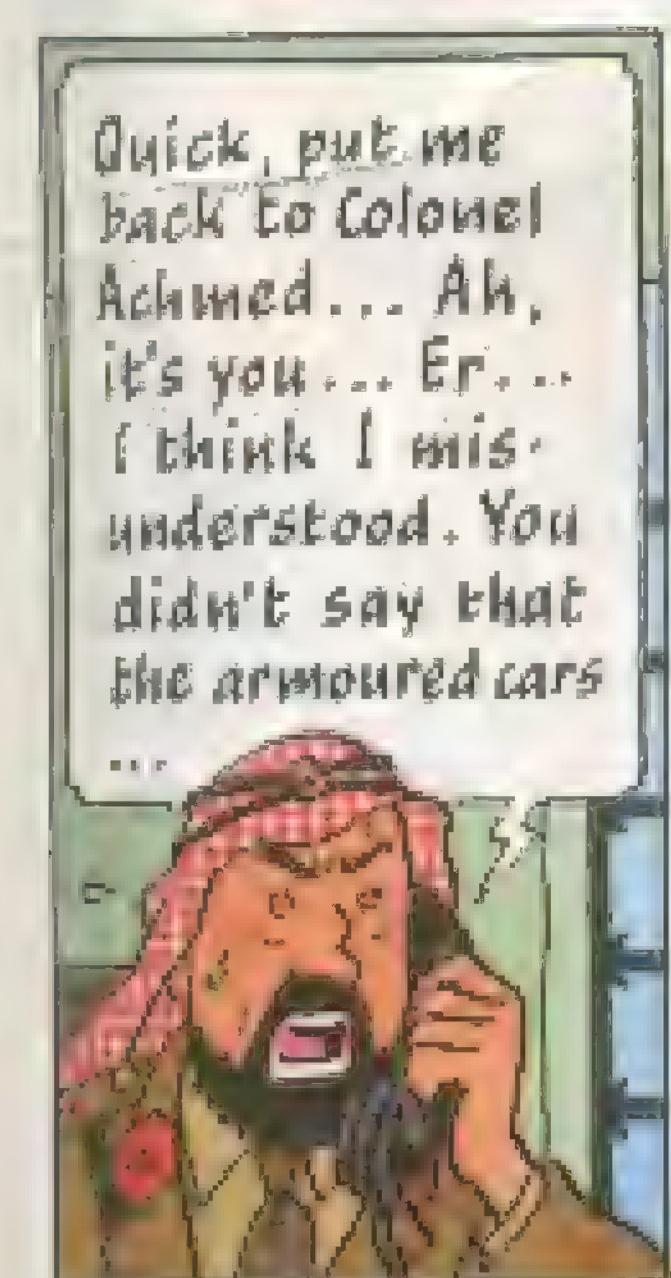
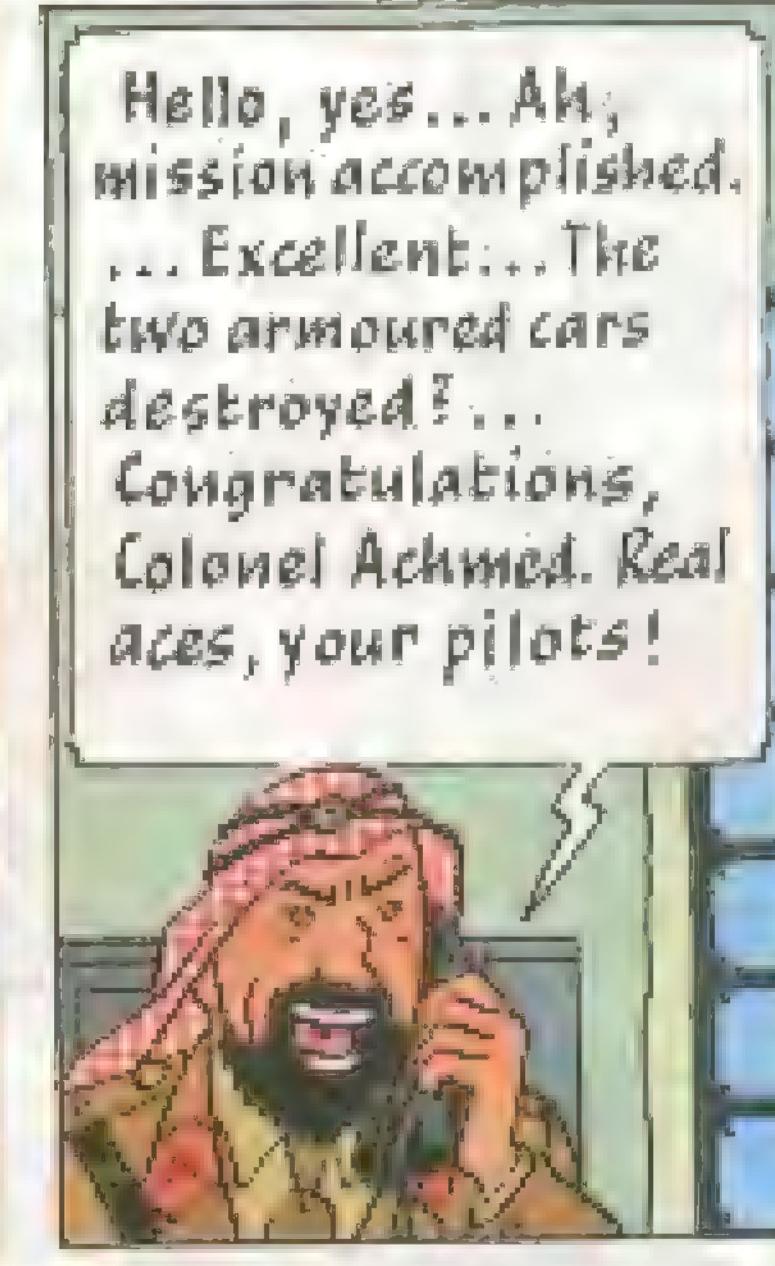
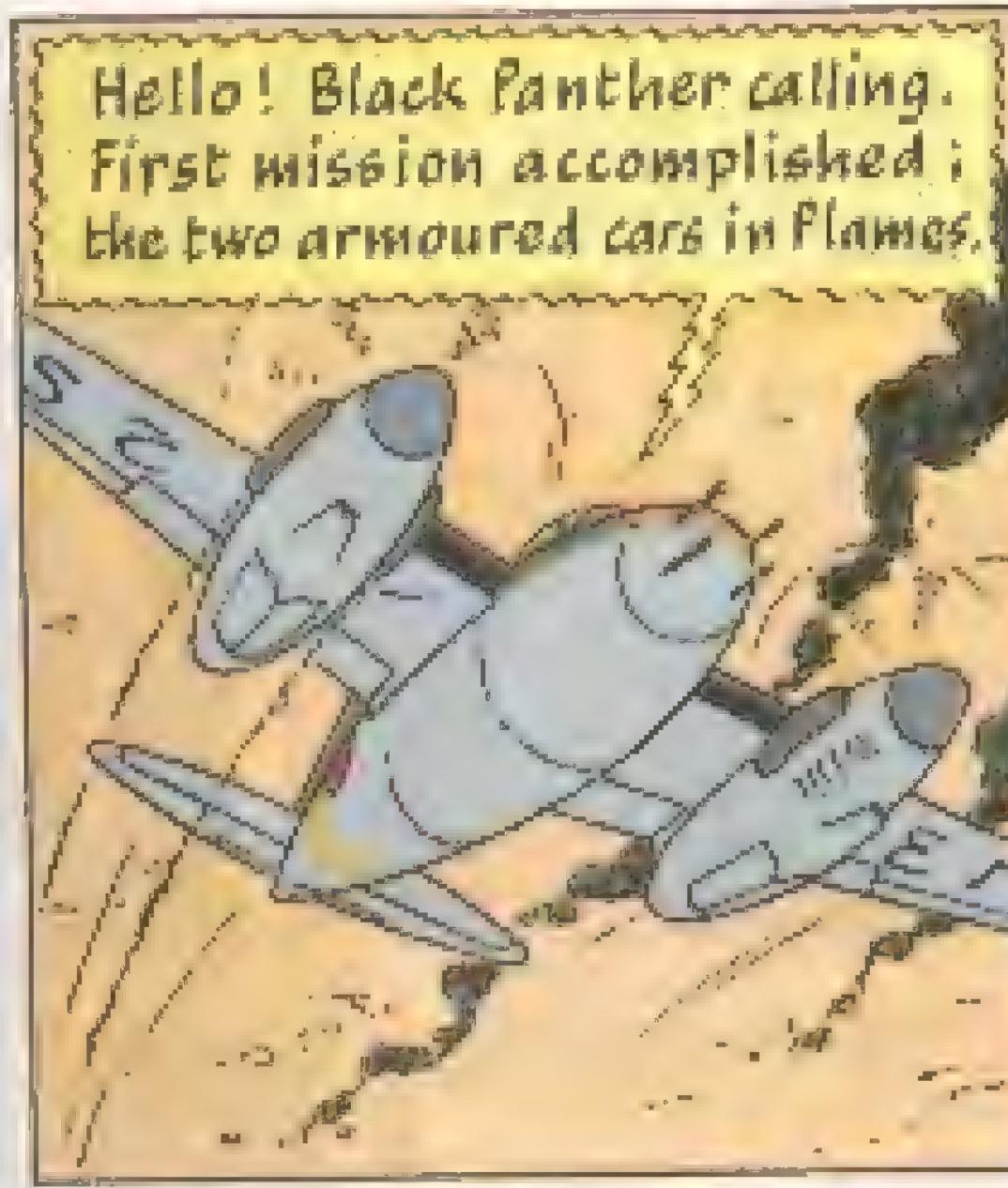
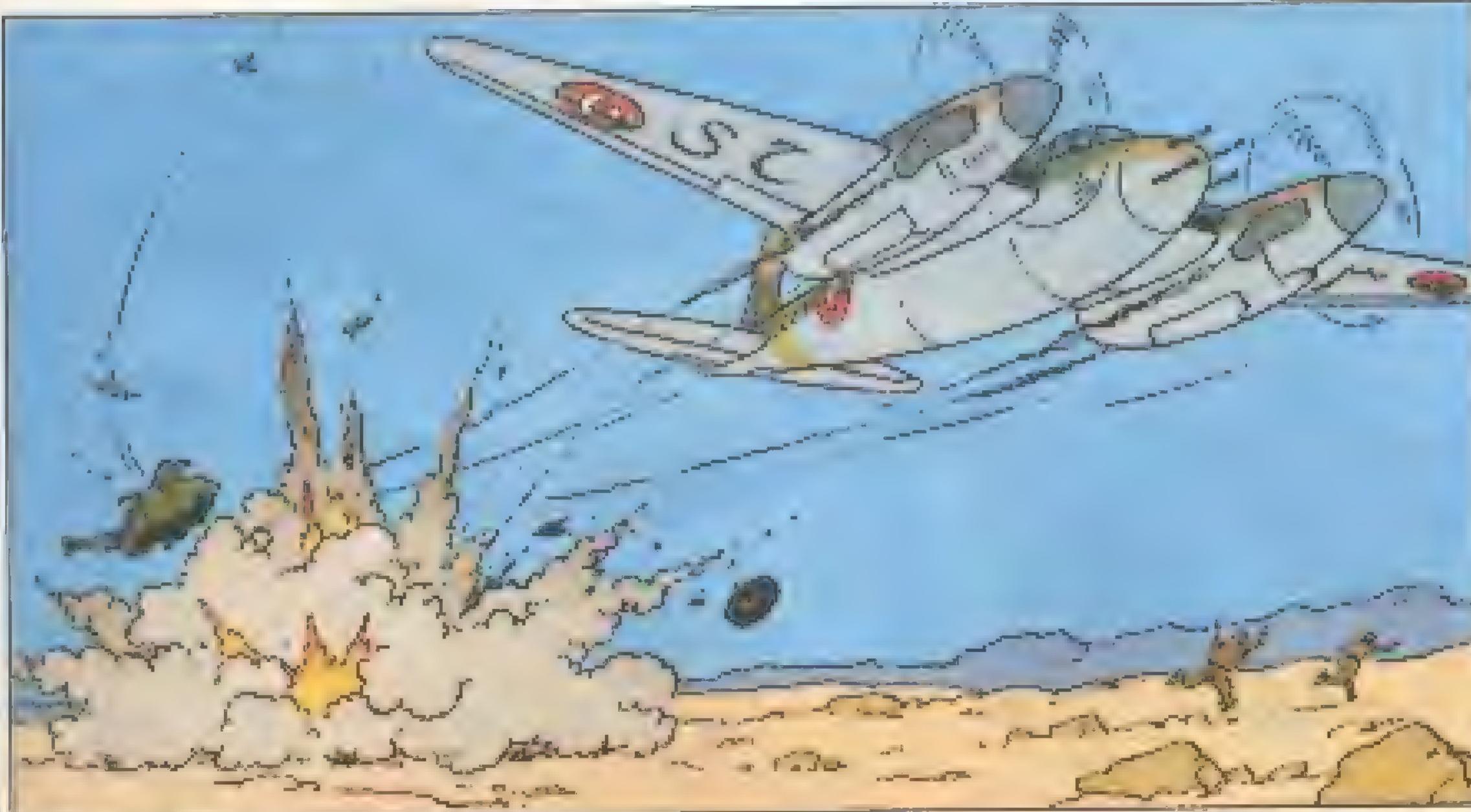
Meanwhile...

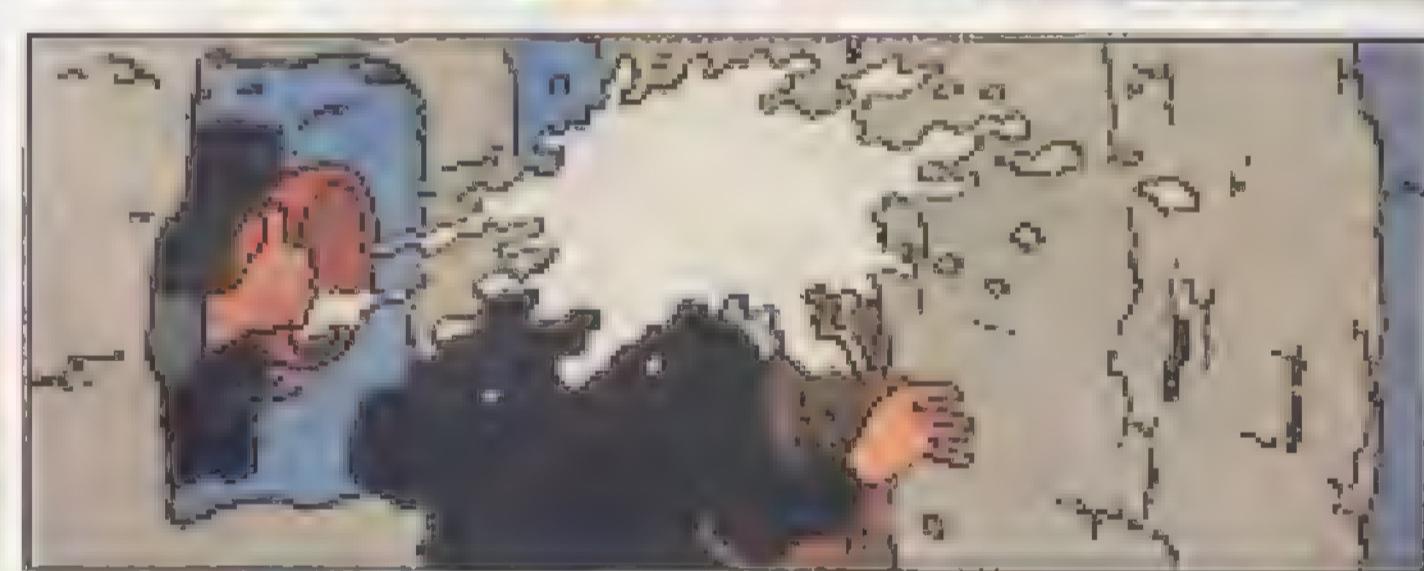
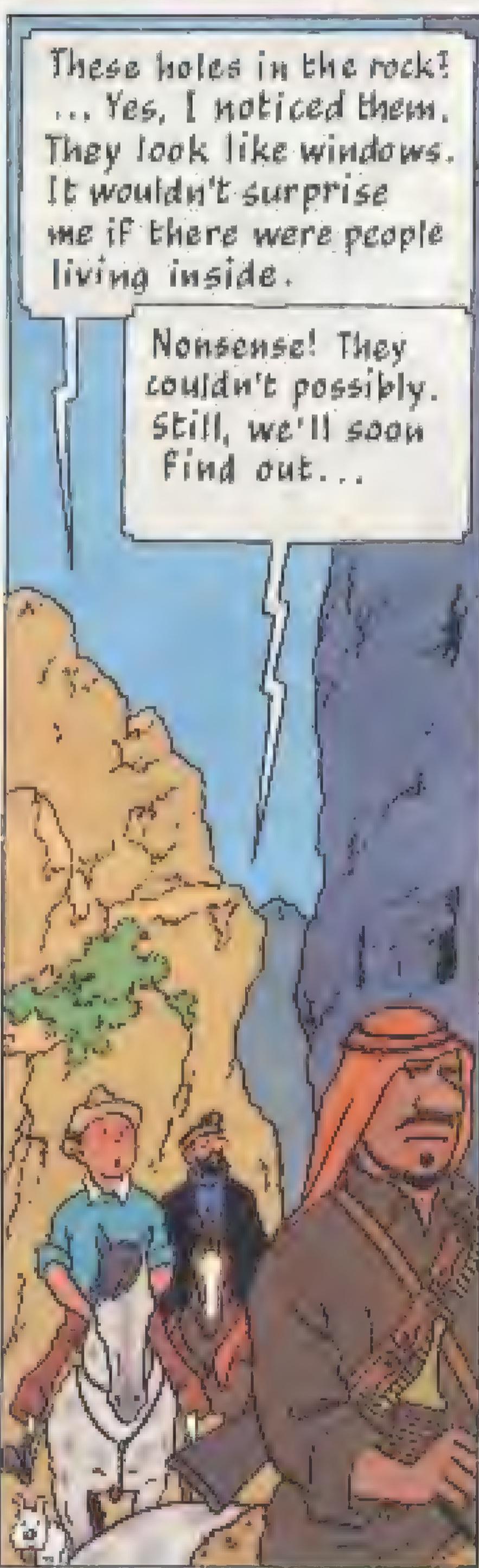
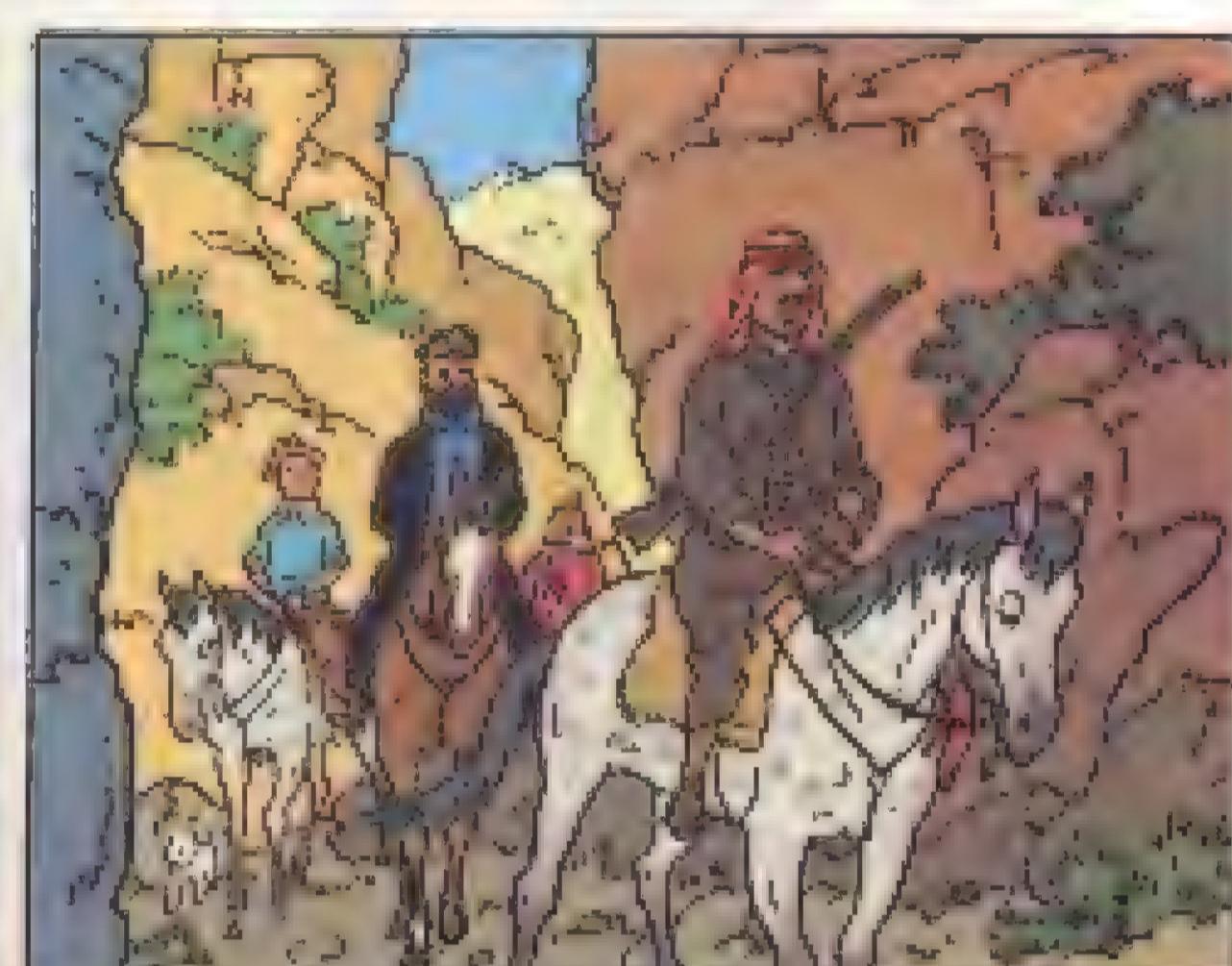
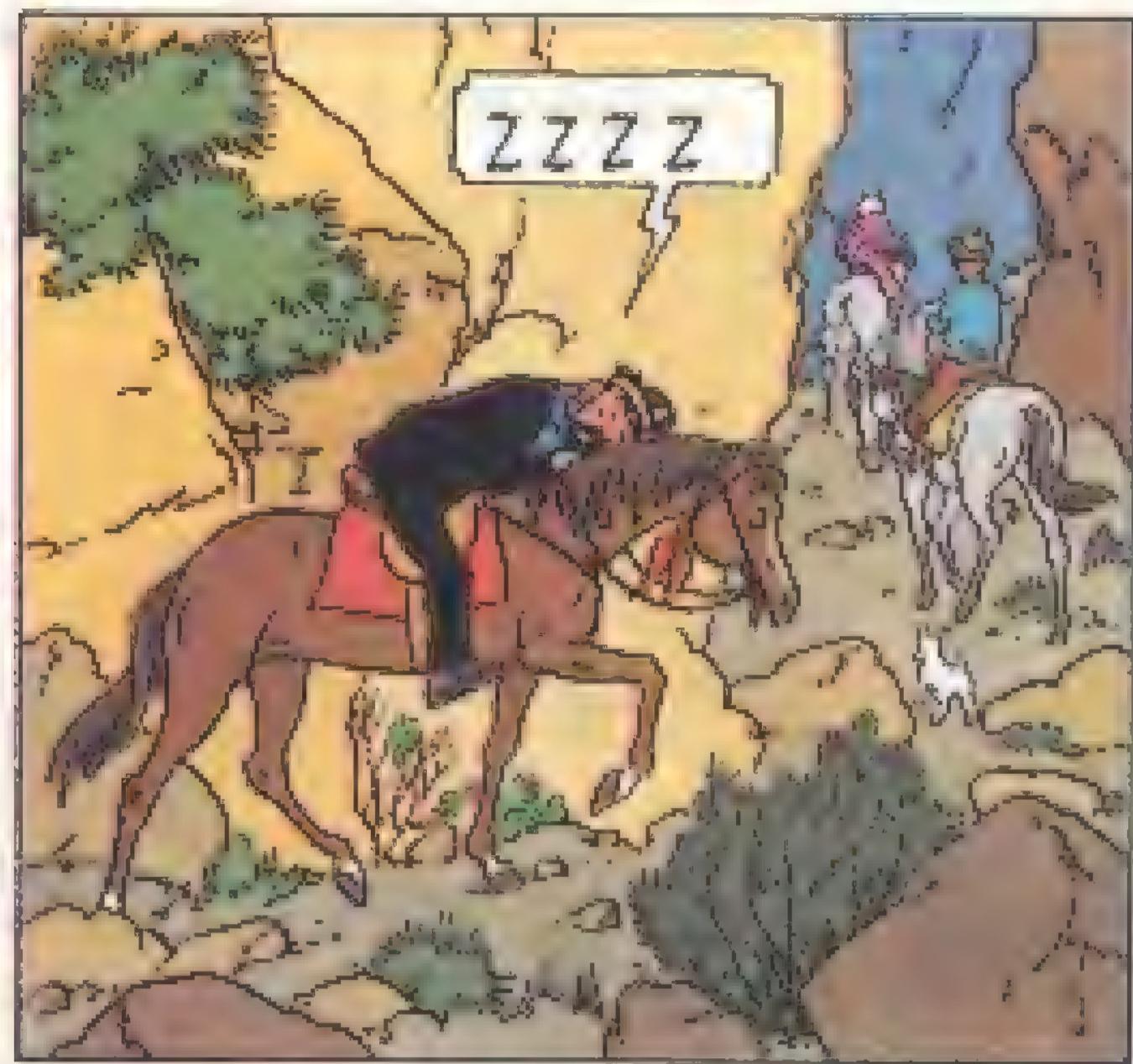
Hello, Colonel Achmed?... This is Mull Pasha at Sheik Bab El Ehr's headquarters... Order your Mosquitoes to take off immediately... Hello?... Yes. Their mission: to wipe out a party of three horsemen who have left Wadesdak, heading for the Jebel... You understand?... Good... Armoured cars are already on the way... Hello?... Yes, they are partisans of Ben Kalish Ezab. ...Yes, wipe them out.



There they are!... Fire!







Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!



A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.



Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!



And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.



Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.



And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha!ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?



Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.



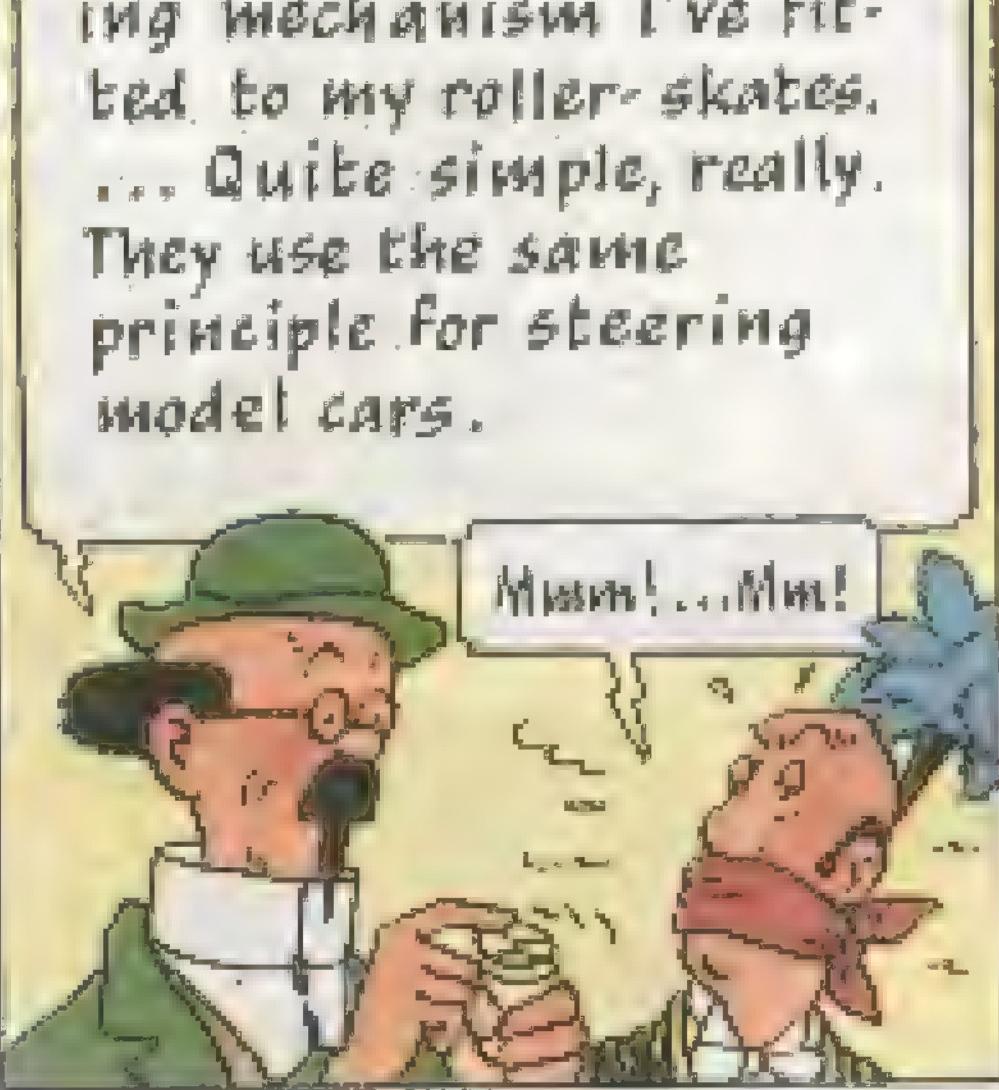
Ah, Nestor, I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mumm!... Mumm!



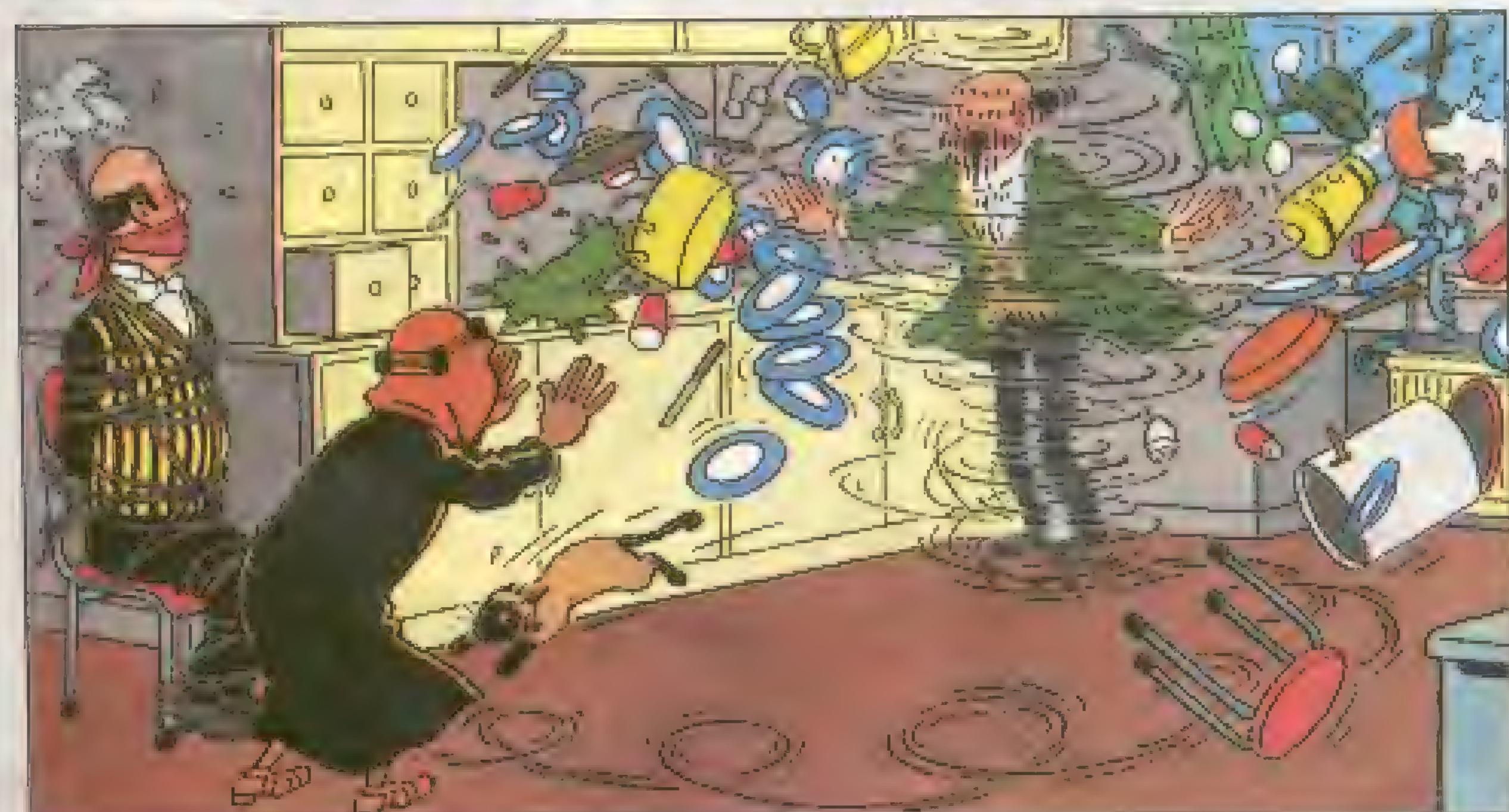
It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mumm!... Mumm!



For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mumm!... Mumm!



But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!



And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

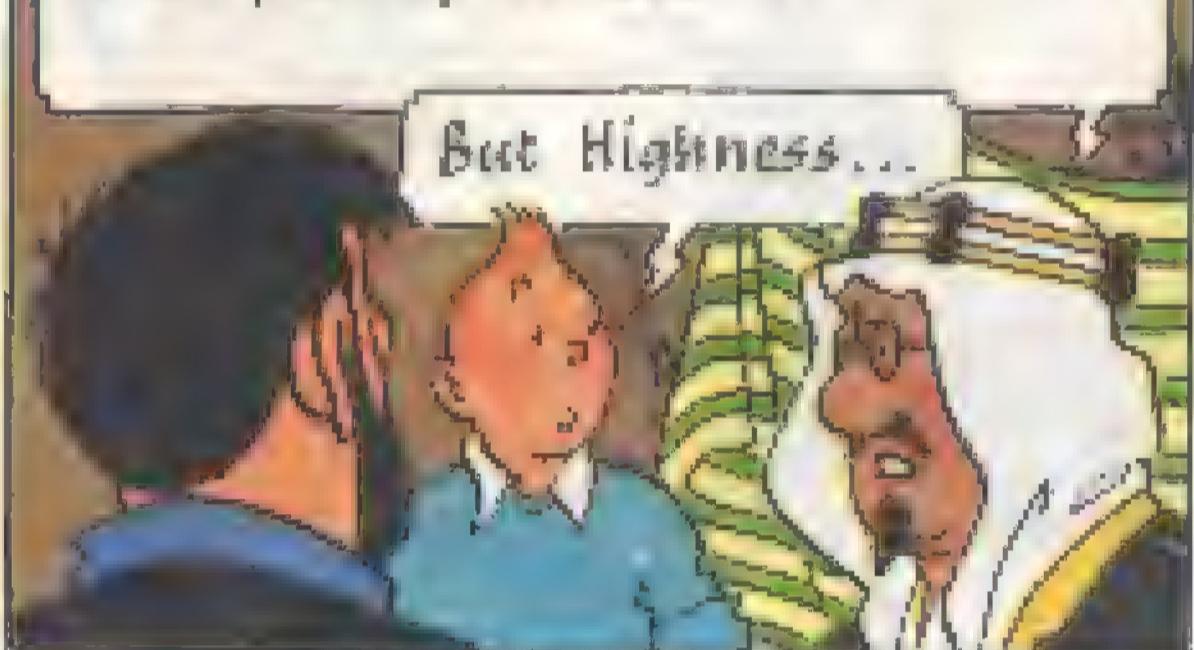
Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...



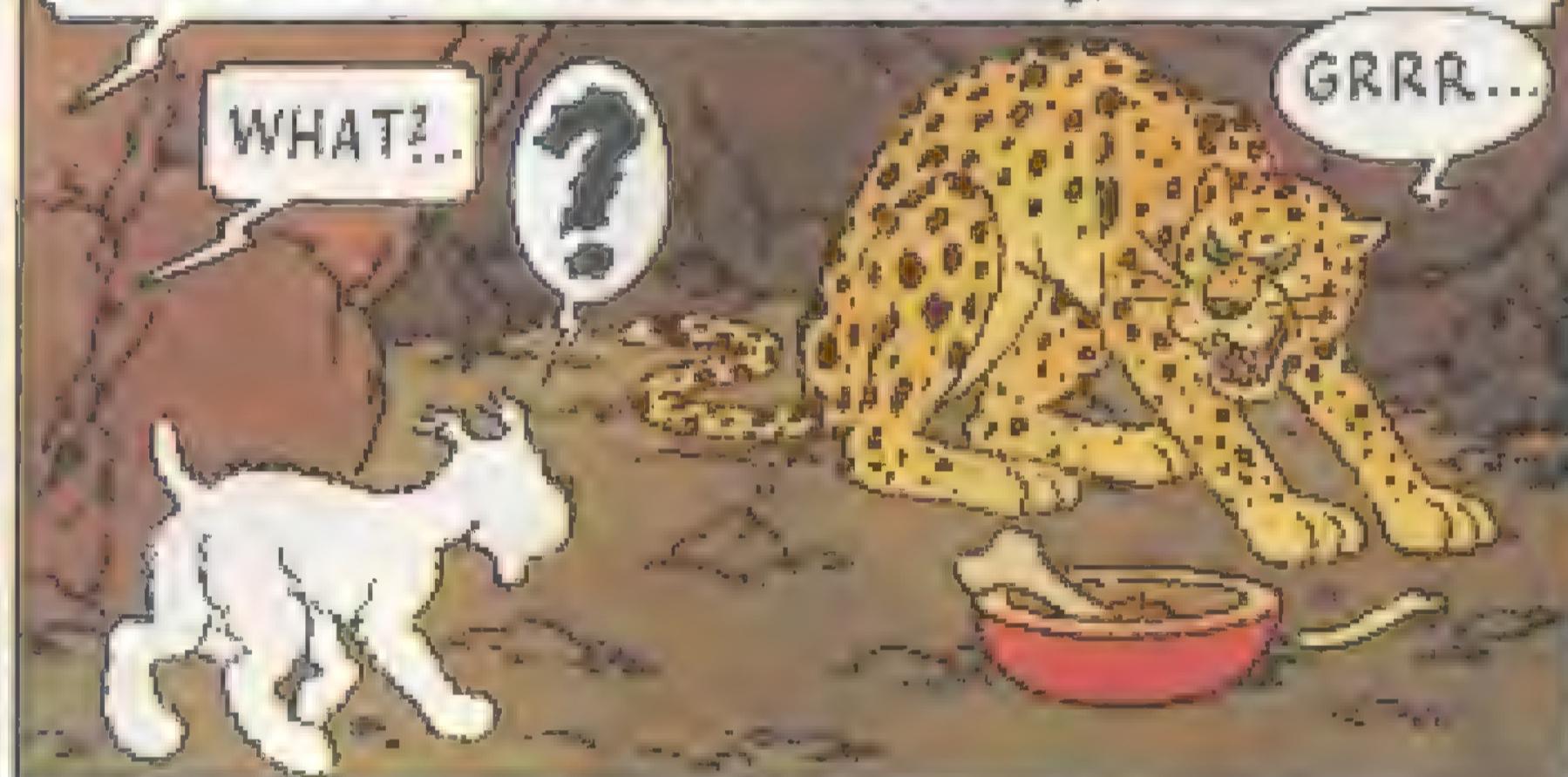
One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...



Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.



Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on...



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

But that's frightful!

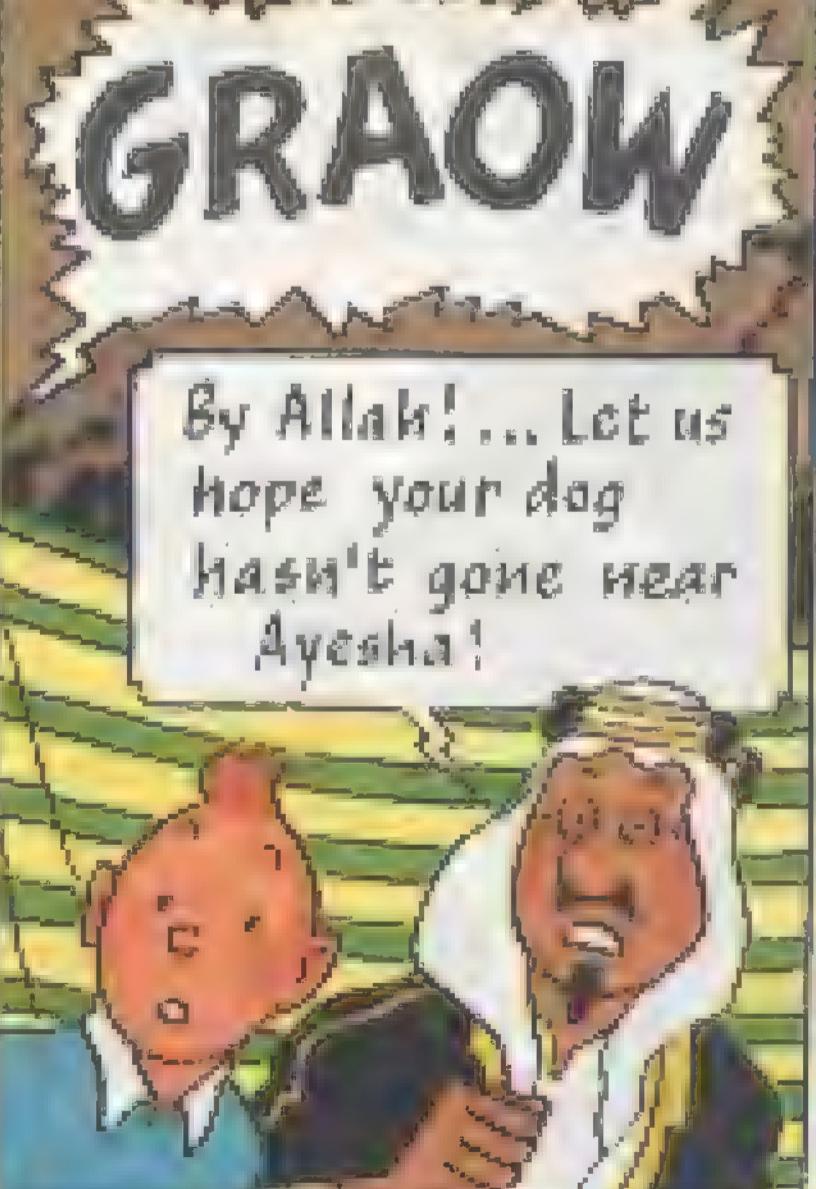


Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



GRAOW

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!

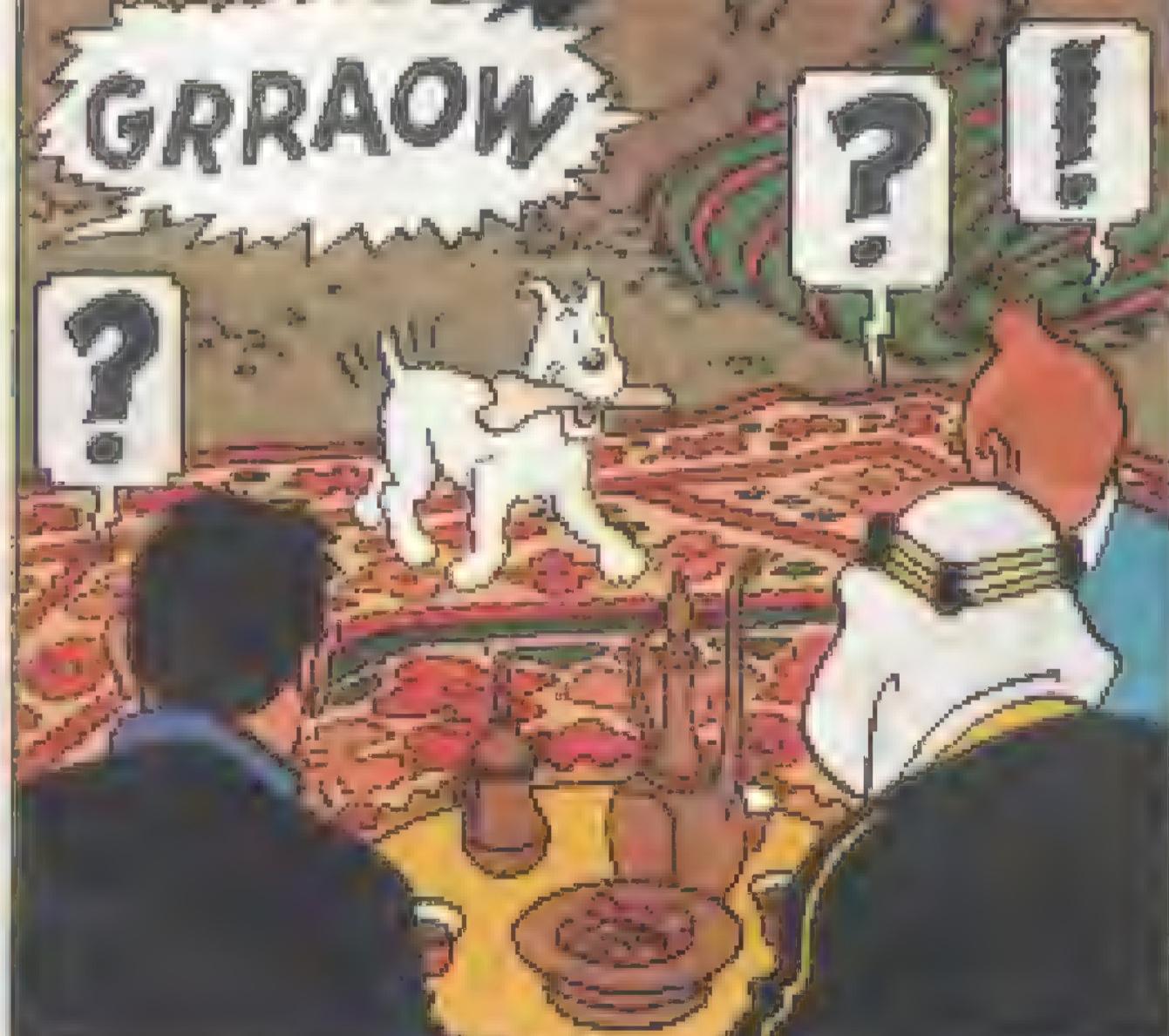


GRRAOW

?

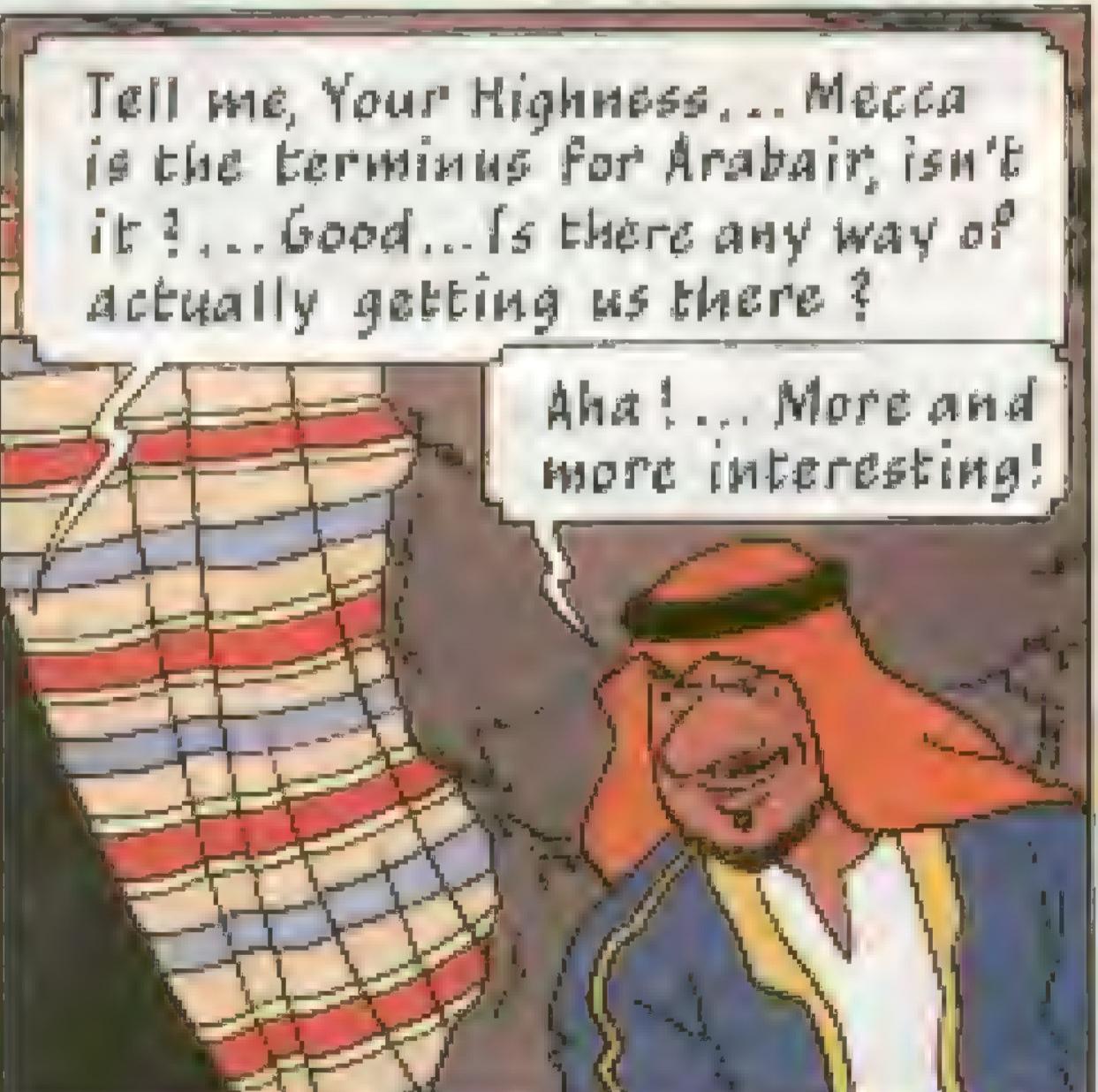
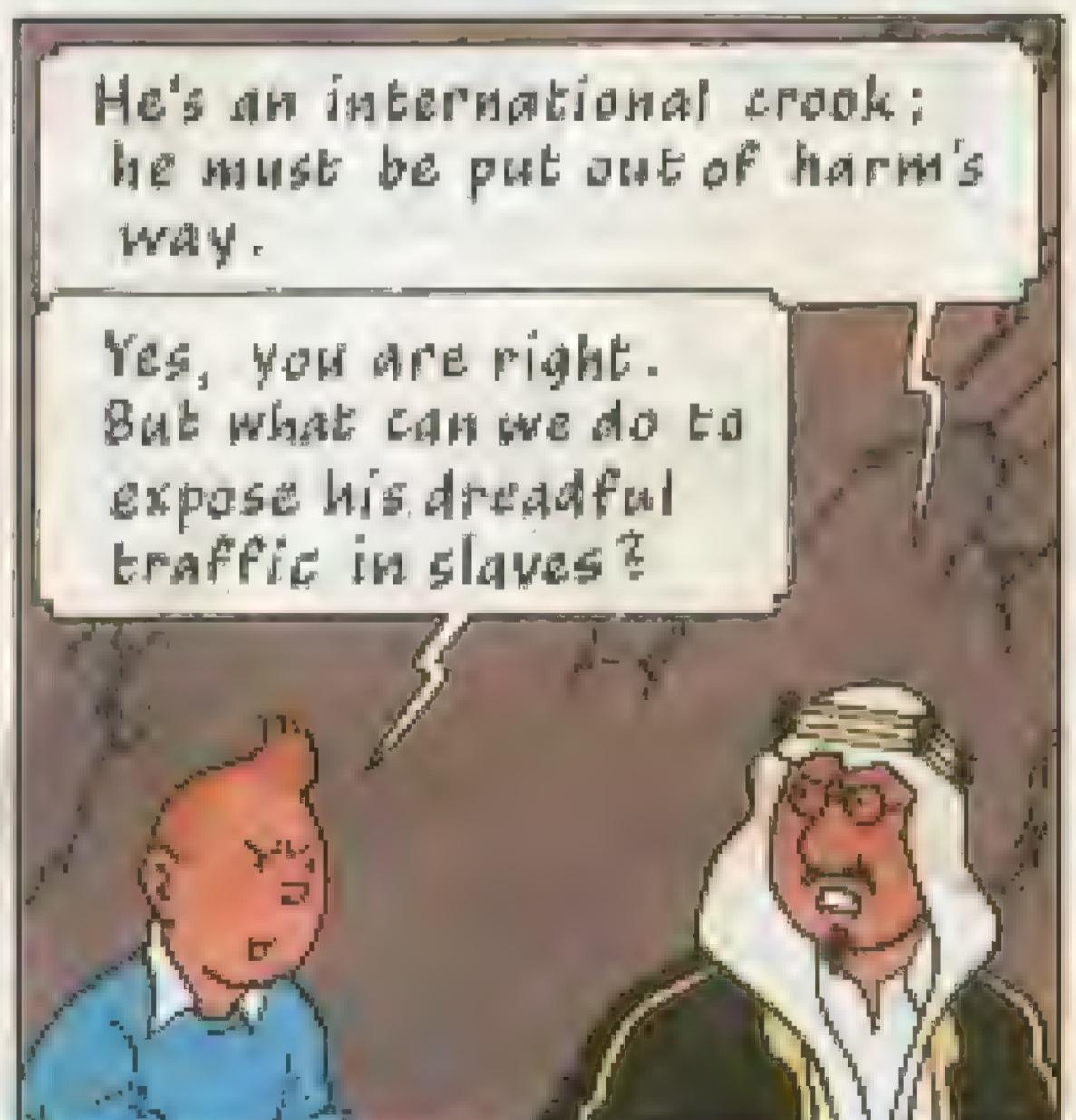
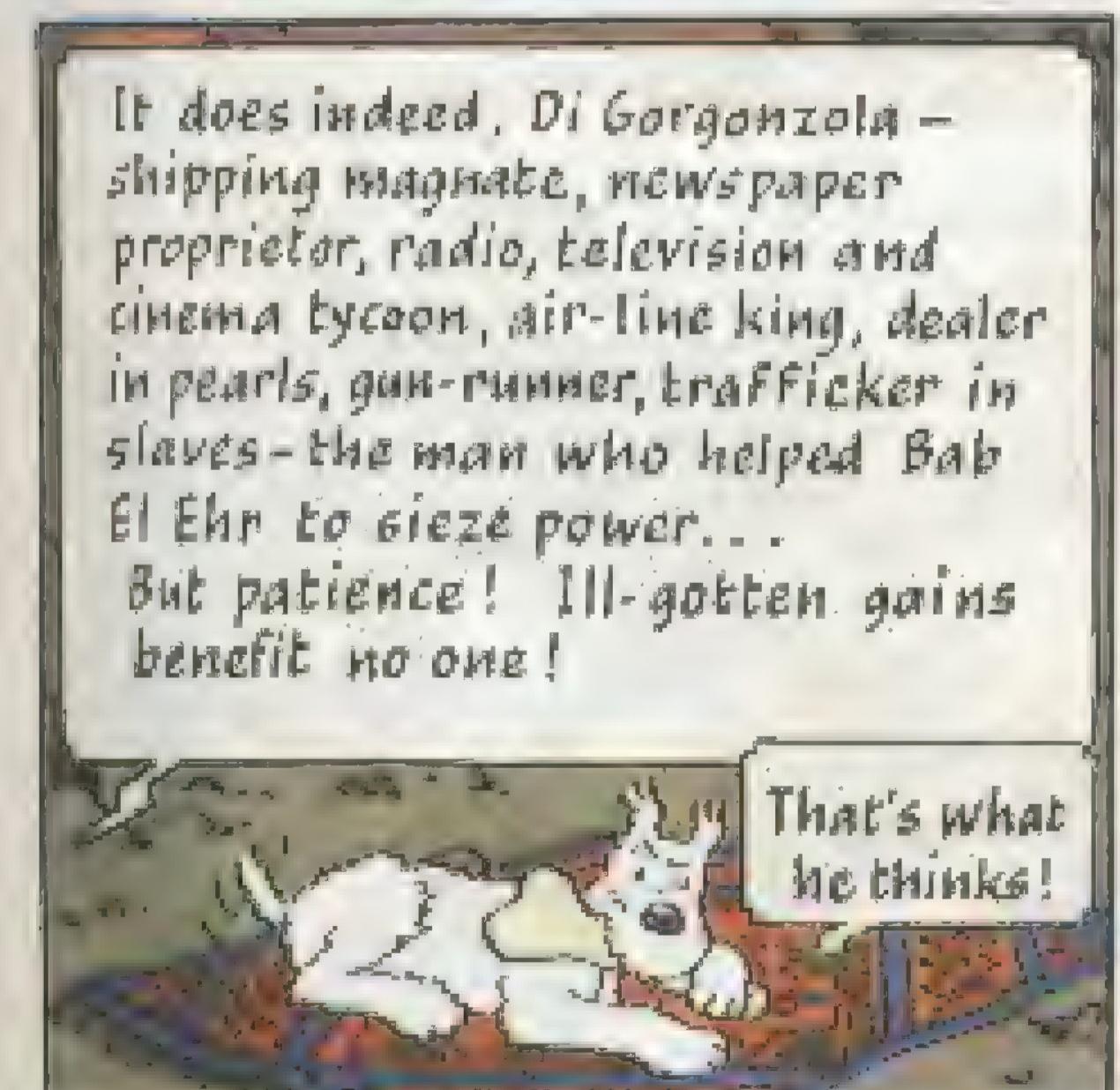
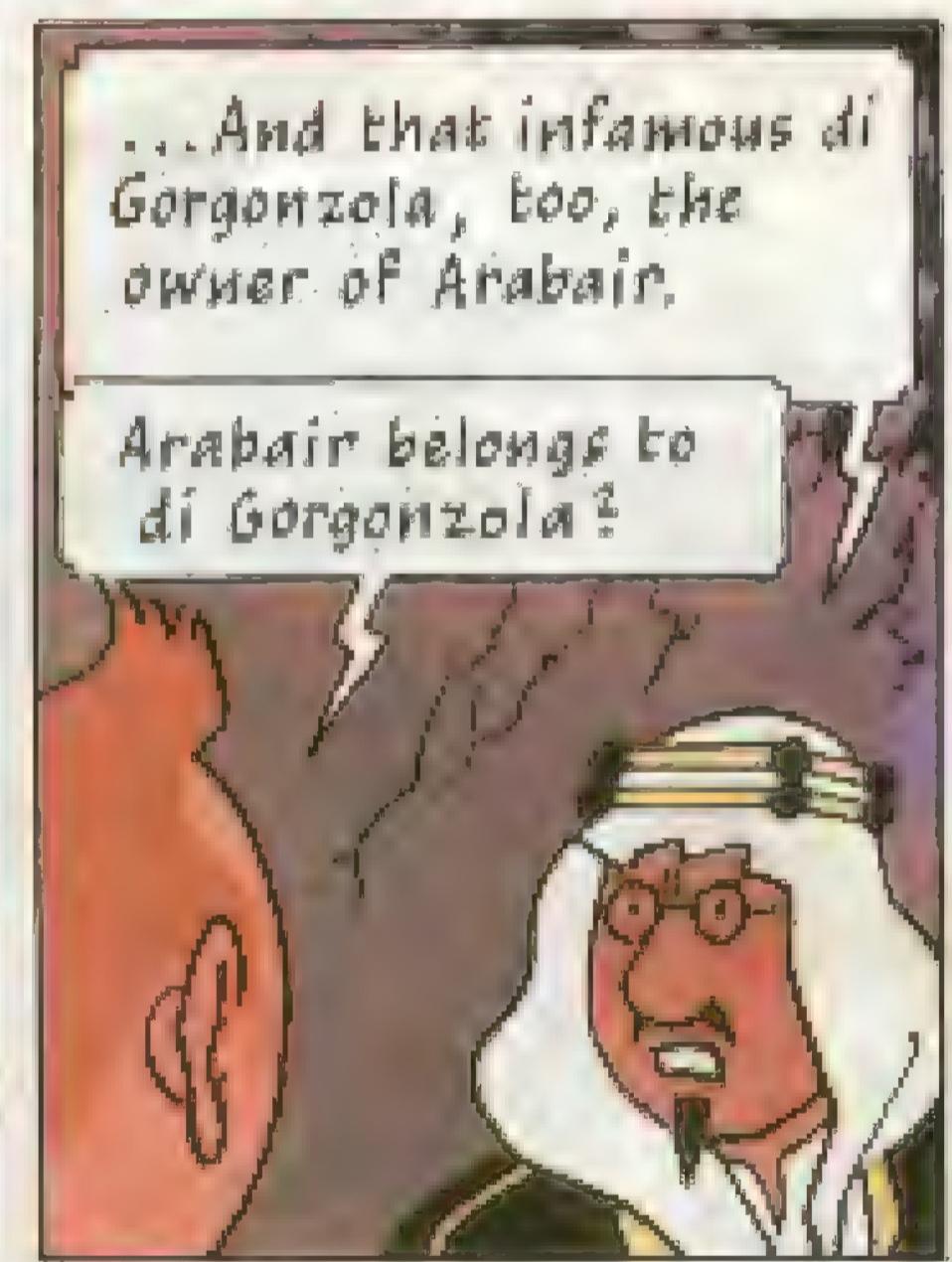
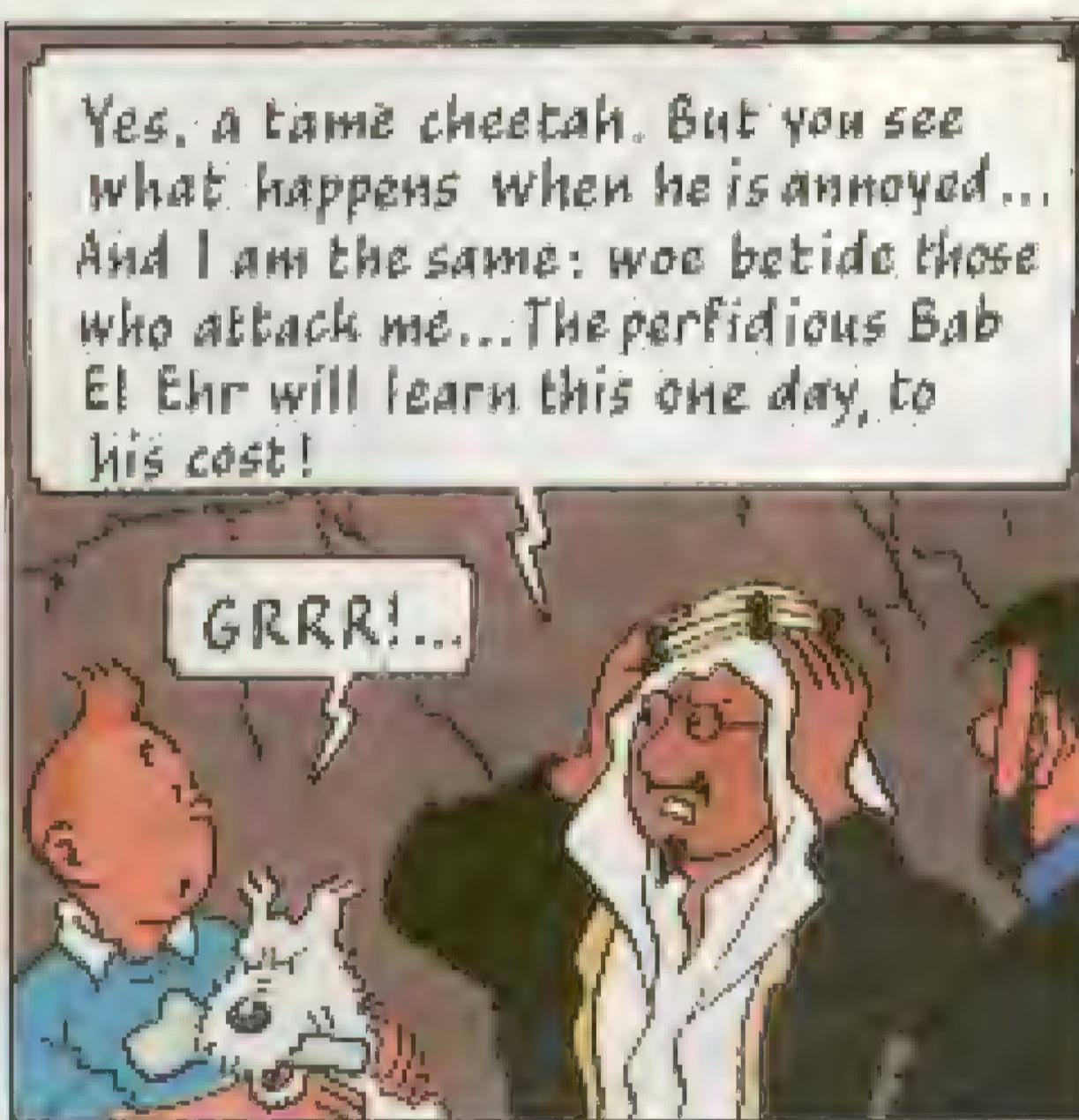
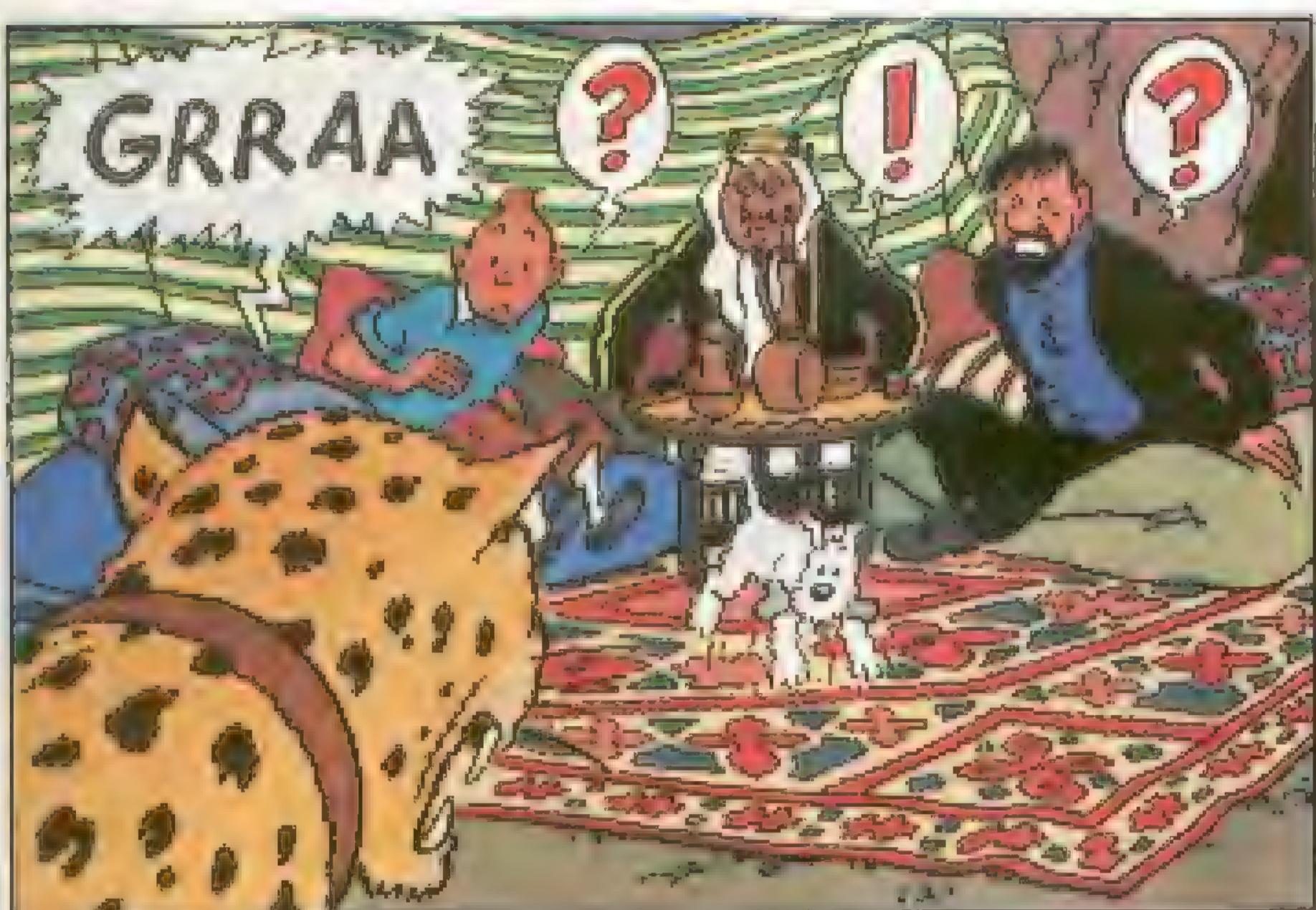
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!



CRACK GRAOW





To Mecca ? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.

Aha ! This will please Bab El Ehr...

GRAOW ! * i *

Again ? What has happened now ?

It is Ben Youssef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature !

Three days later . . .

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.

Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.

He's signalling to us... We can go.

Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.

Look, they have just put a boat out.

Danger ! Danger ! A mounted patrol !

By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Halt!... Who goes there?

BANG - BANG
By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol! ...

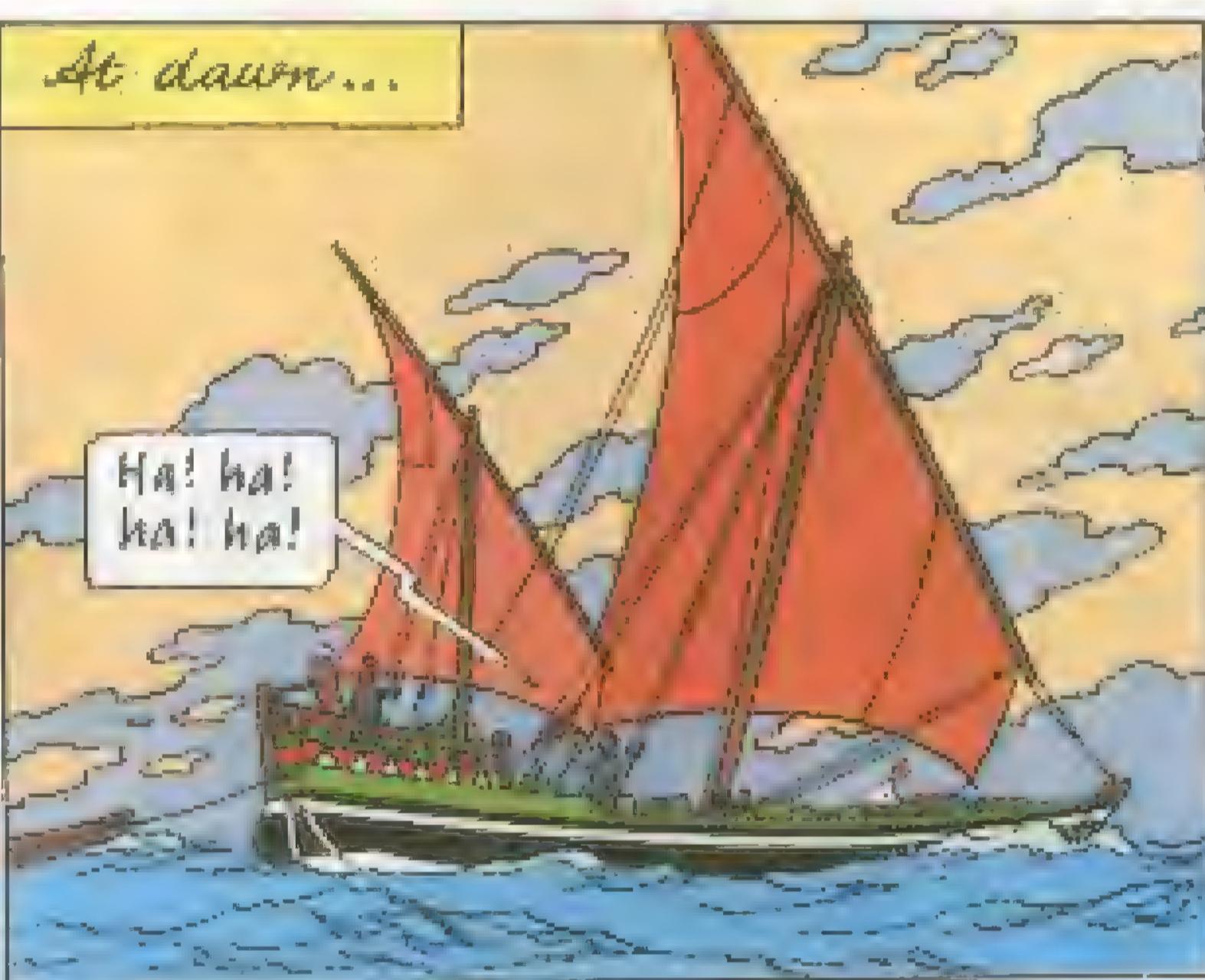


Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!

At dawn...

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-half-penny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

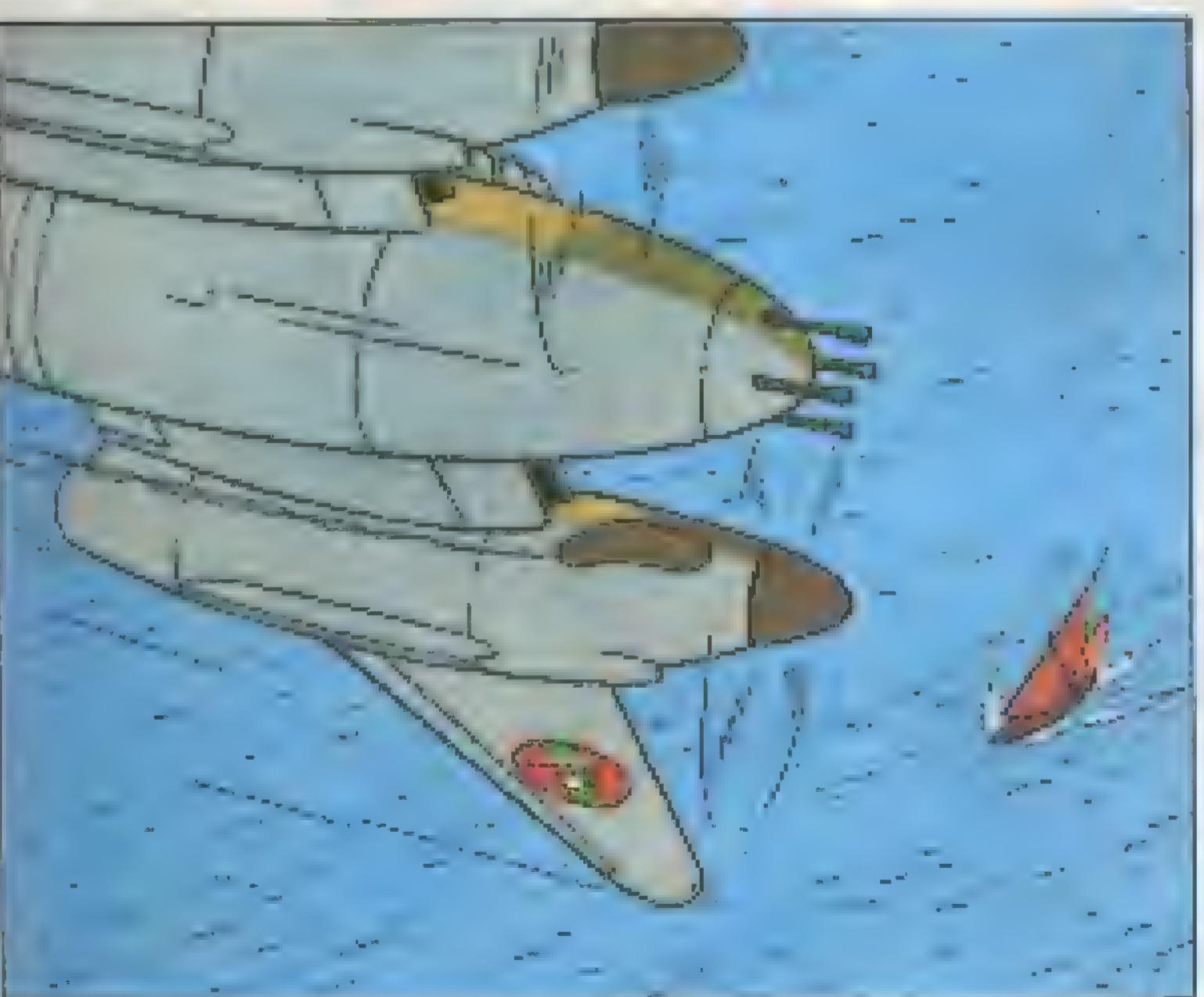
What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of?... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?

Not that, certainly, but ...

But what?

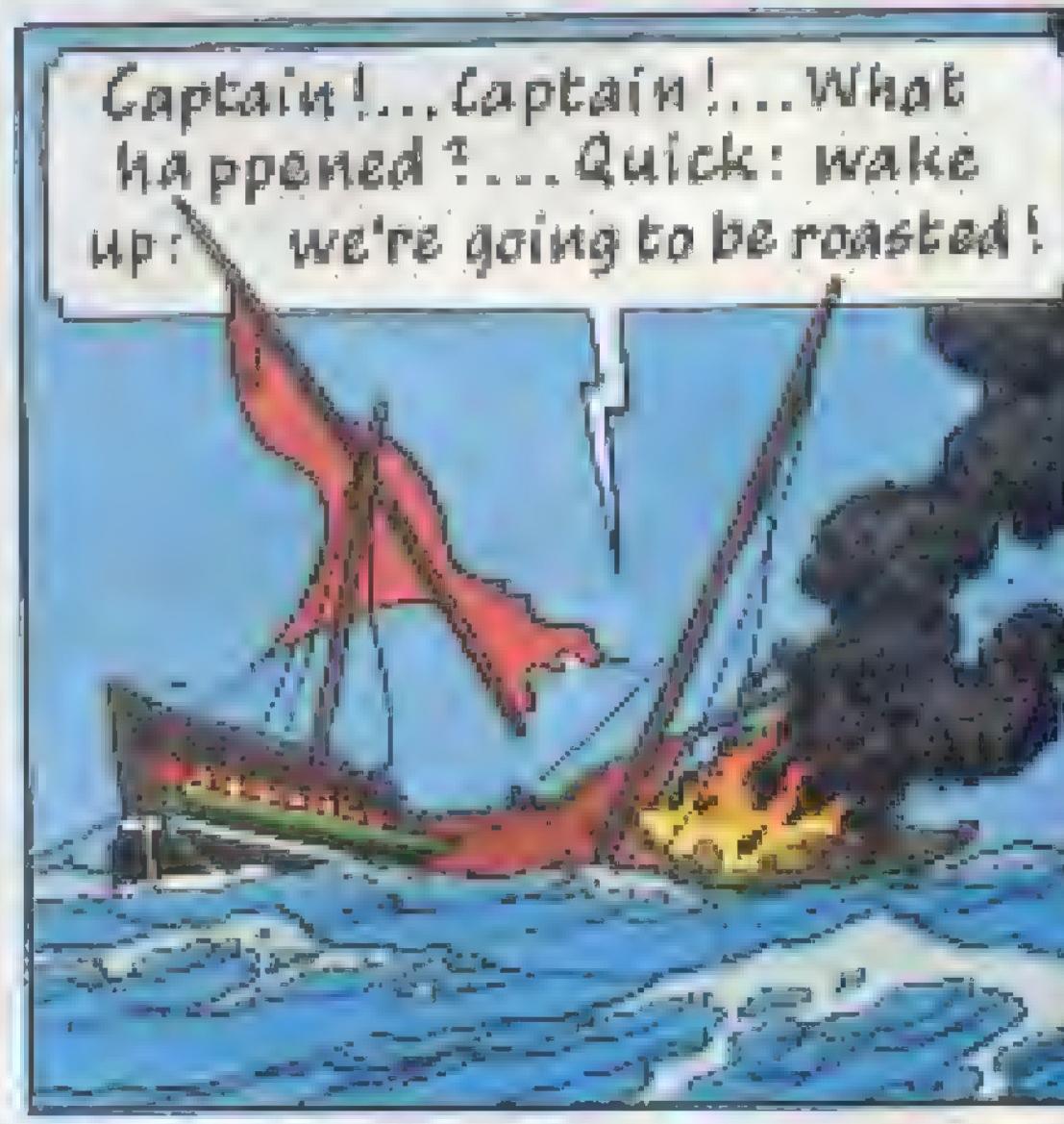
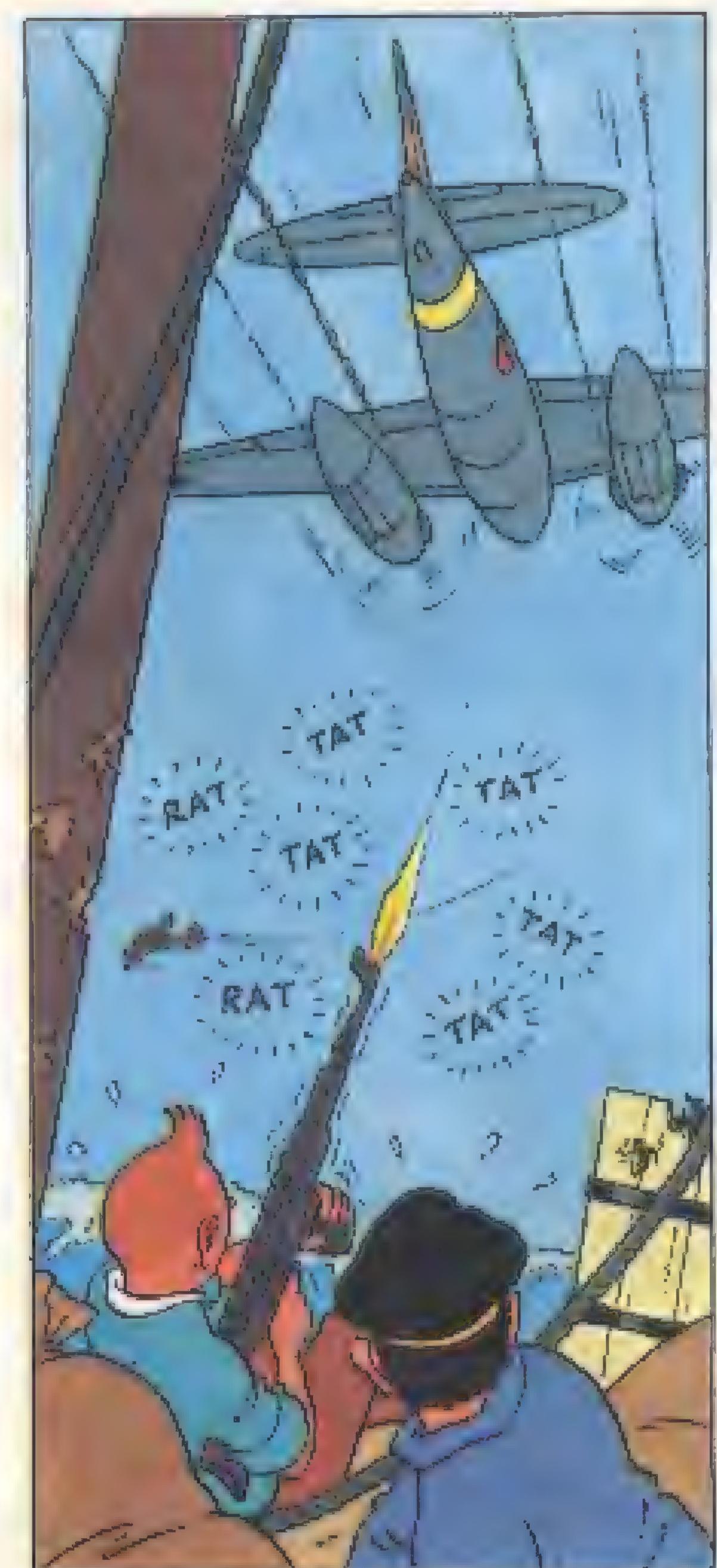
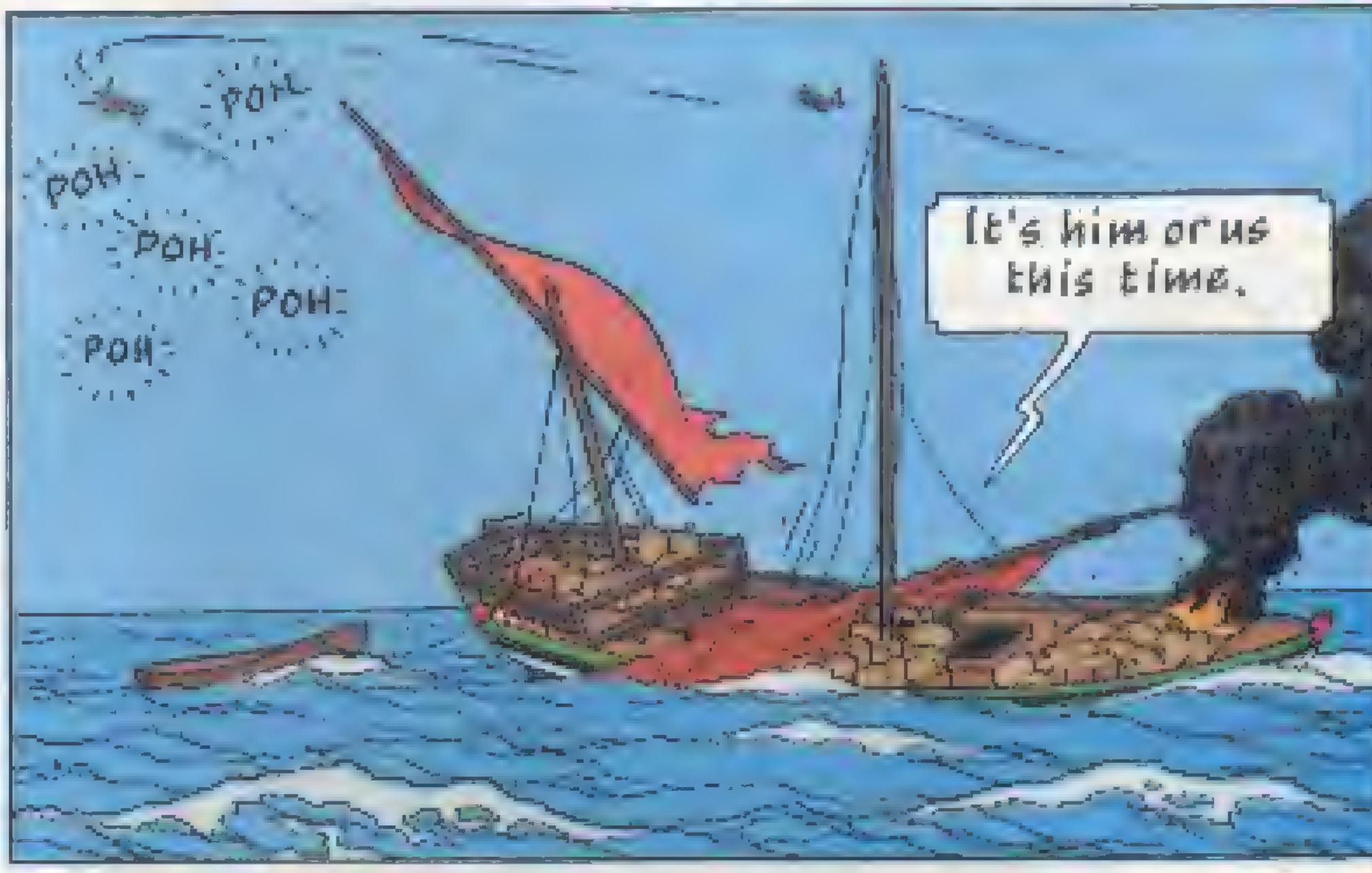
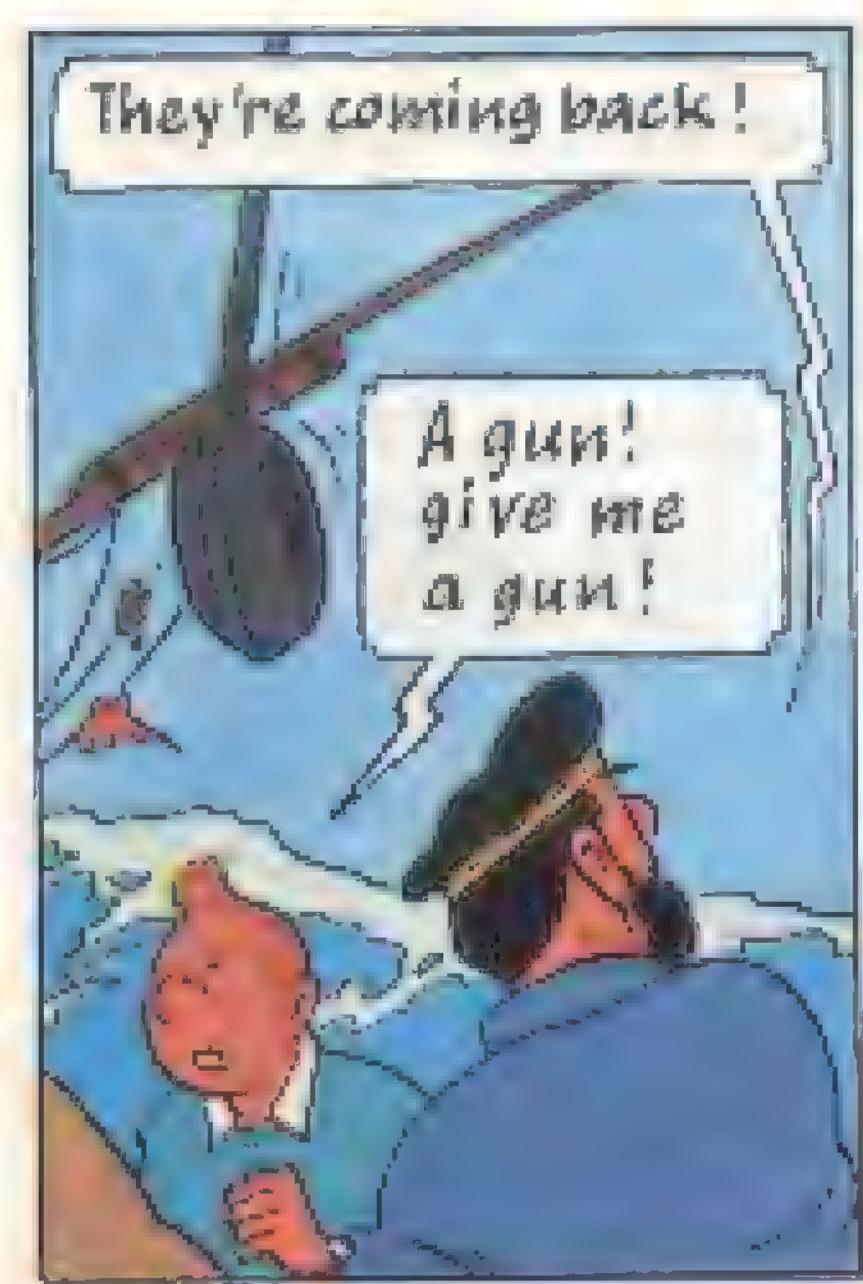
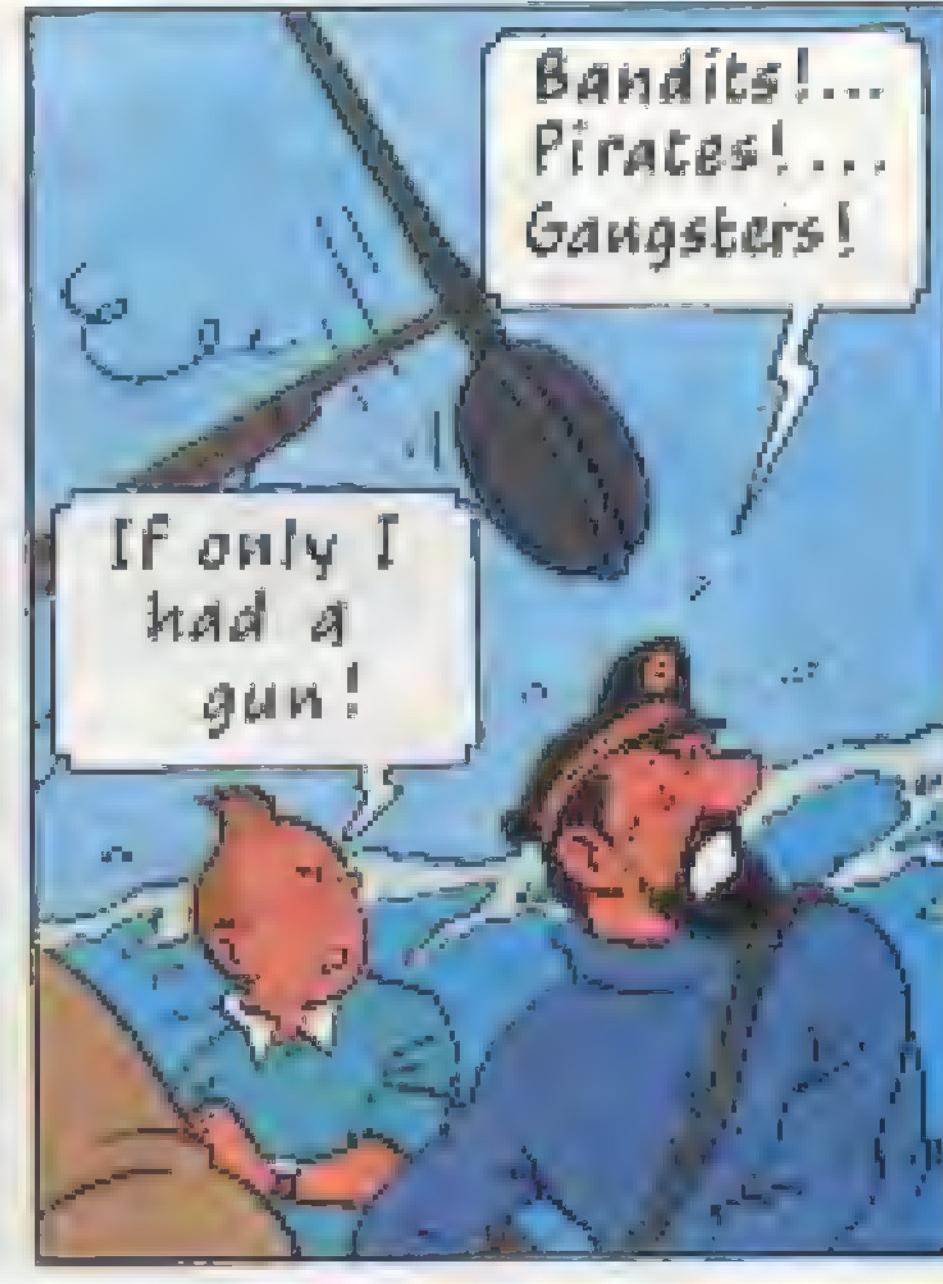
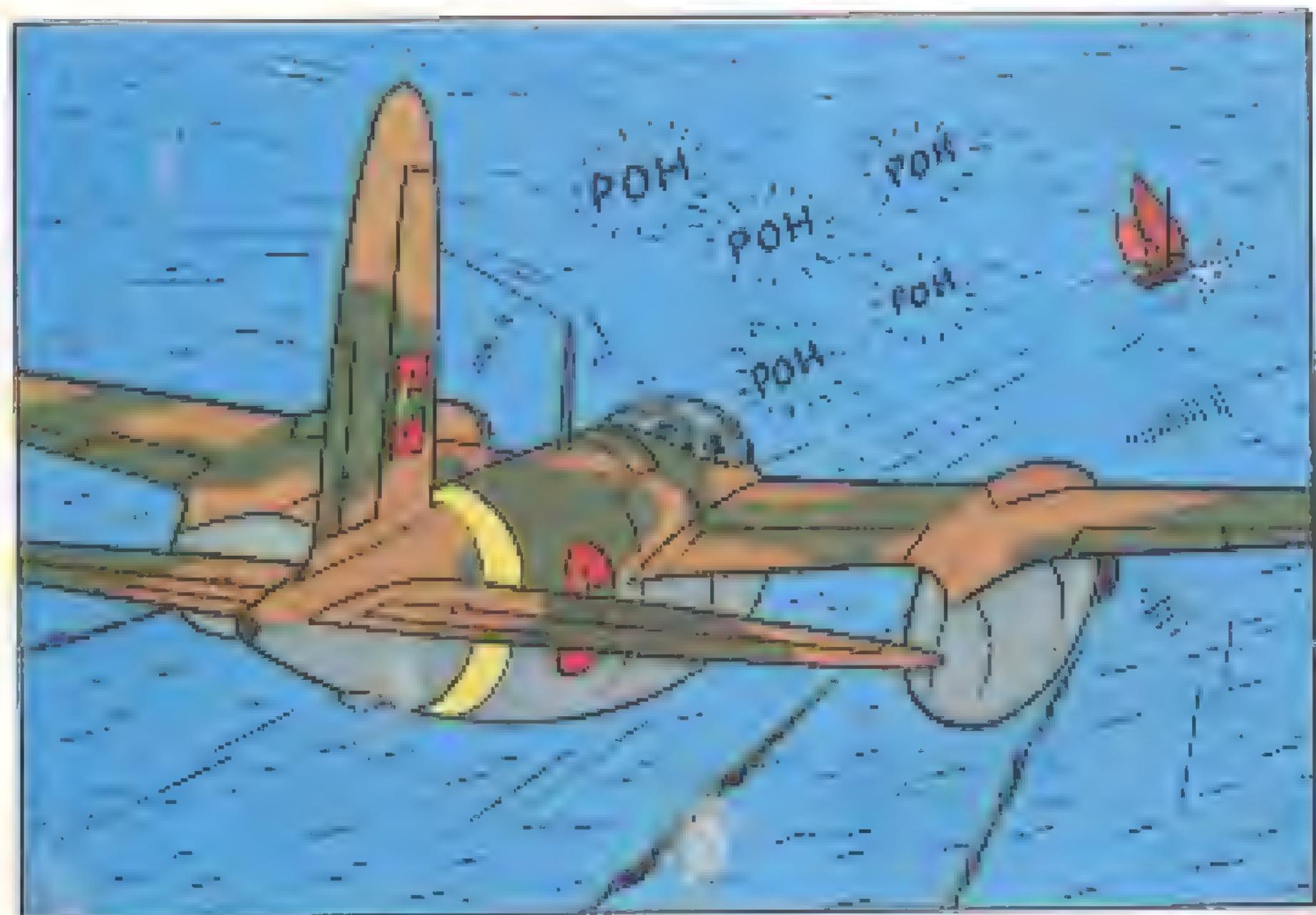


Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot! ... Everybody down!





I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.

Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!

Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.

A quarter of an hour later...

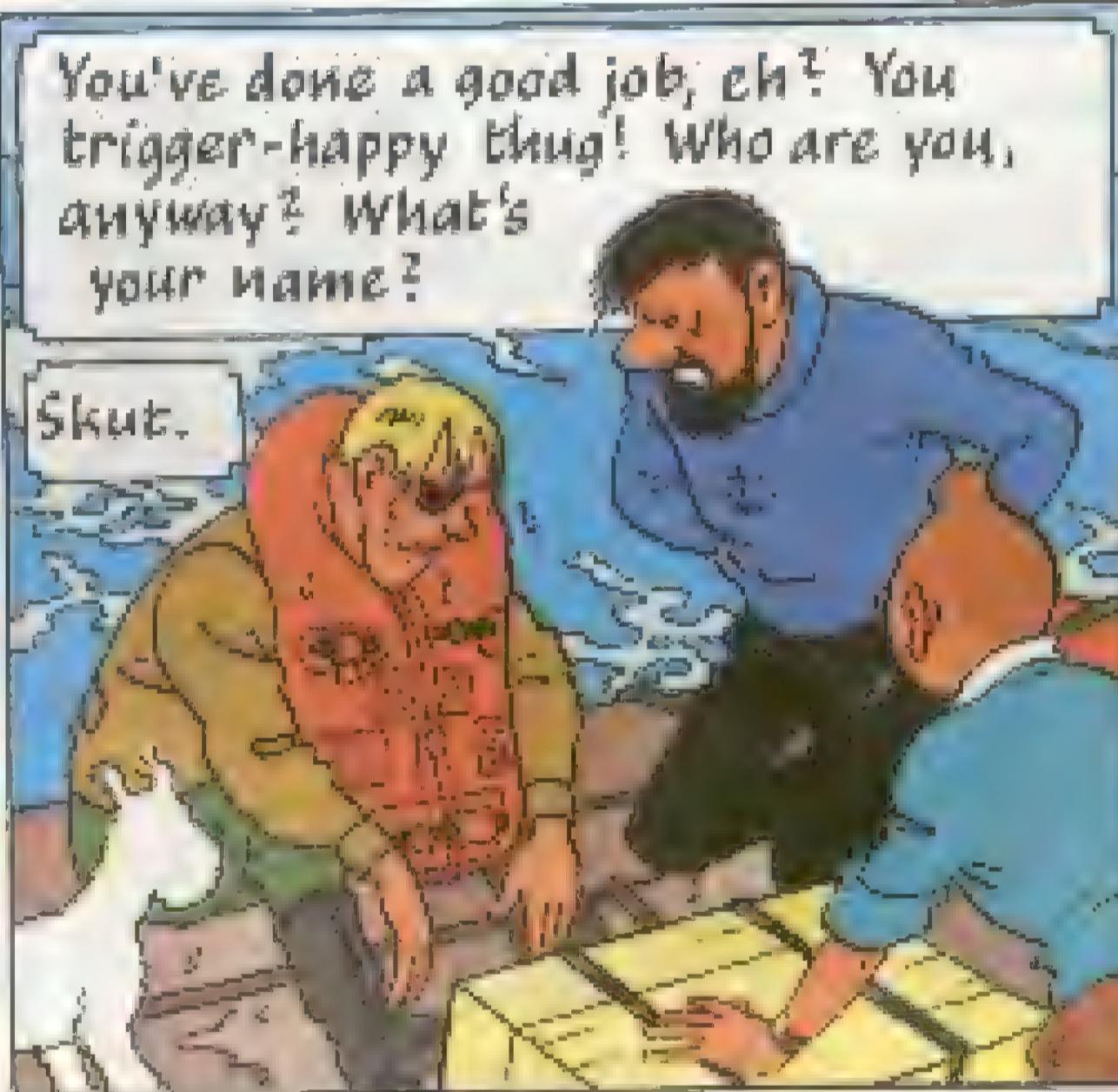
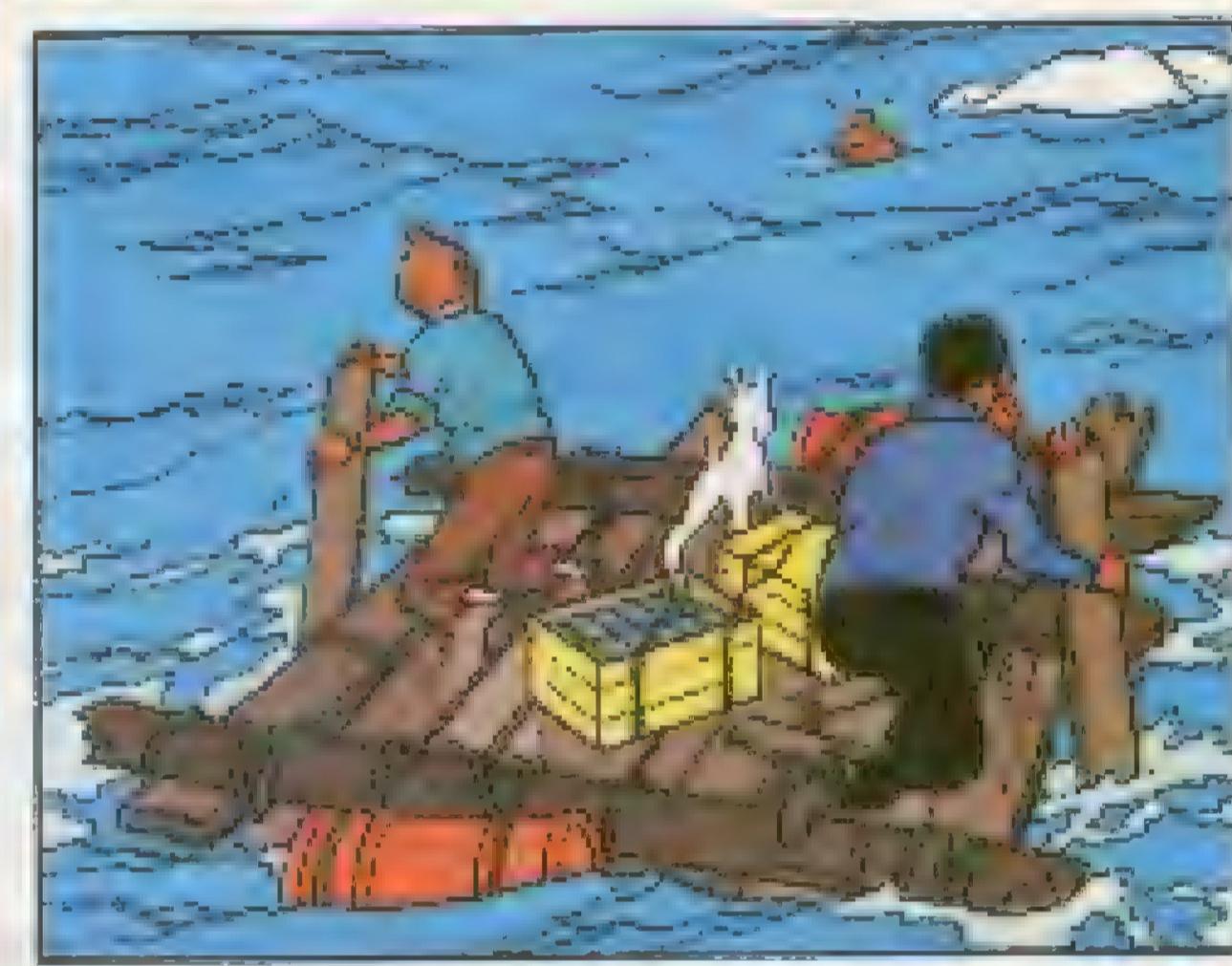
Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?

Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?

No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh?... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!

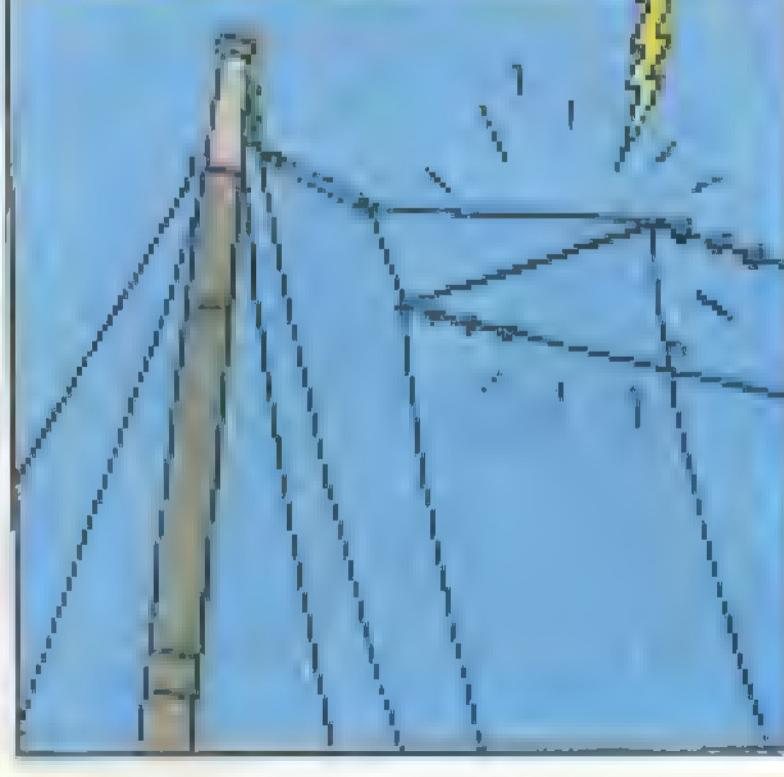


Meanwhile...

Hello! hello!... This is R3KO... This is R3KO calling K6VM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is K6VM... This is K6VM... Come in R3KO... Come in... Over.



Meanwhile ...

May I have the pleasure
of this samba, Princess?

But of course, Marquis.

What an ideal yacht for a
cruise!

The "Scheherazade" is certainly
a wonderful ship... And what a
good idea to have a fancy-dress
ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!

Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio
call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.

You see, dear lady?
Business, always busi-
ness. I am indeed a
slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it
a thought.

What an entrancing host he is.
This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade"
is really too enchanting!

Yes, he's a true gentleman.
Naturally, malicious tongues
spread rumours that he has a
shady past...

It's only to be expected that
such luxury arouses envy.
One must admit ...

Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO
...Transmit in code... Over.

Powerful insects have stung the blue goat.
Parasites land 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6 VM to R3KO,
Understood. Out.

Good... Now for the book, and
we'll decode this. Parasites
land 2 - I know who they are!

There... I have it... Excellent!
Mull Pasha has done well.
We're rid of those two
meddlers!



If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr.
Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.

Me? ... Drink sea-water? ... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.

Ha! ha! ha! Not as bad as all that! ... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it ... All the people drowned in it over the centuries ... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

Besides ... Besides...

This not good ...

Besides ... Besides...

YIPPEEE

There! ... A ship! ... Saved!

A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship!
It's true!

Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!

Let's hope... let's hope they spot us!

SPLASH

Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!

So you decided to have some after all!

Me? Not on your life! ... Not a drop! ... Glub!

Oh! The ship! She no see us! ... She go! ...

Thundering typhoons! He's right!... She's getting further away. Who's the bath-tub admiral commanding that crew of landlubbers?

What now? How can we attract their attention?



I've an idea! Has anyone got a mirror?

A mirror? What on earth for?

Here... I have one.



You like comb too?

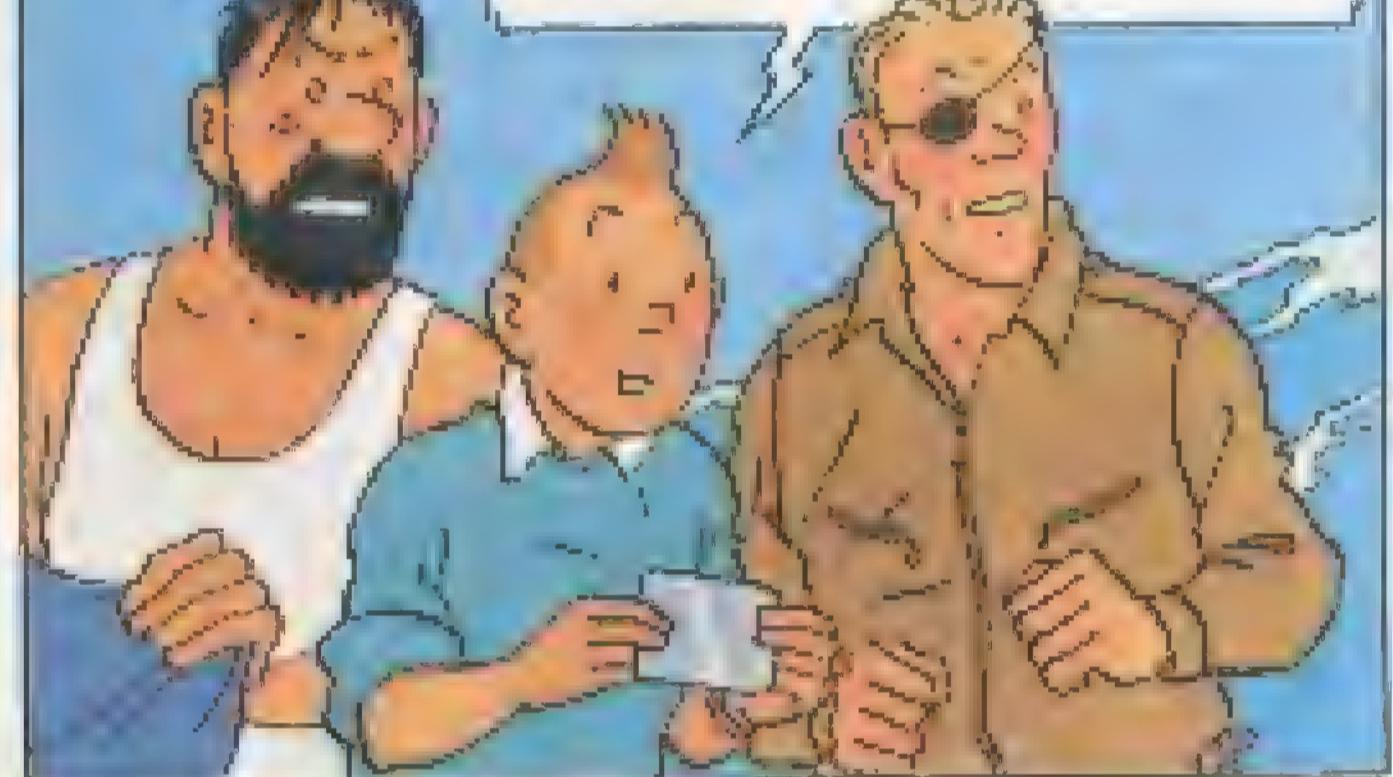
Well done, Tintin! I never thought of it!

No thanks, only the mirror.

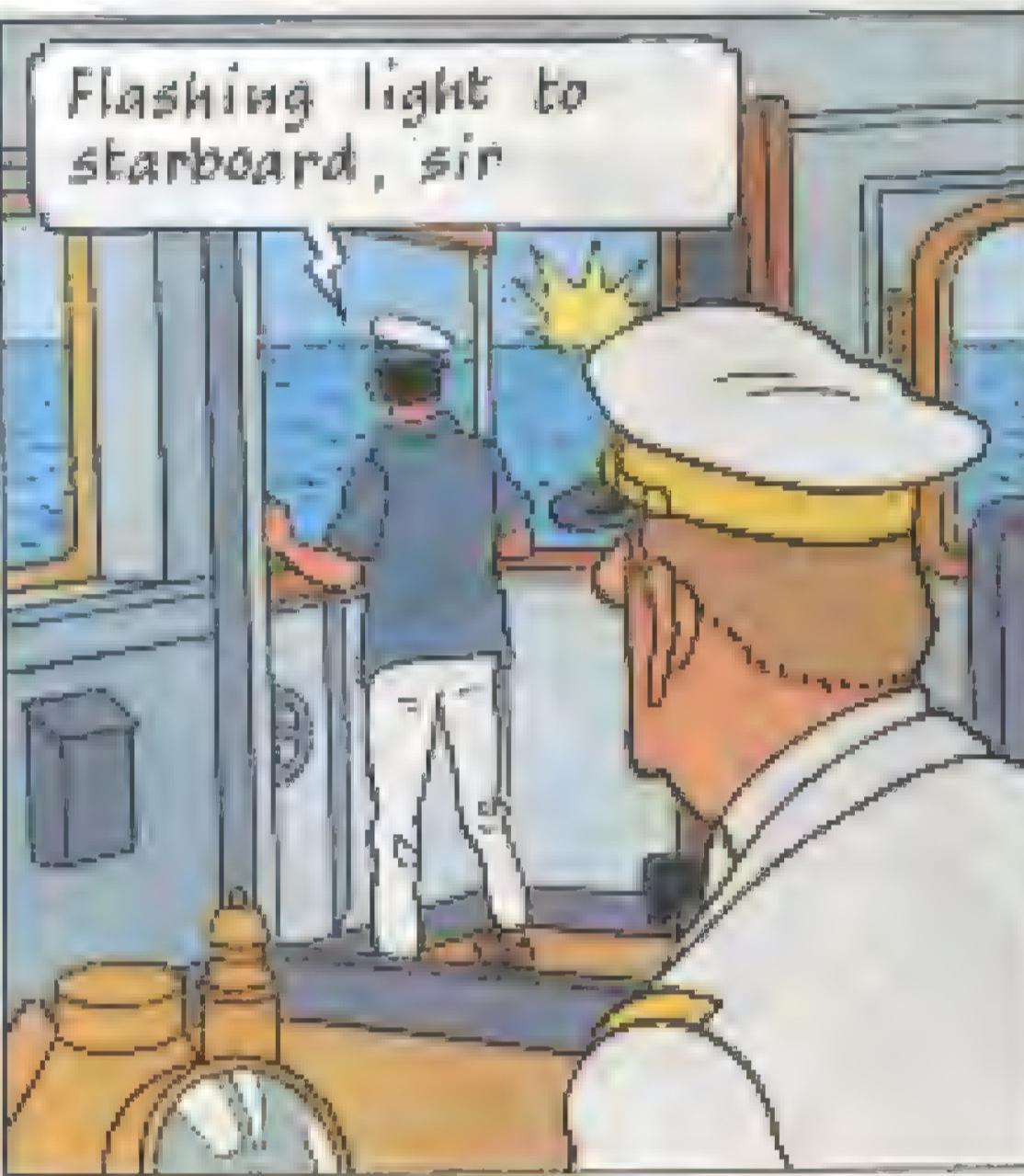


Blistering barnacles, go on!... Flash the sunlight straight in their eyes; they'll see us in the end.

Let's hope so! It's our last chance!

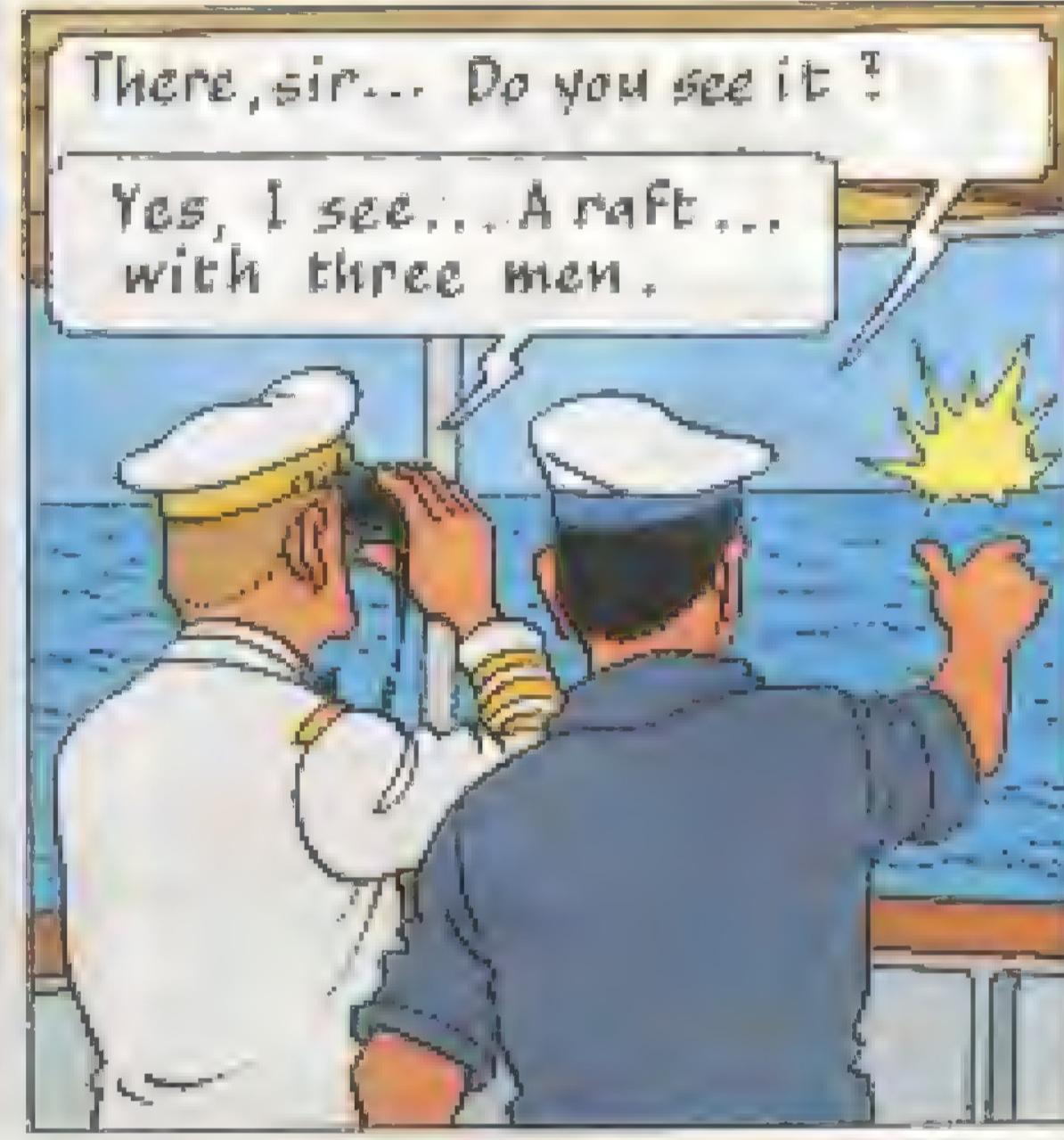


Flashing light to starboard, sir



There, sir... Do you see it?

Yes, I see... A raft... with three men.



Hello?... Yes, Captain, go ahead... What? A raft with three shipwrecked sailors? By Lucifer...!... Wait, I'll come and see... Till then, not a word to my guests. I'm coming.

There, my lord... Do you see the signals they're making. Three of them, and a little dog.



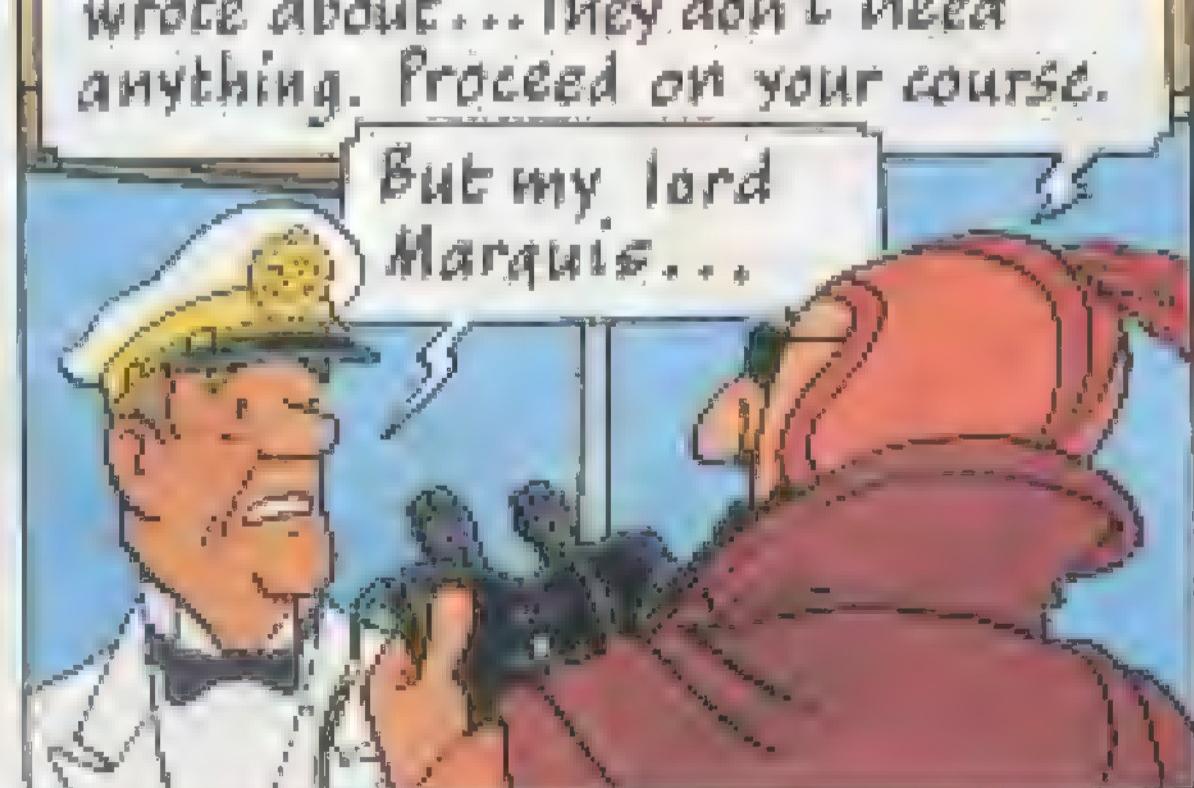
By Lucifer!... Tintin and the bearded sailor... And a third ruffian!... But what about the message Mull Pasha just sent me?

Shall I alter course, sir?



A waste of time... They're just some more of those practical jokers who drift across the ocean in a nut-shell... You know, it's the three all the newspapers wrote about... They don't need anything. Proceed on your course.

But my lord Marquis...



I said proceed... Fire and brimstone! Where should we be if we stopped for all the rag-tag-and-bobtail who put out to sea for fun!... Proceed... And not a word of this to the passengers... You understand?



Marquis!...Yoo-hoo, Marquis!

Marquis,
where are you?

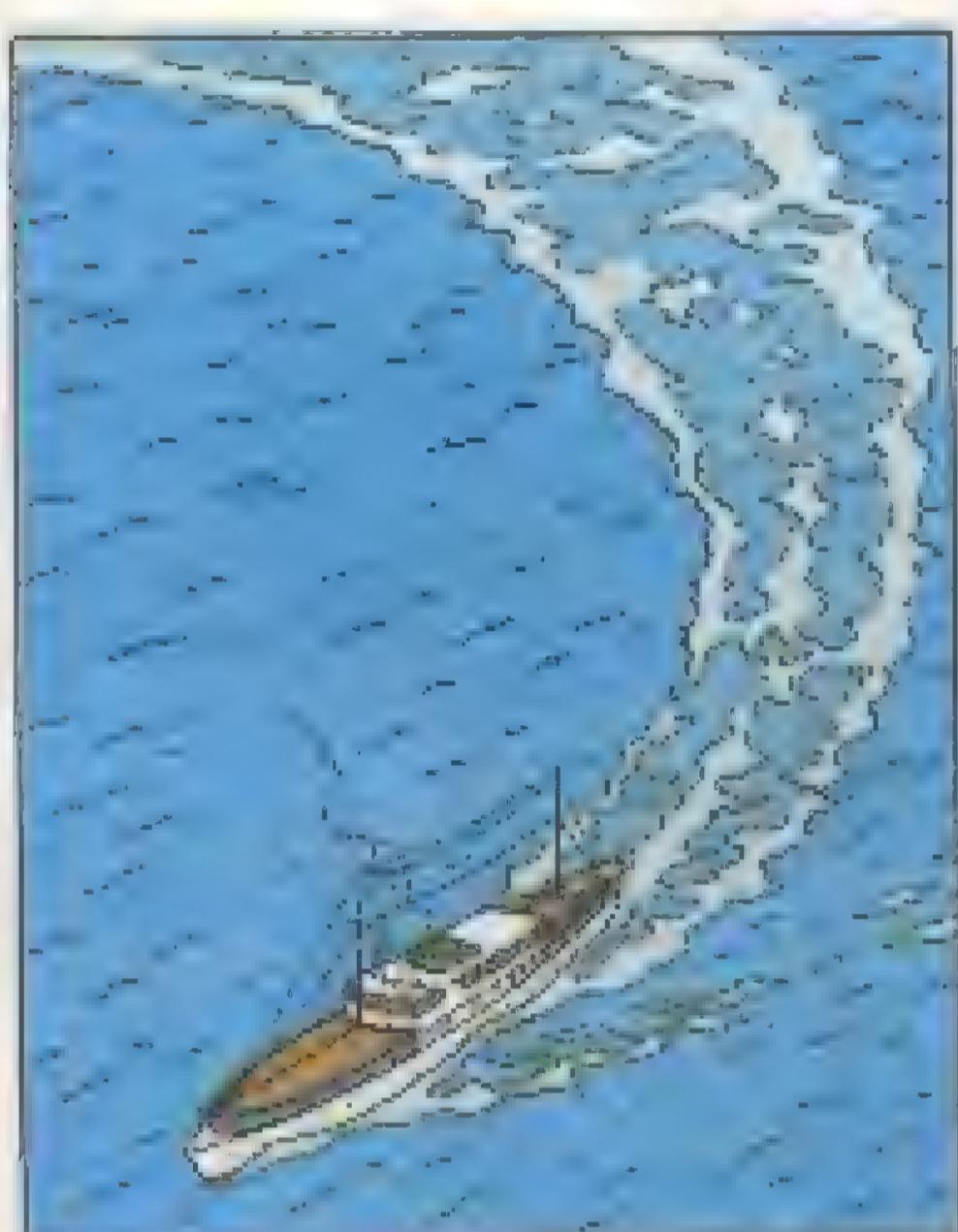
Here! What
is it?

Castaways, my dear fel-low! Out there on a raft.

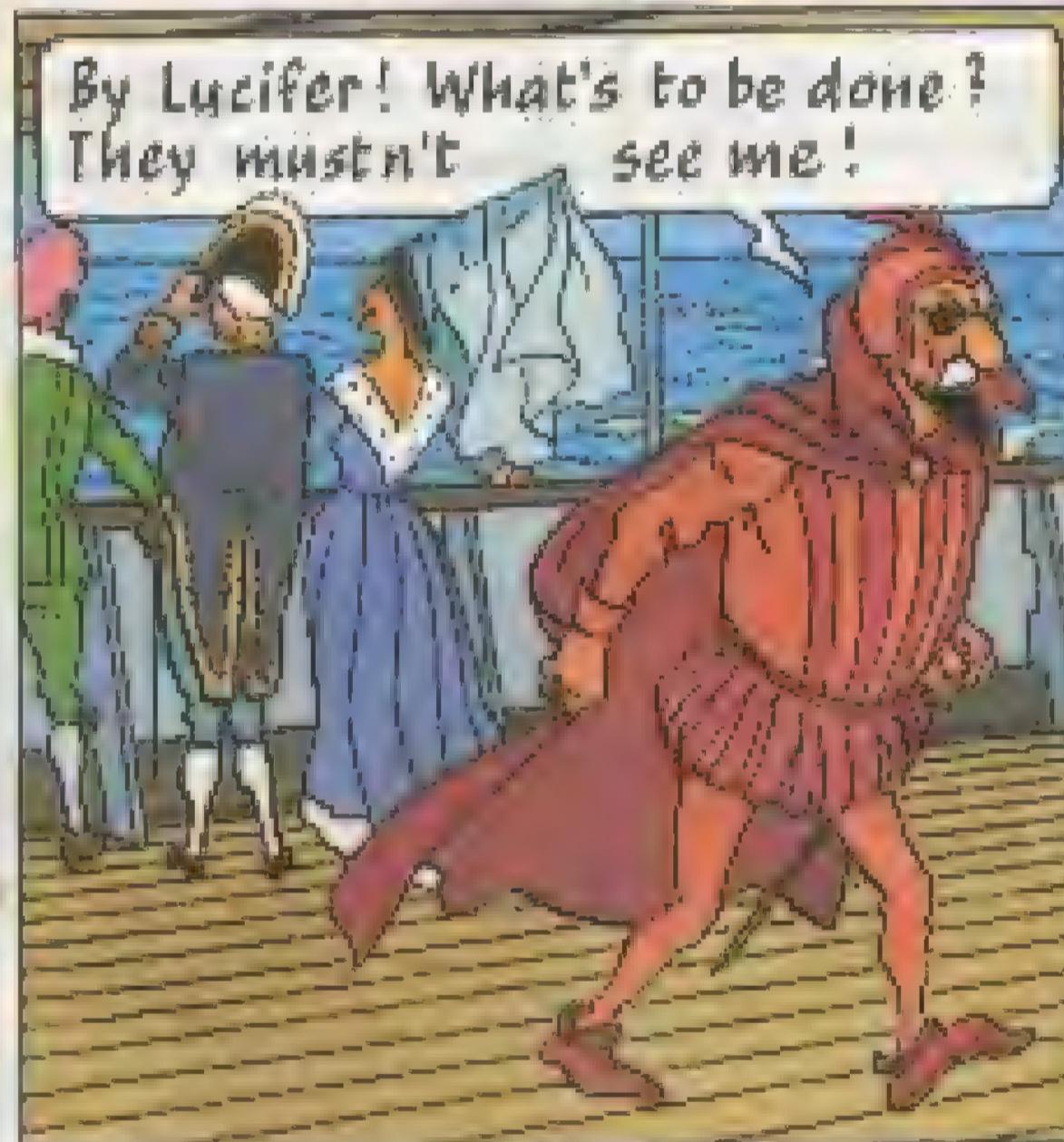
It's true, Marquis.
Real castaways!
How madly
gay!

Yes, yes, I know...I... I've just given orders
For the Captain to pick them up.

Oh, how gorgeous! I've
always dreamed of seeing
real castaways!



That does it. Now this
really is the Raft
of the Medusa!



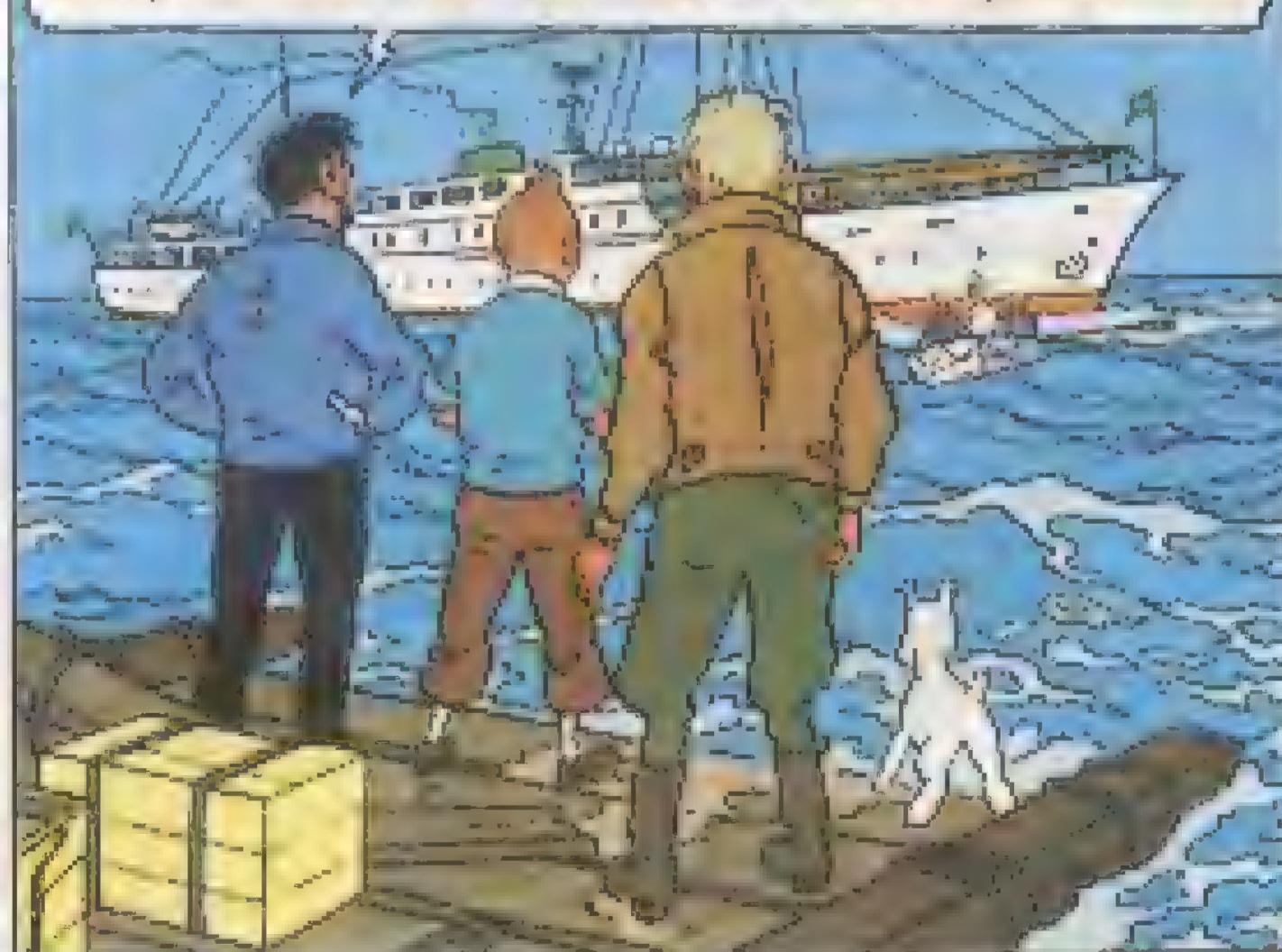
Hello? Yes, my
lord Marquis...Your
name's not to be
mentioned in front
of the castaways.
...Yes, m'lord.



In addition, I want you to
remove these men at once -
my guests are too inquisitive,
and must have no contact
with them.



Thundering typhoons! What a beautiful
ship. A multi-millionaire's yacht!



And those fools think their
troubles are over! Ha! ha! ha!
That's a good joke!



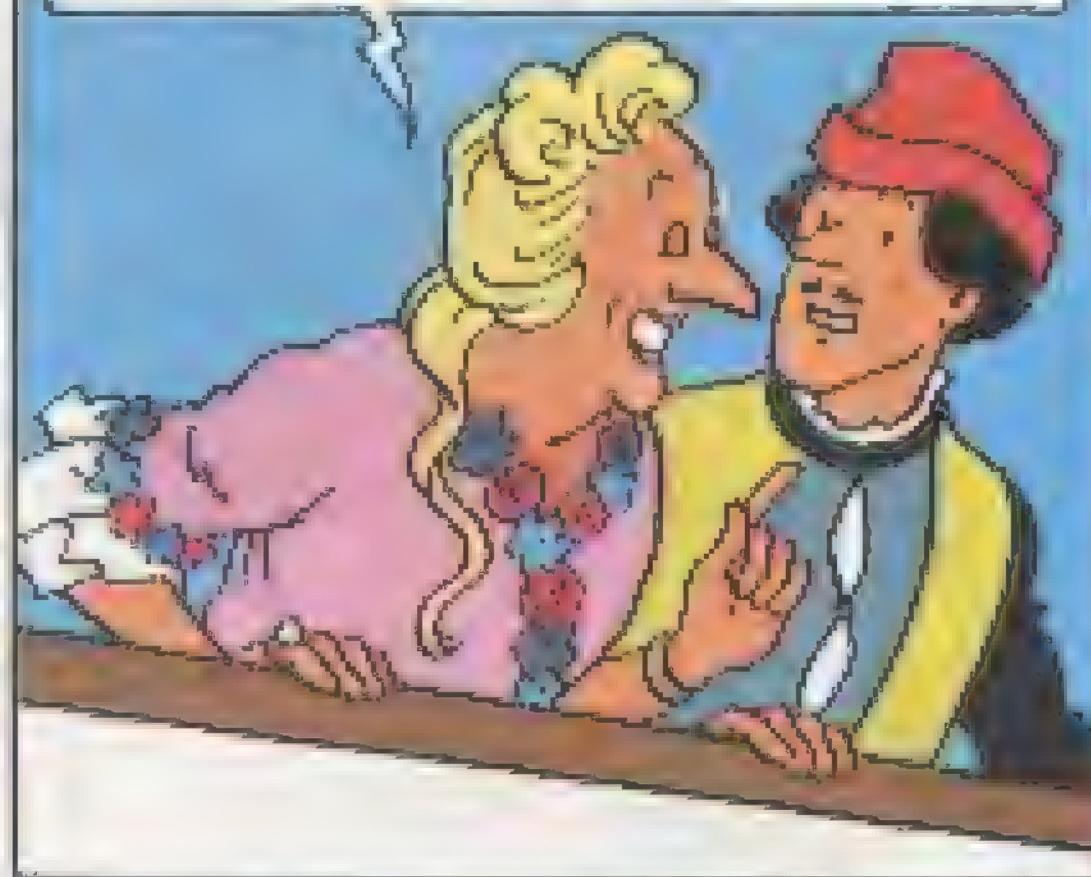
Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobs.



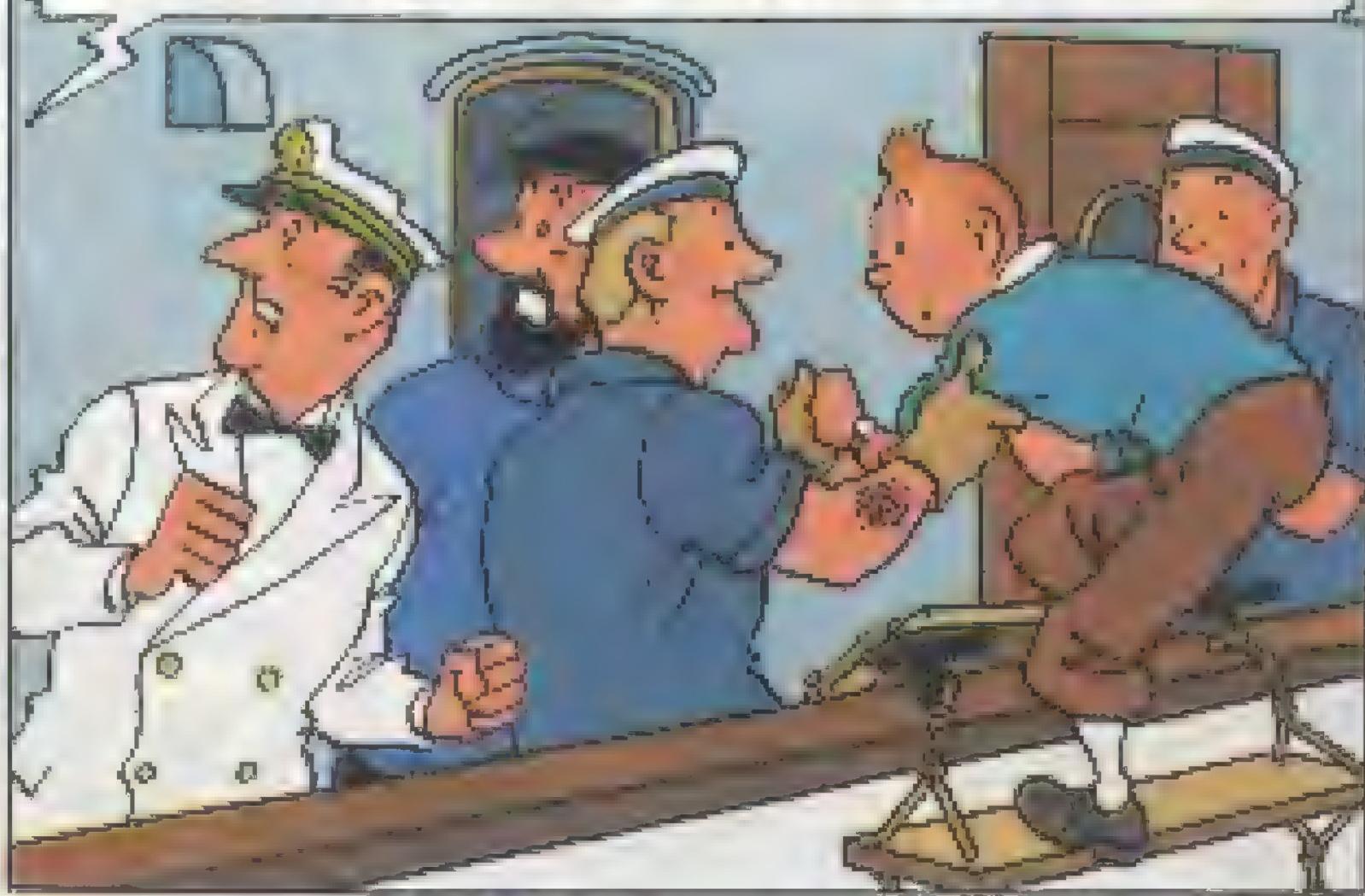
Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea Fisherman, Paddock.



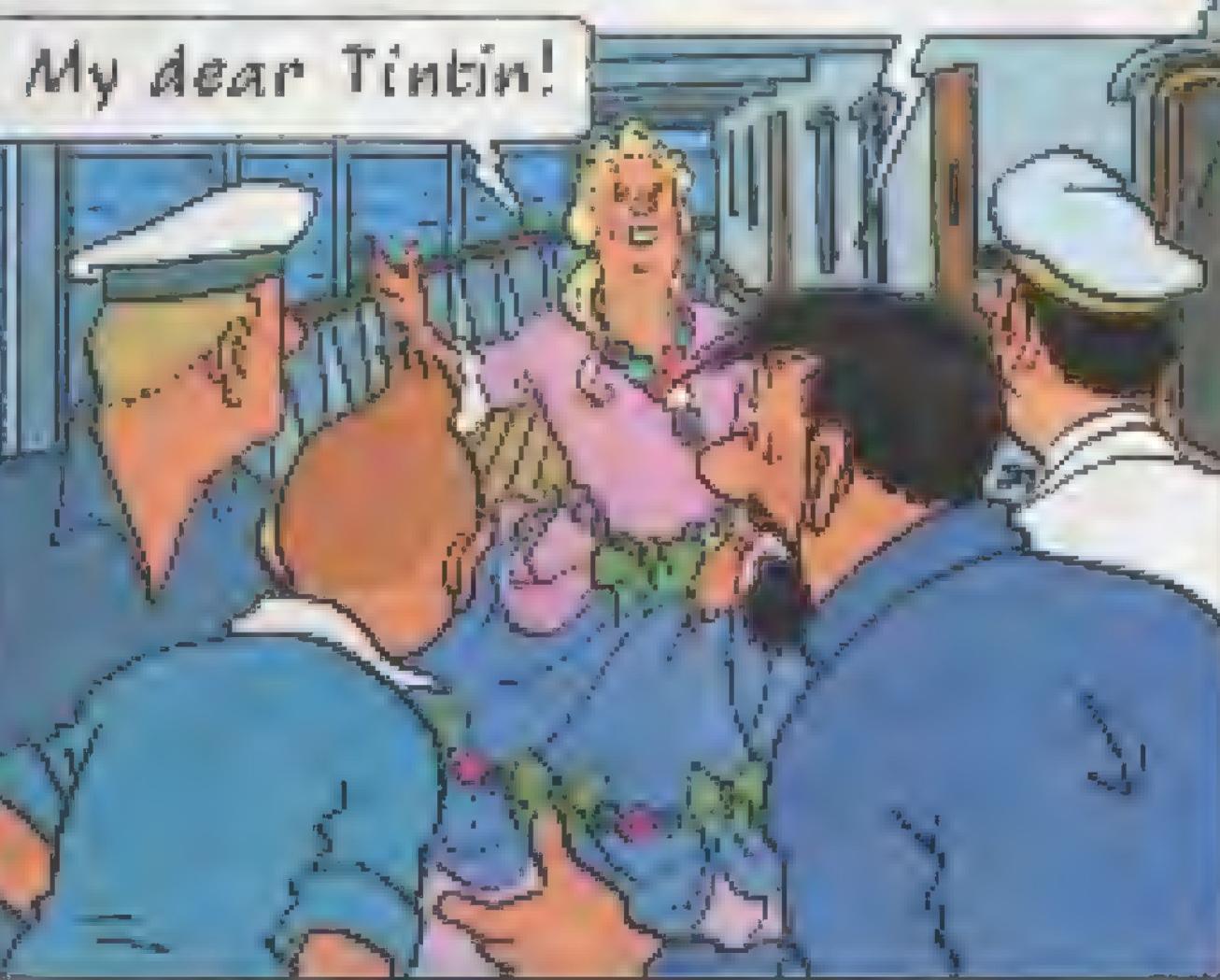
I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Padlock...er...Harrock.

...In roll, Signora Castoroili, Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then... there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

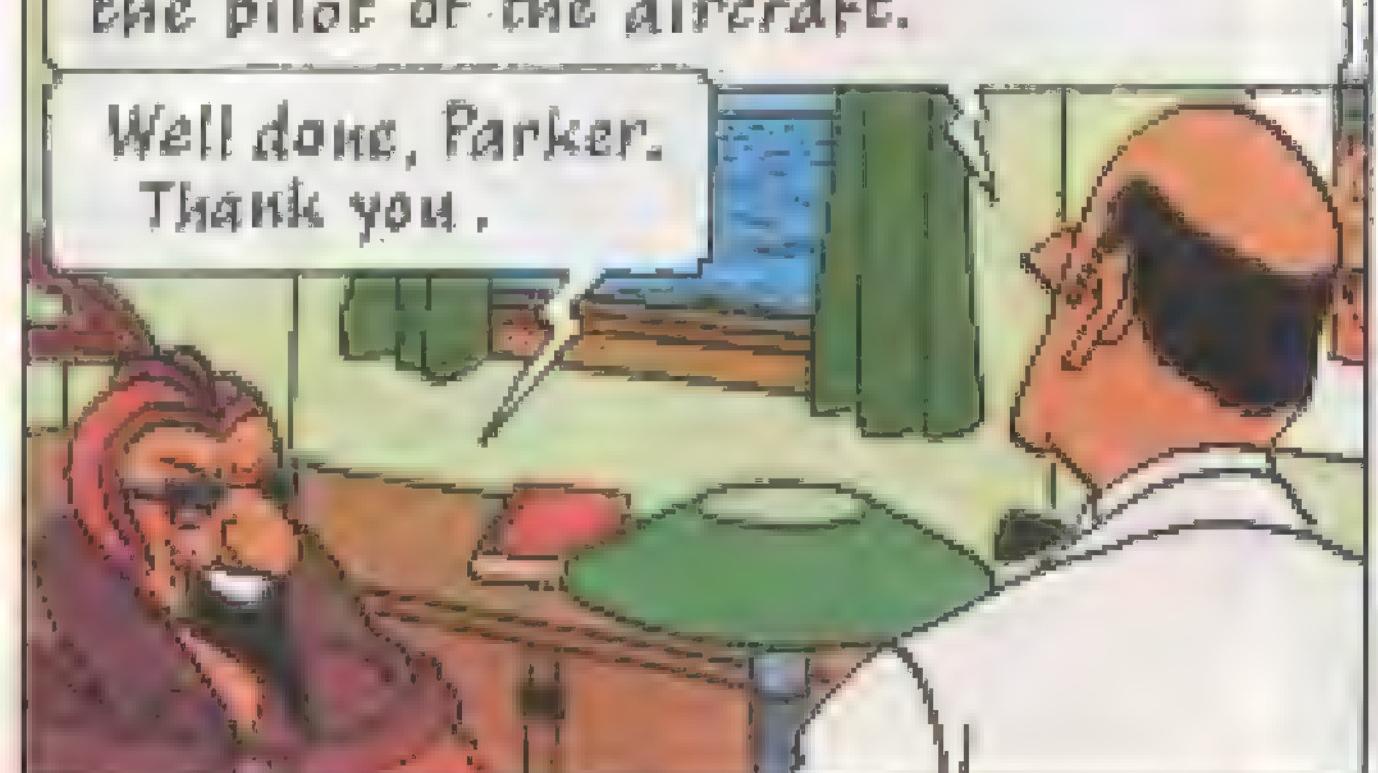
Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sambuk, being taken to Mecca...



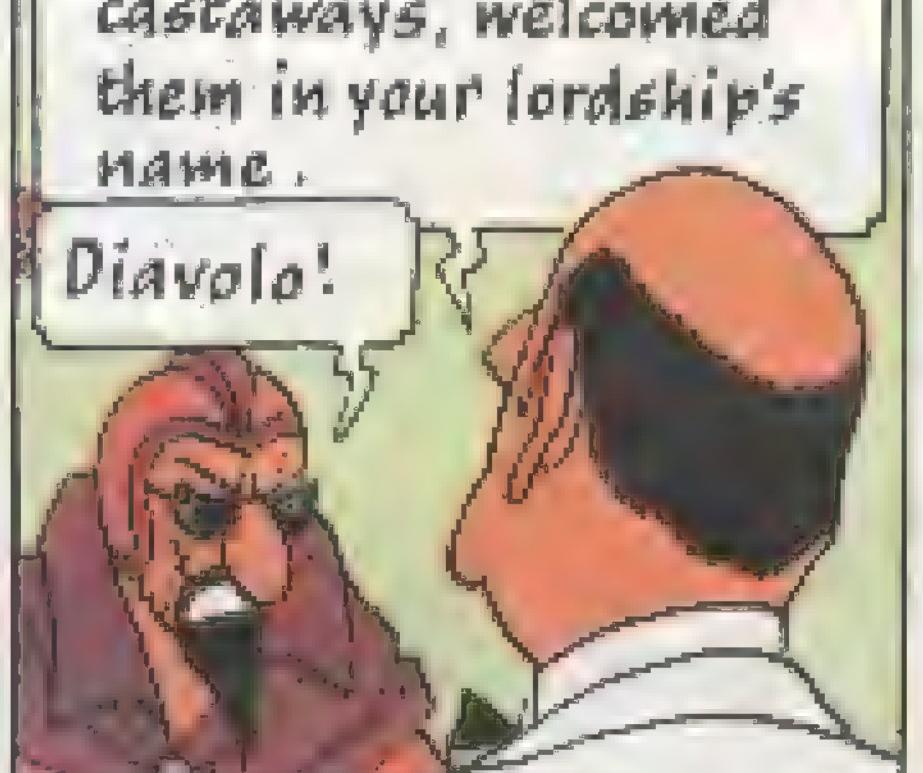
...This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Diavolo!



The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!



They can't stay here on board. But what's to be done? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Ramona". ... She's in these waters... Tomorrow we must pass one another, as if by chance.

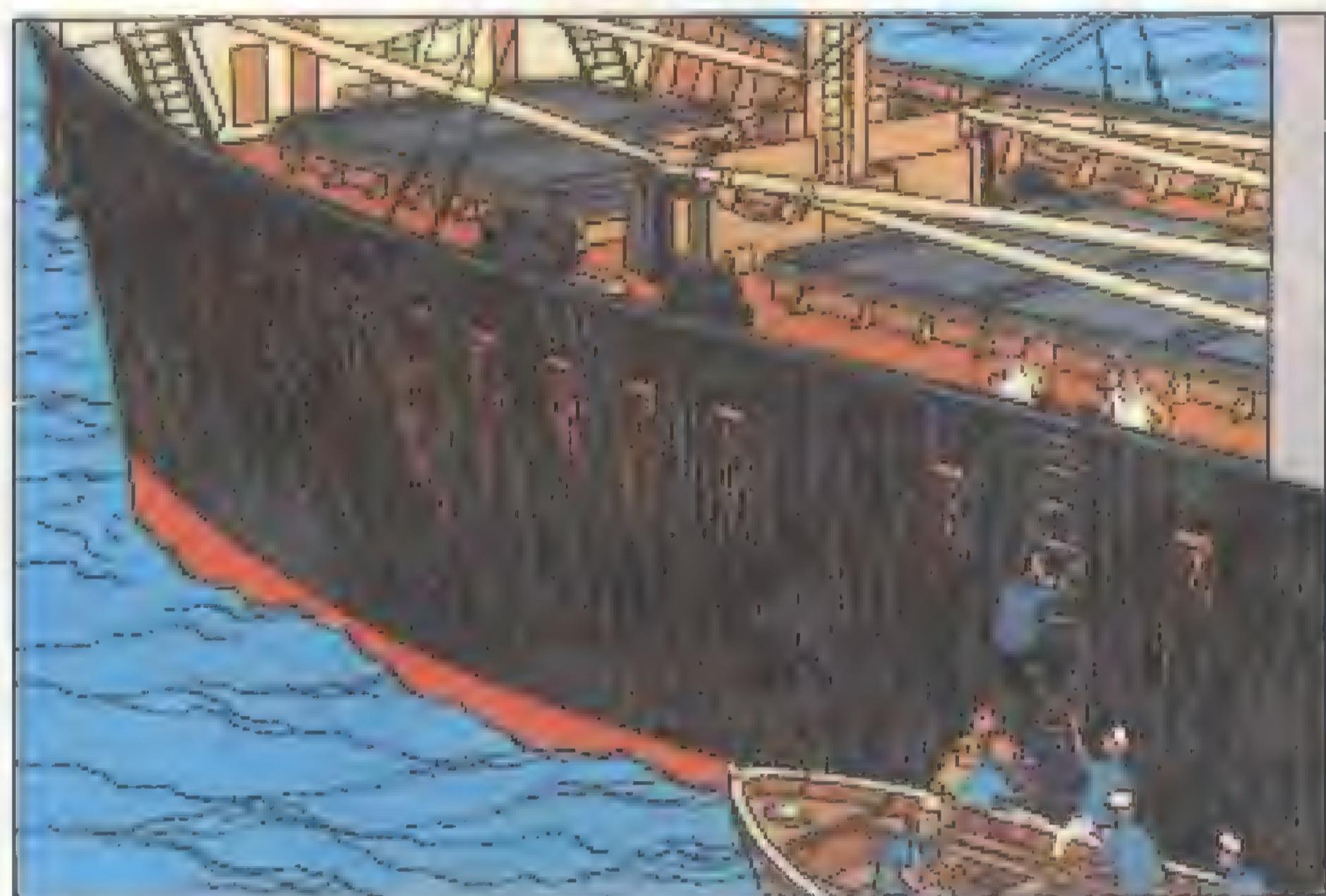
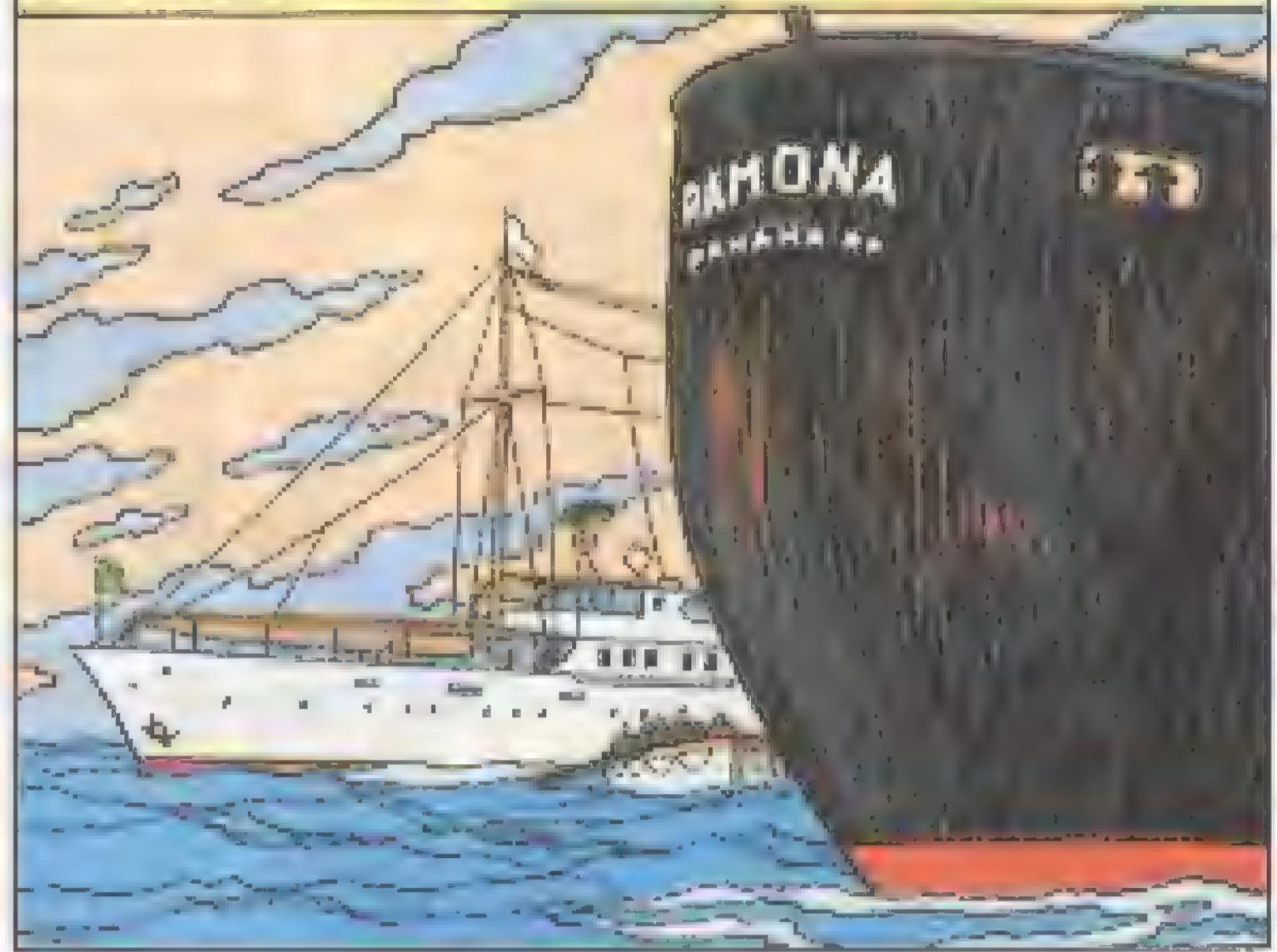


Next day at dawn...

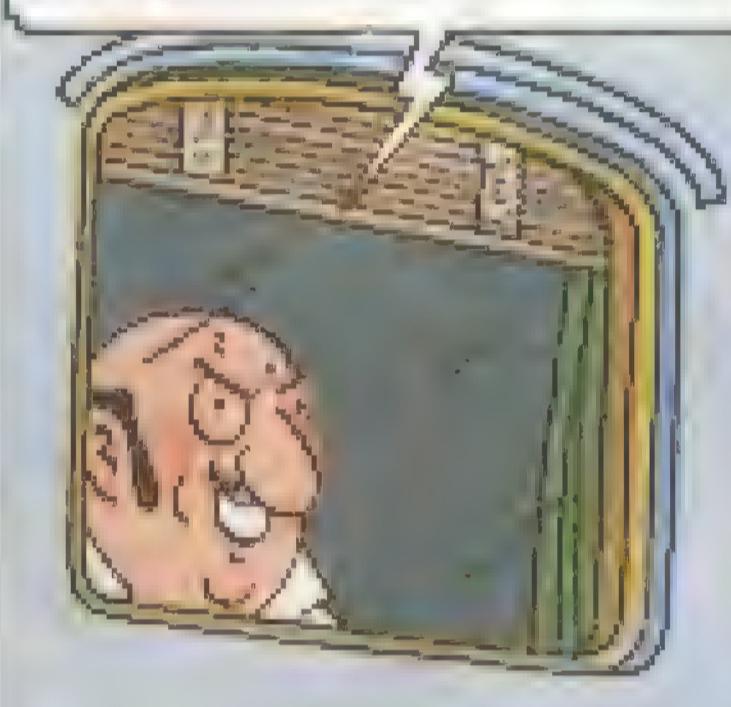
Get dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchantman bound for Mecca: just where you were making for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.



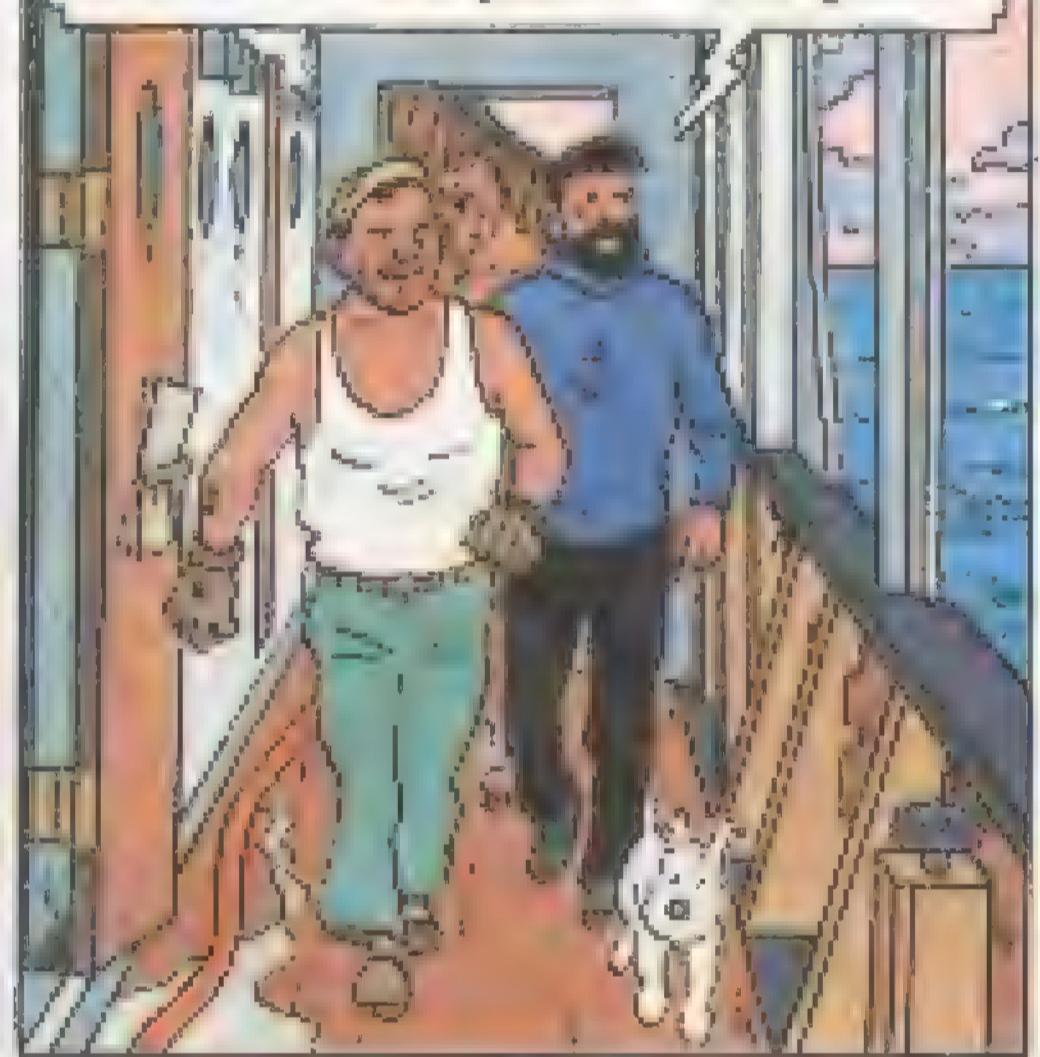
And a few minutes later...



So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Ha! ha! ha!



Ah, this is the place for me: back aboard a good old freighter.



There, you two: these are your quarters. Your pal's going elsewhere... The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!



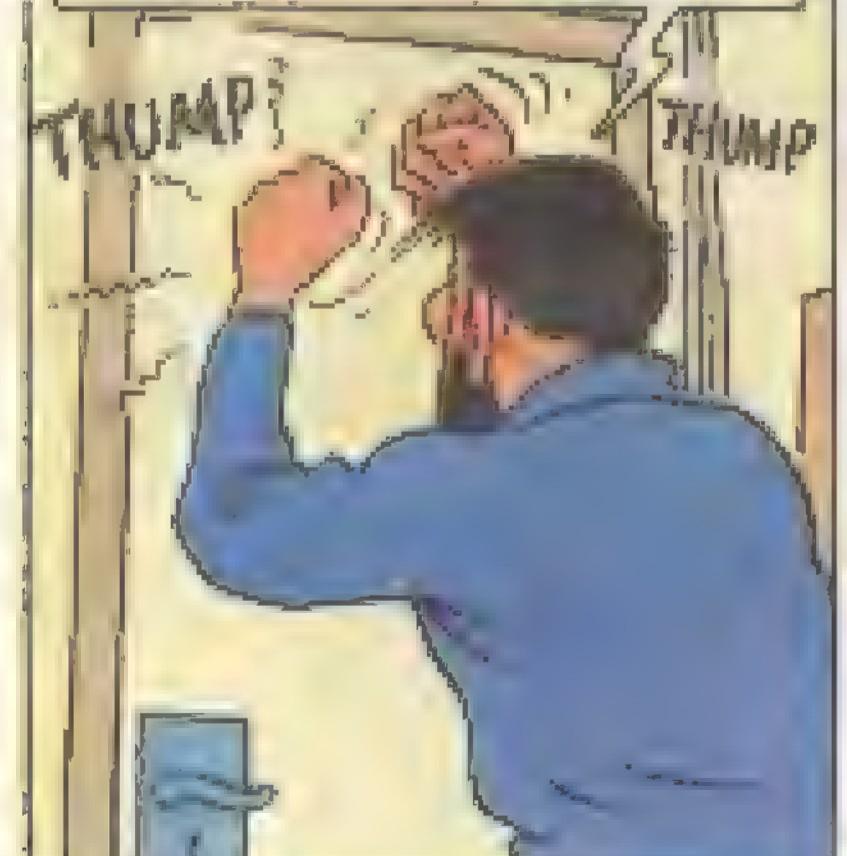
Hi, you lubberly scum, not so fast! What do you mean?



This is too much! He's locked us in, the insolent porcupine!



Open up! Thundering typhoons, open up! You ill-mannered savages!



Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up a row already?



This is a happy reunion, eh, old bottle-nose? We must have a drink on it.

Allan! What's going on?
How have we ...



...ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of di Gorgonzola's Freighters. Yesterday I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Scheherazade", as if by accident. ... Neatly done, eh?

Very! And may we inquire what you plan to do with us?



If you're sensible, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadesdah!

Wadesdah! But that's murder! Sheik Bab El Ehr has put a price on our heads ...



You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...

Not on your life! ... And you'll put us ashore at Mecca, or else!



Or else what? ... Ha! ha! ha! ... I advise you to behave yourselves. Don't forget we're in the Red Sea, and there's no shortage of sharks... You get me? ... Now, like a big-hearted chap, I'll leave this bottle to console you.



'Bye for now! ... We dock the day after tomorrow. So you've plenty of time to solve one important question: do you sleep with your beard under or over the sheet?



Ha! ha! ha! ... That's a good one! His beard!

Yes, he won't sleep a wink tonight!



Over? ... No, not that way...



Under? ... Blistering barnacles! Not that way either!

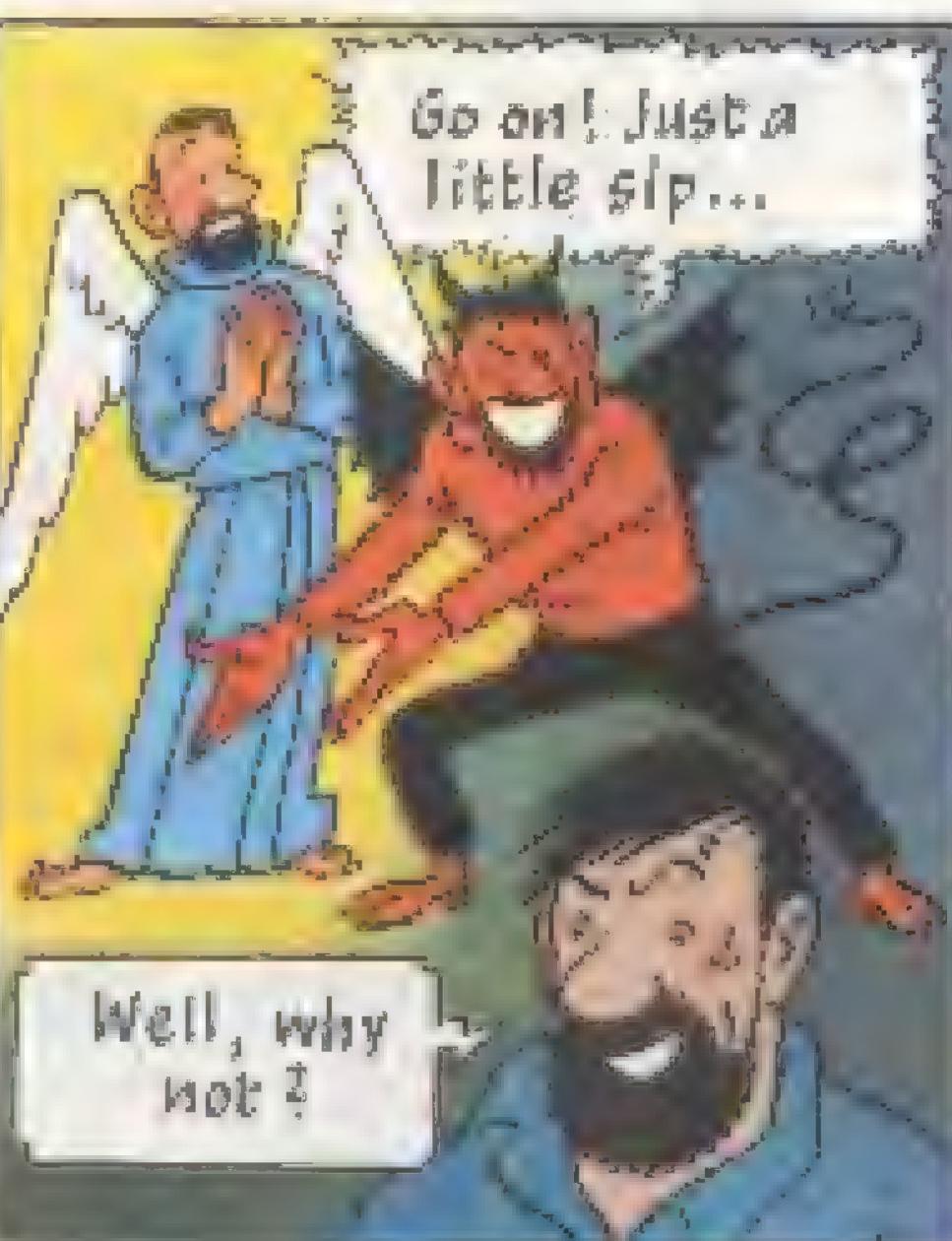


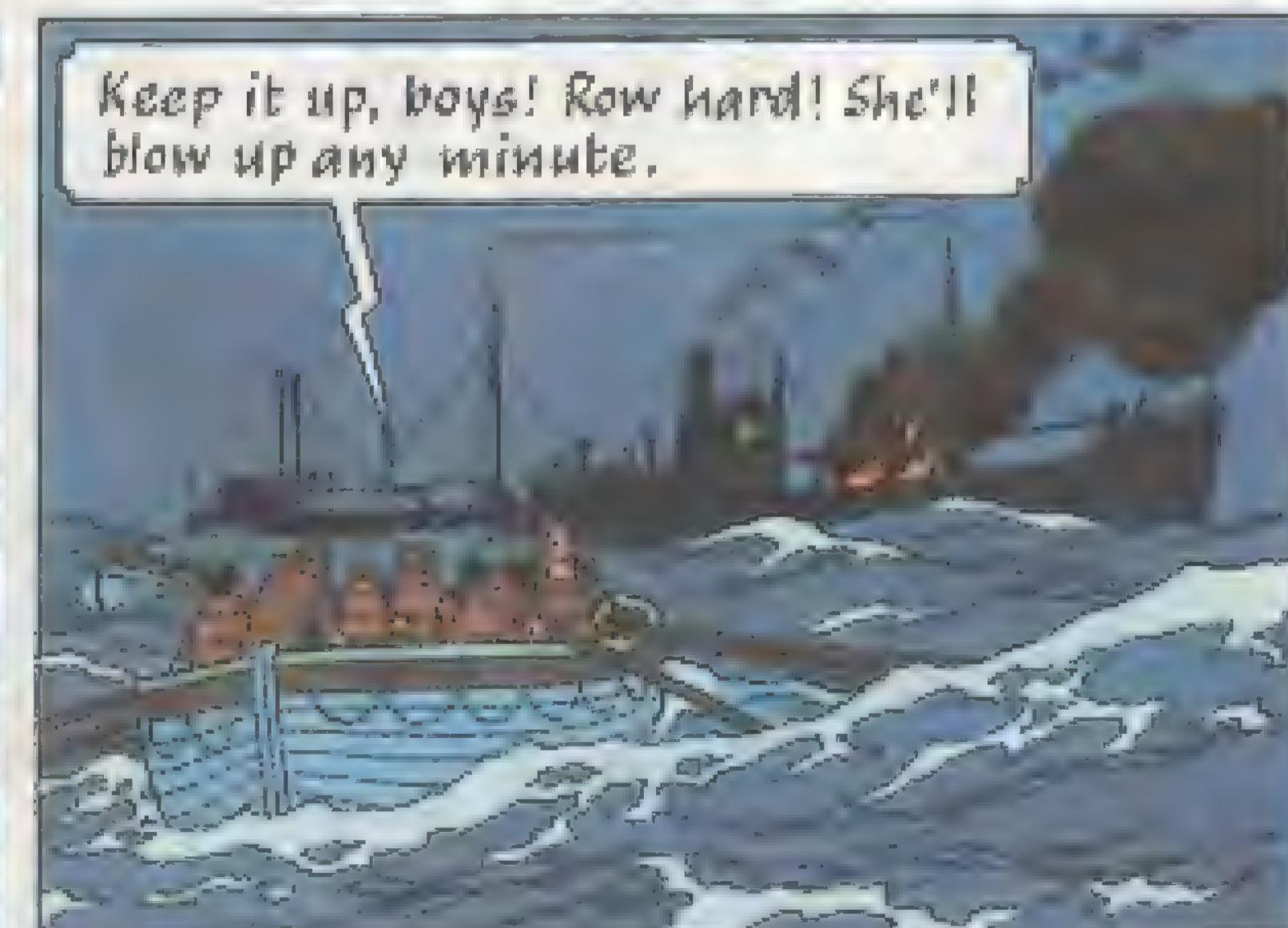
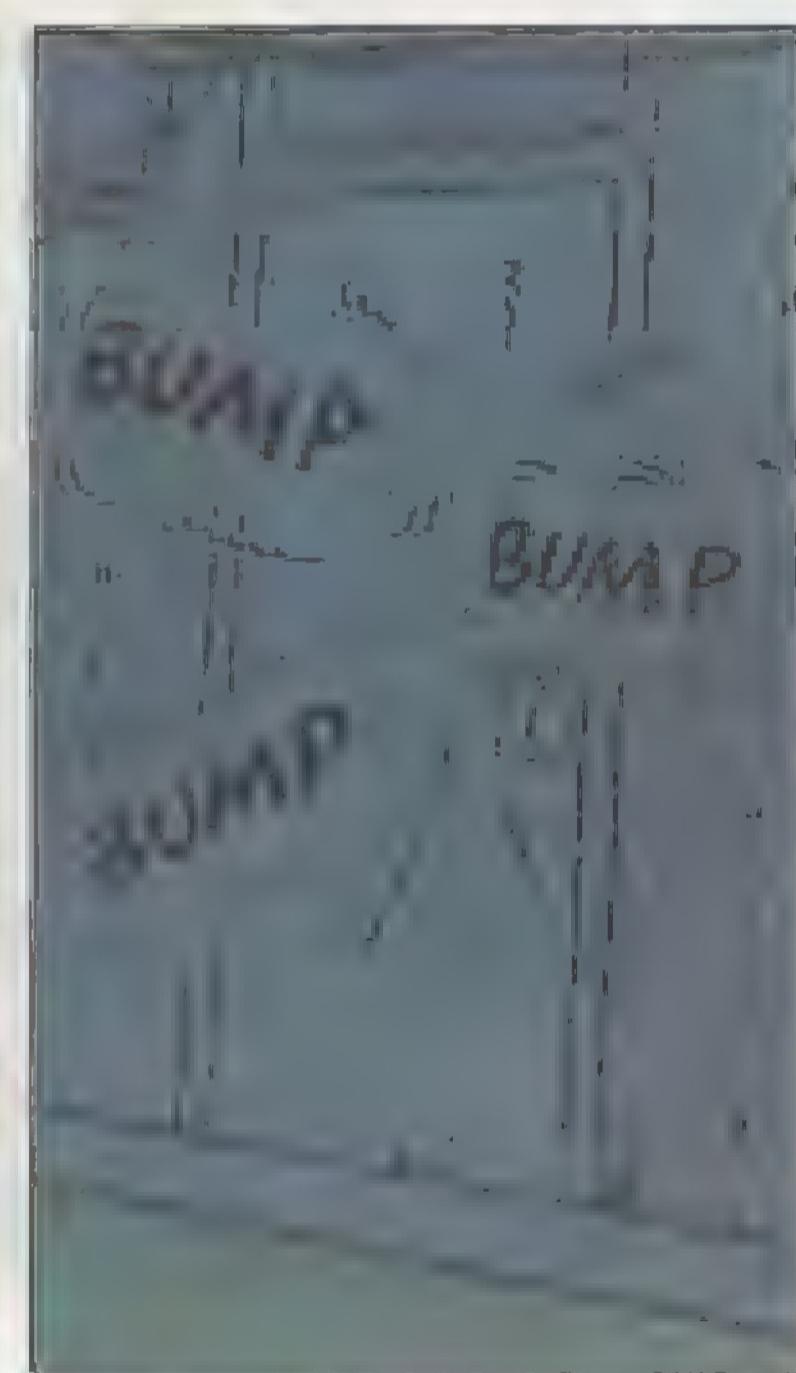
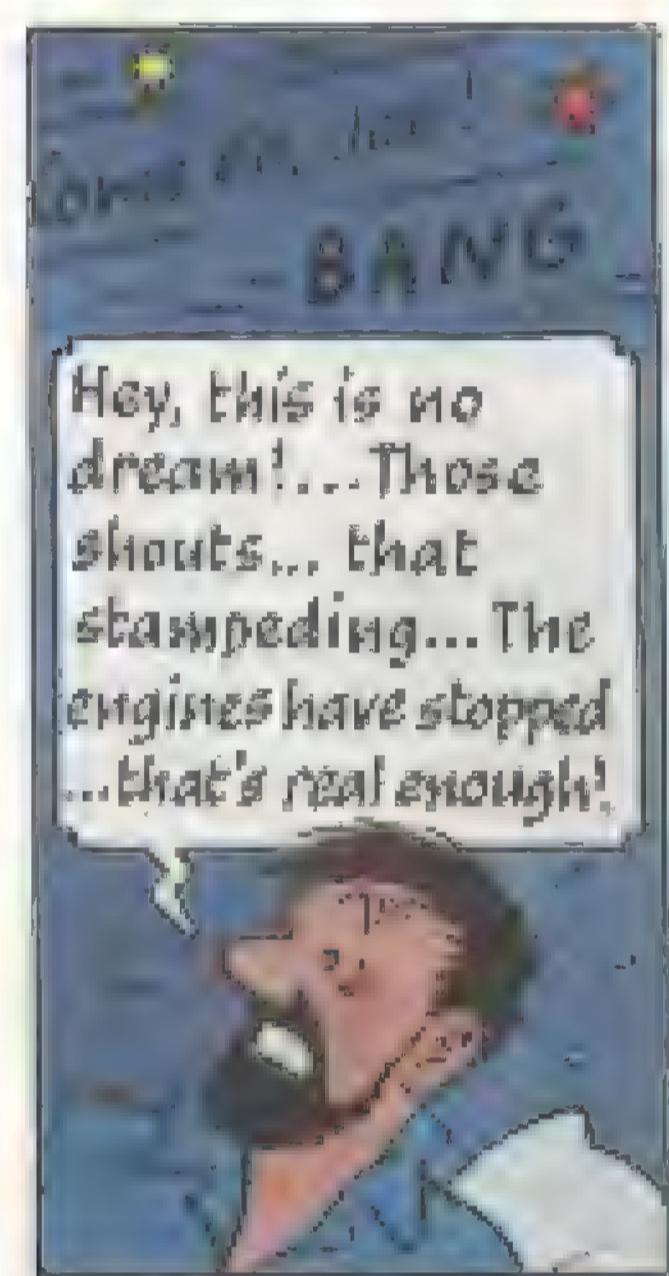
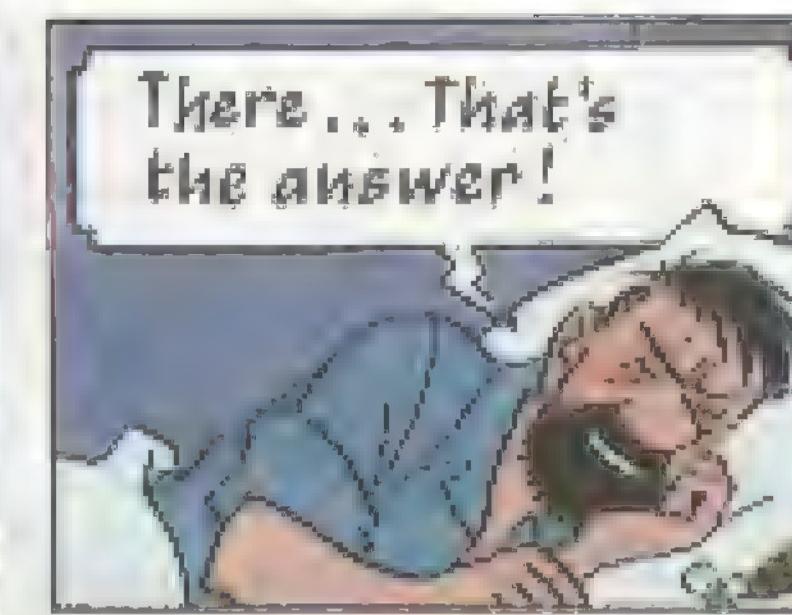
Stay! ... Once a drunkard...



Go on! Just a little slip...

Well, why not?





Wreckers!... Pirates!... Filibusters!... Picaroons! Leaving us in the lurch on a doomed ship! To Davy Jones with the lot of you!

Follow me... We'll probably find a raft up for 'ard.

We obviously have a vocation for shipwrecks!

HEY!
HELP! HELP!

EFFENDI!
EFFENDI!

There's someone in the hold!... What the...?

Who are you, below there?

We good black men... Want come out... No can breathe... We afraid...

Negroes! A lot of them, too, I'd say... What shall we do, Captain? We can't just abandon them.

You're right.
Come on.

We'll try and put out the blaze... That cargo... I just can't make it out!

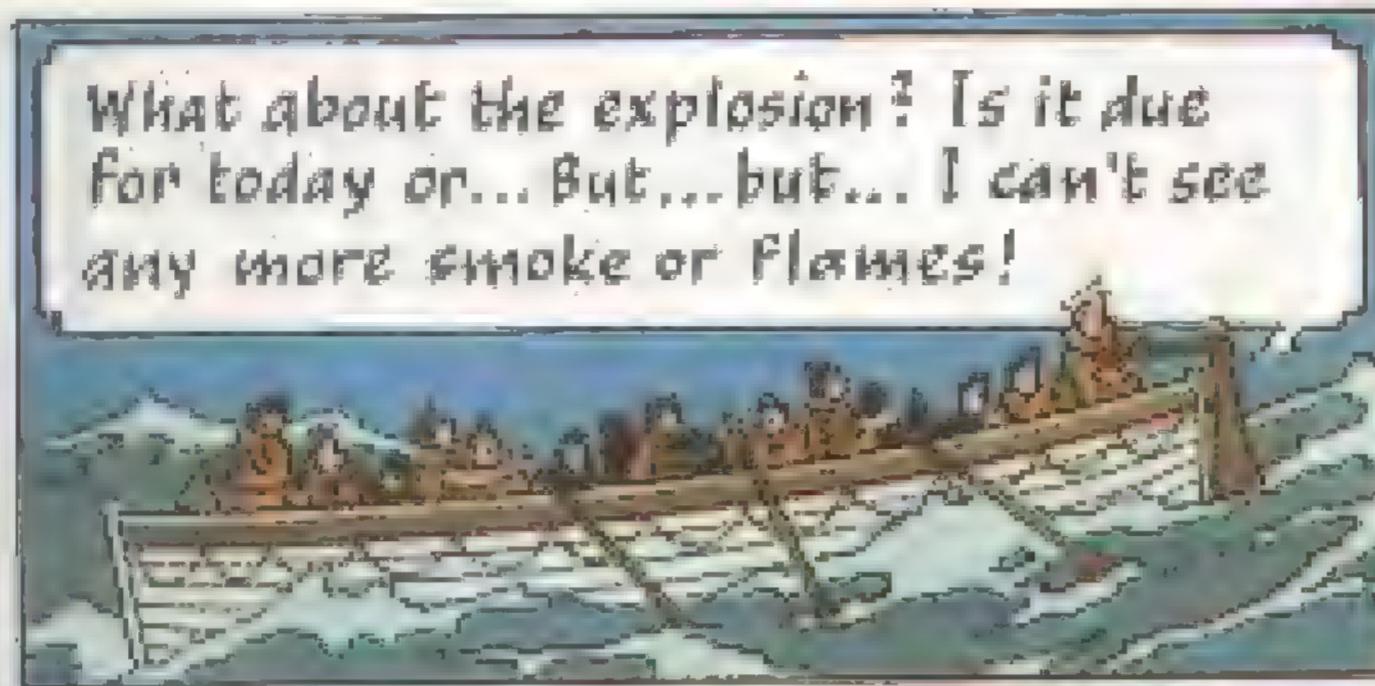
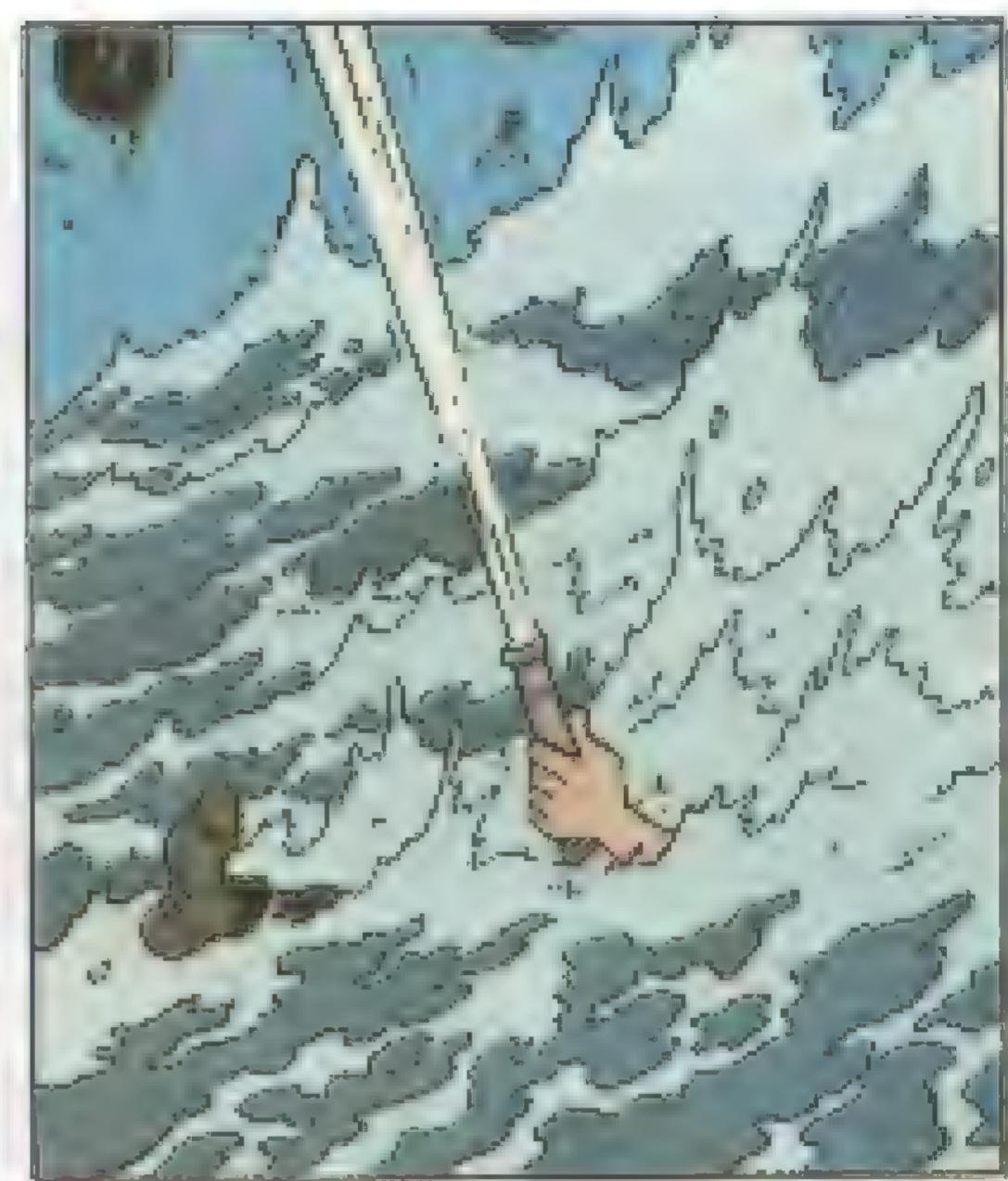
Eighteen tons of high explosive and ammunition: it'll make a pretty fireworks display!

That's it! The hose is connected... Now then, let's open the valve.

Blub... I... blub
... I've got it,
Cap... blub...

Thanks... that's it... I'll tackle the fire... You go over to port and get another hose into action.

Let's hope this will do the job!



What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all ...

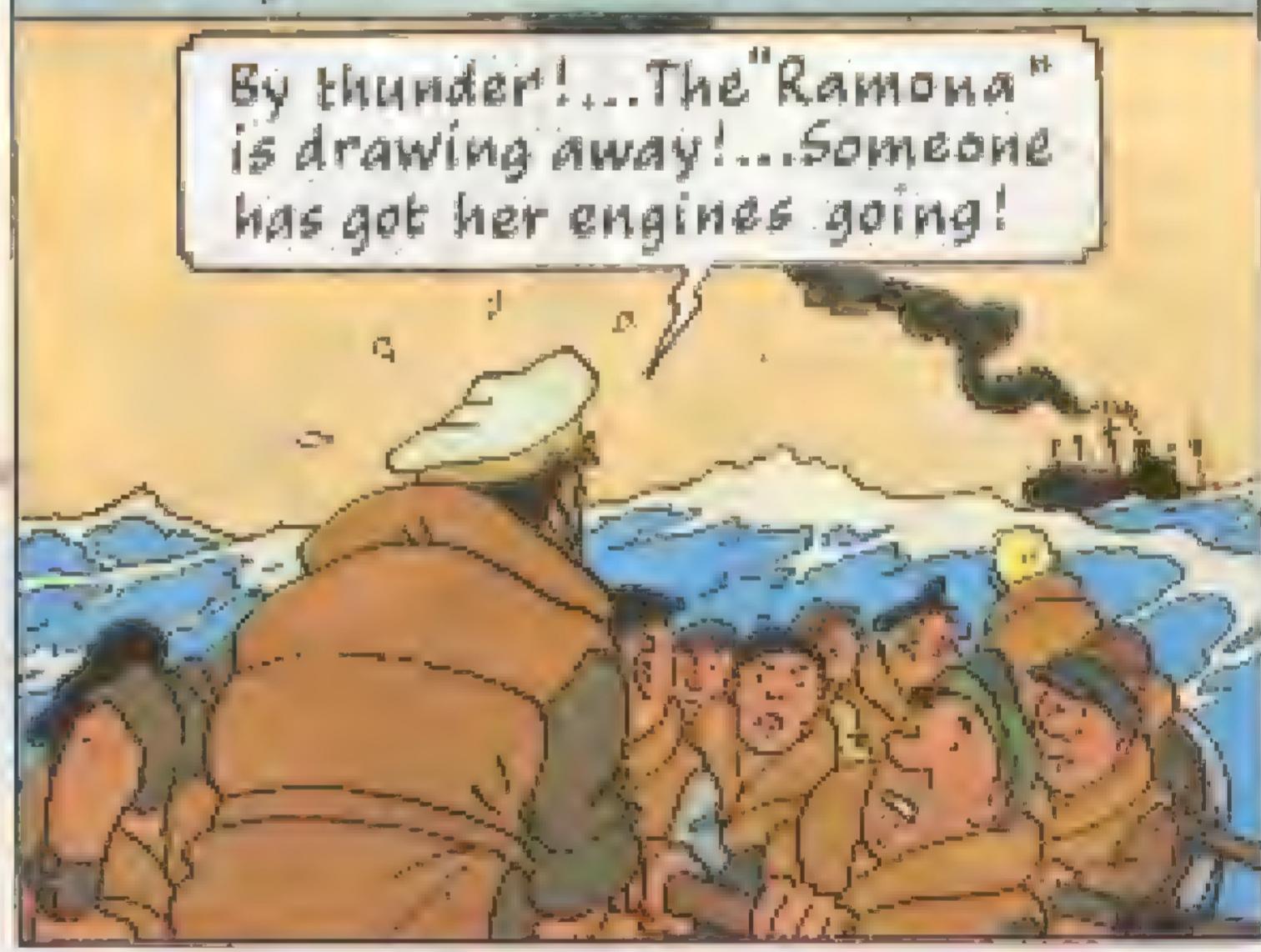


... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!

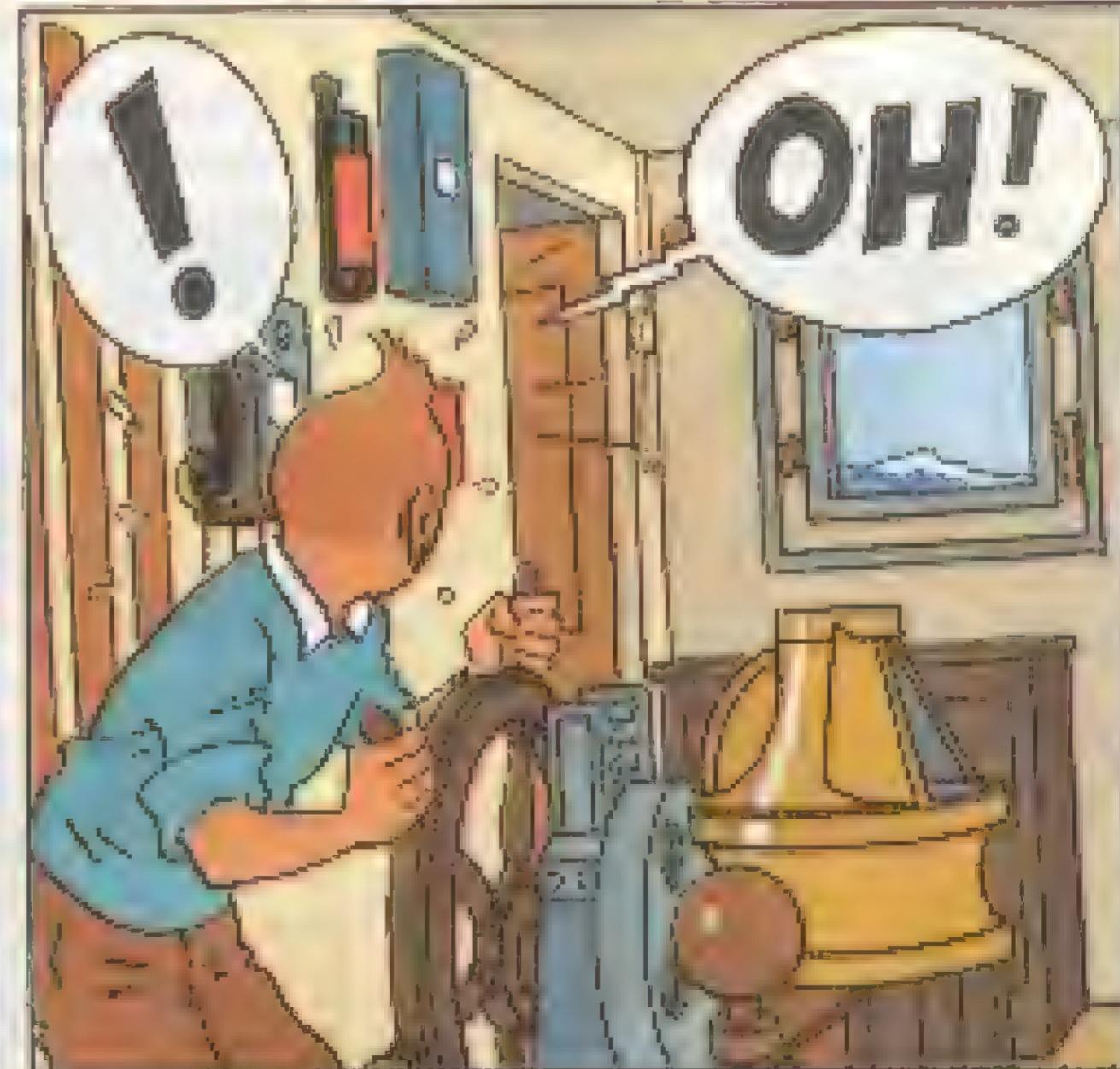


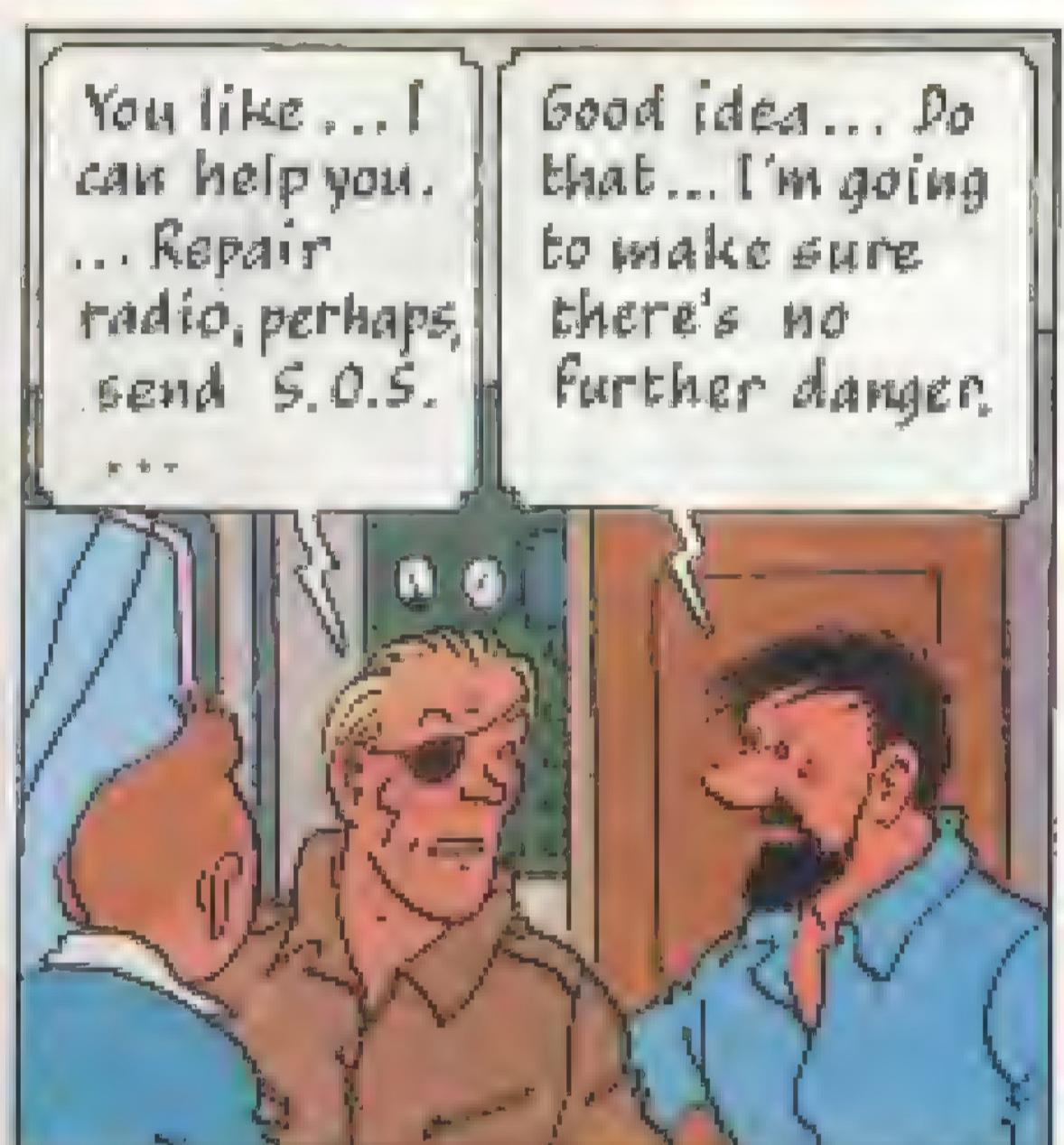
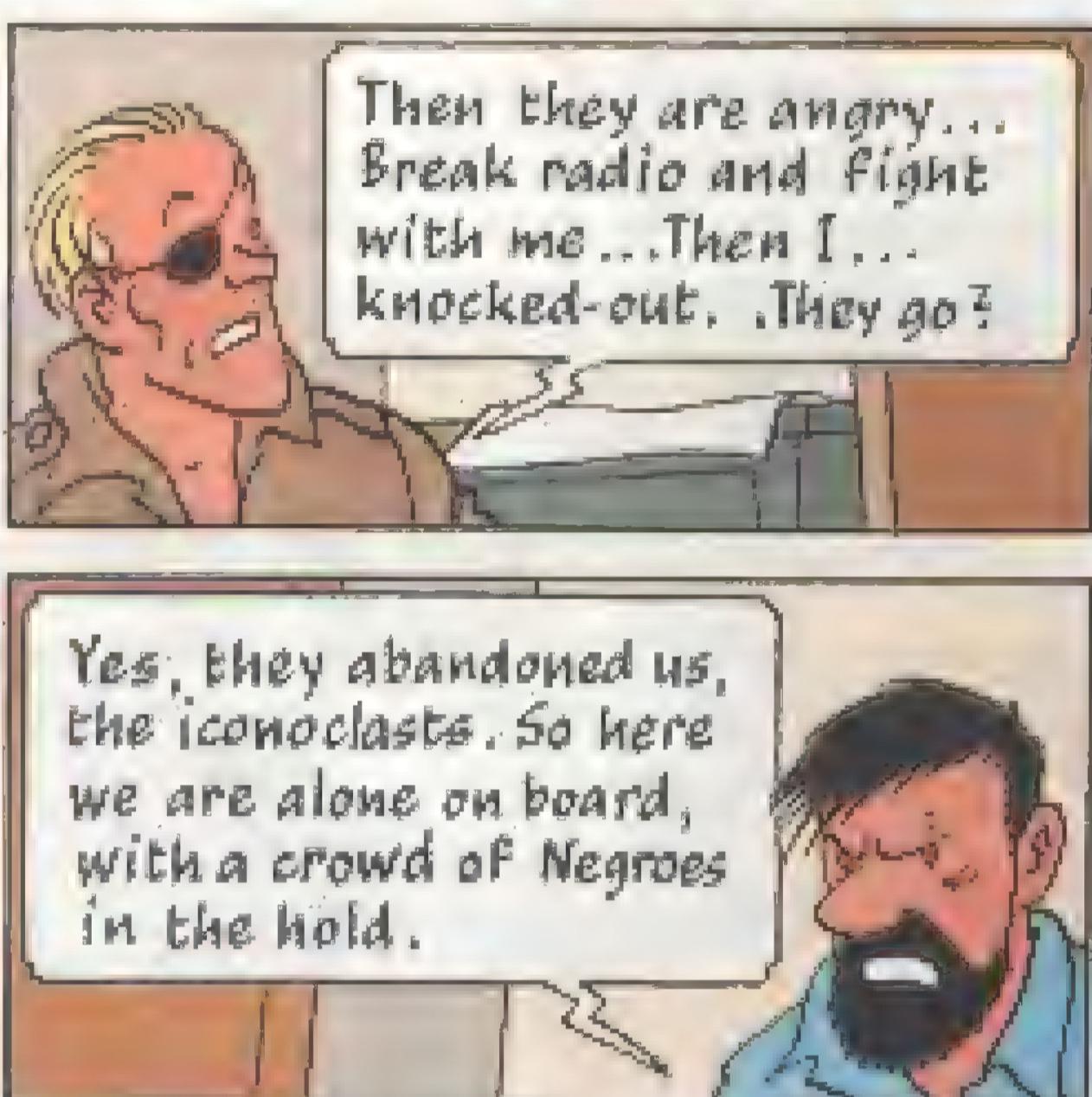
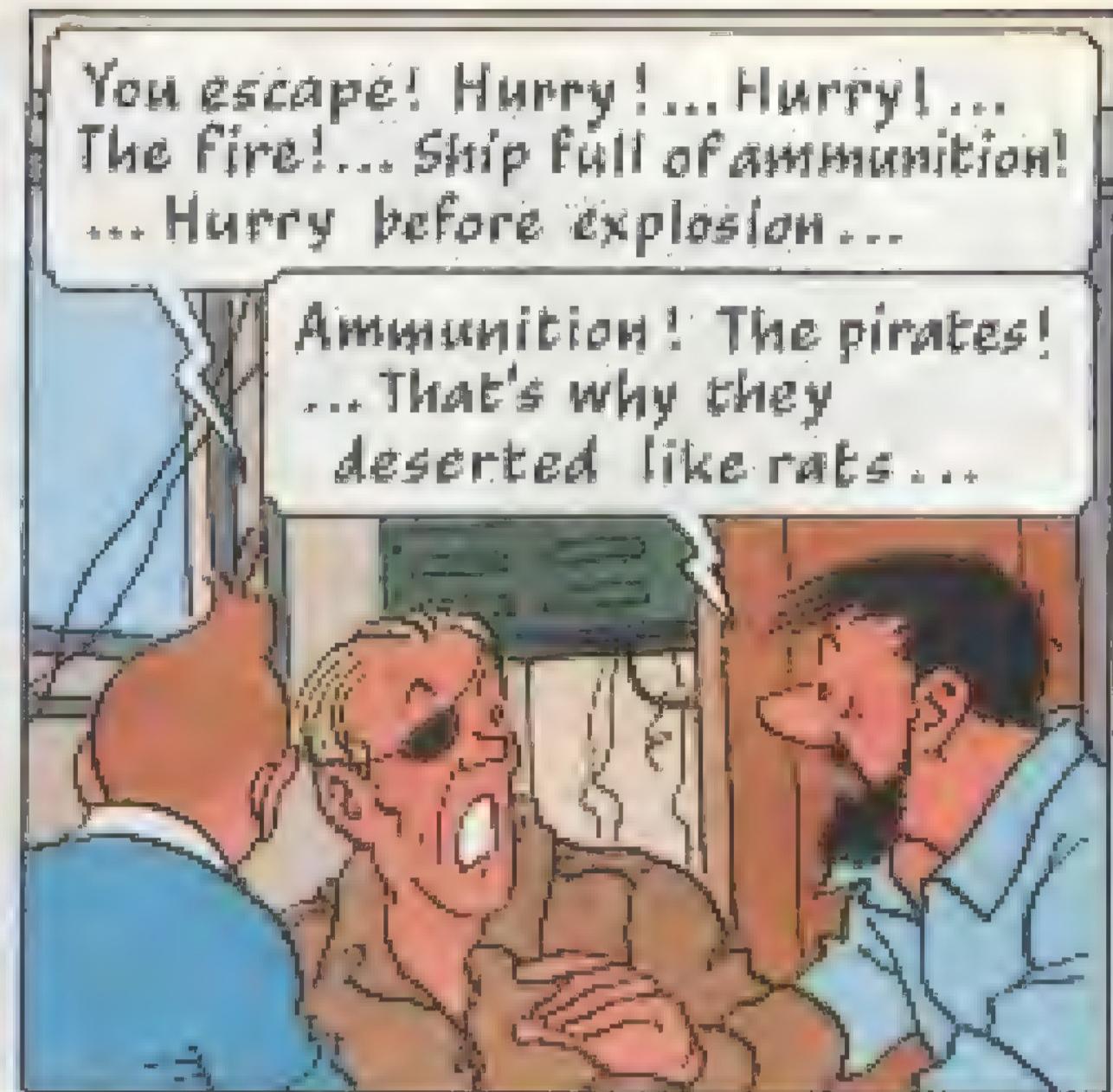
Phew! That was no joke; alone; but she's under way at last.

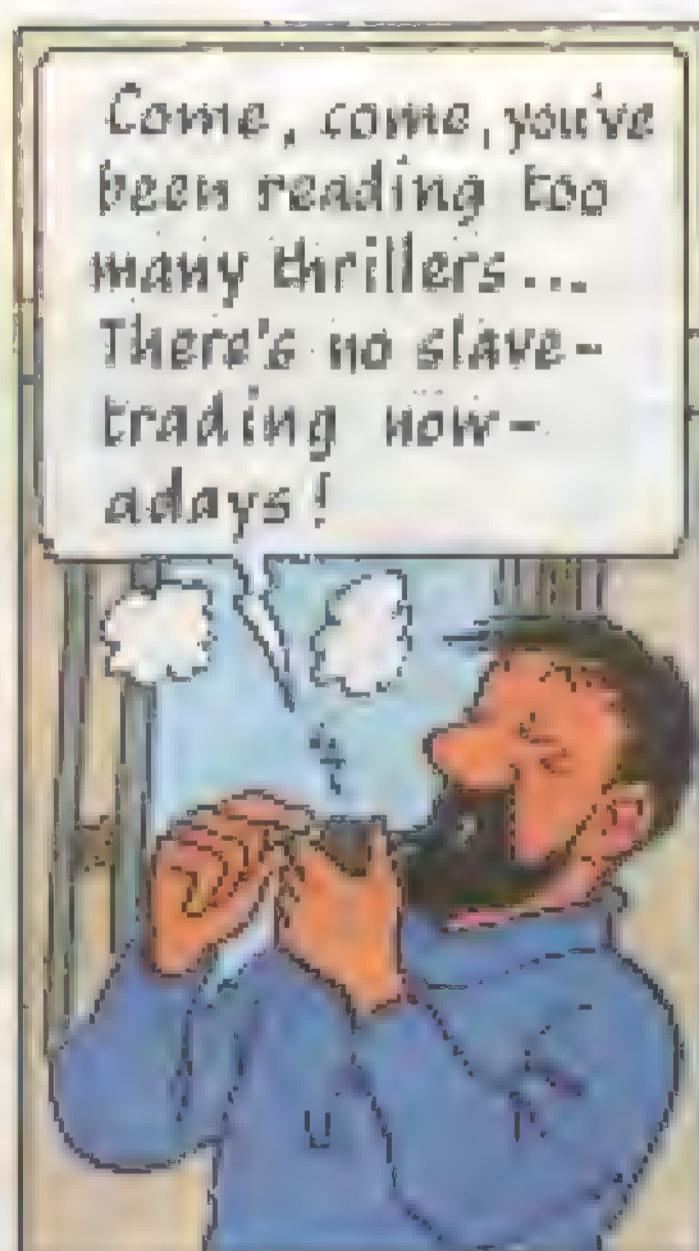
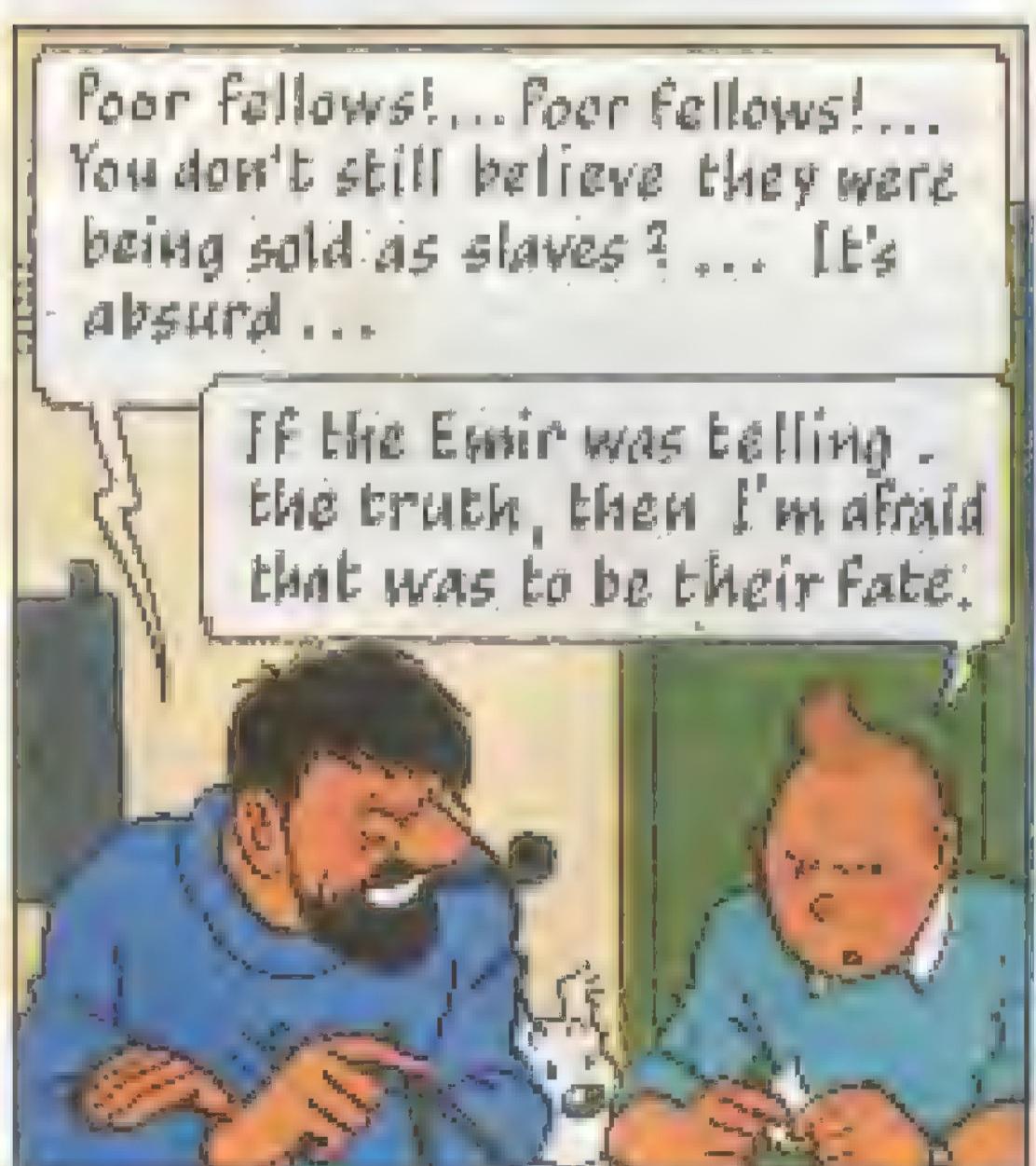
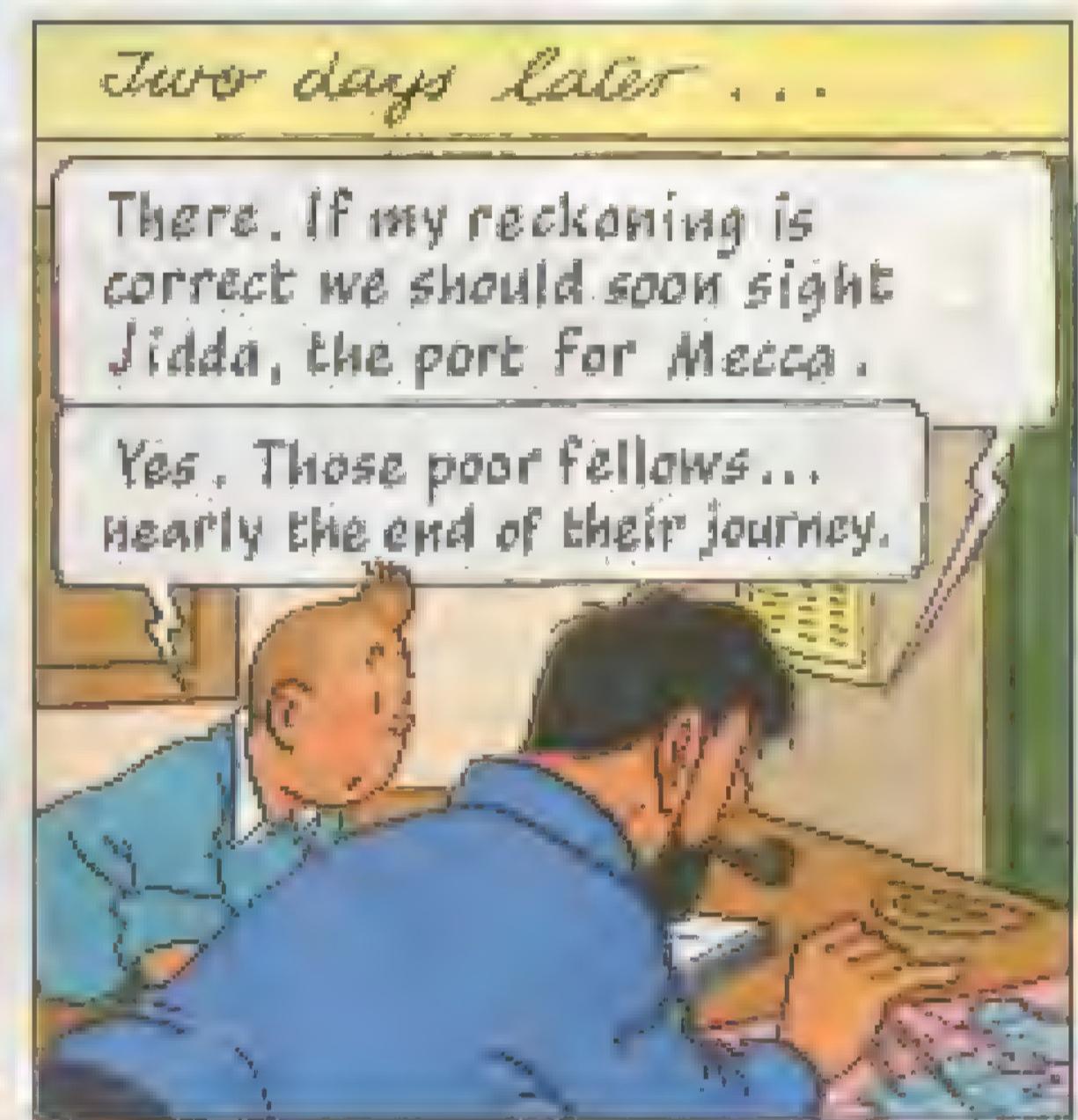
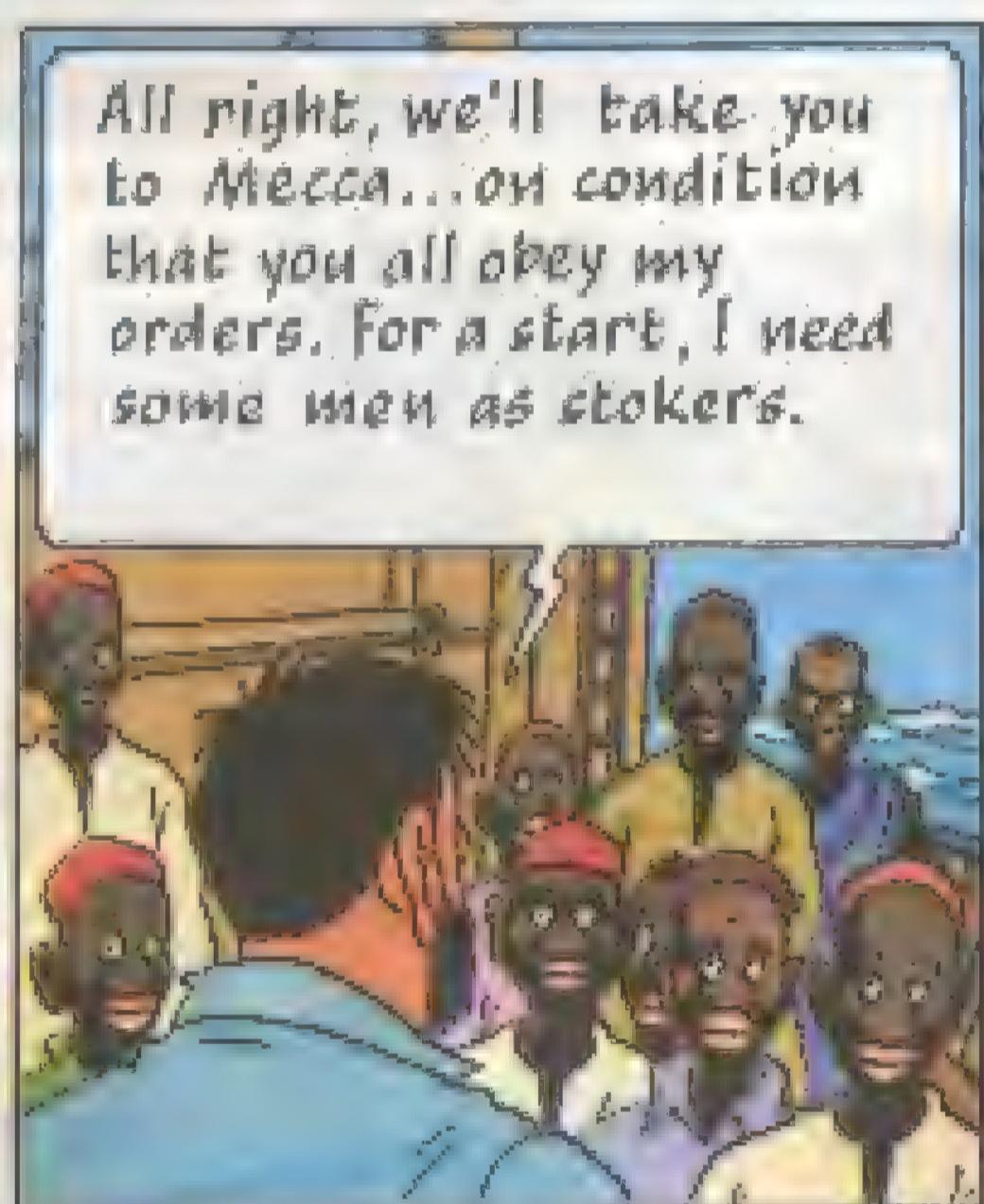
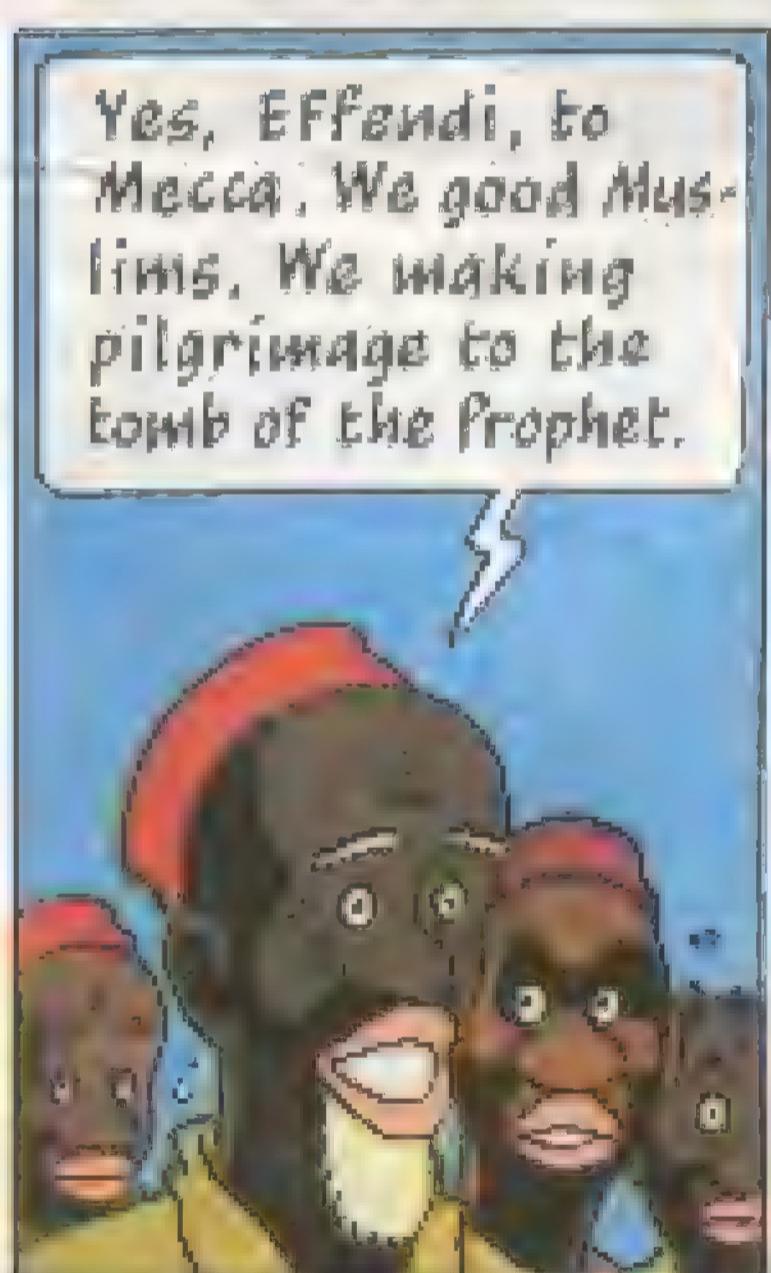
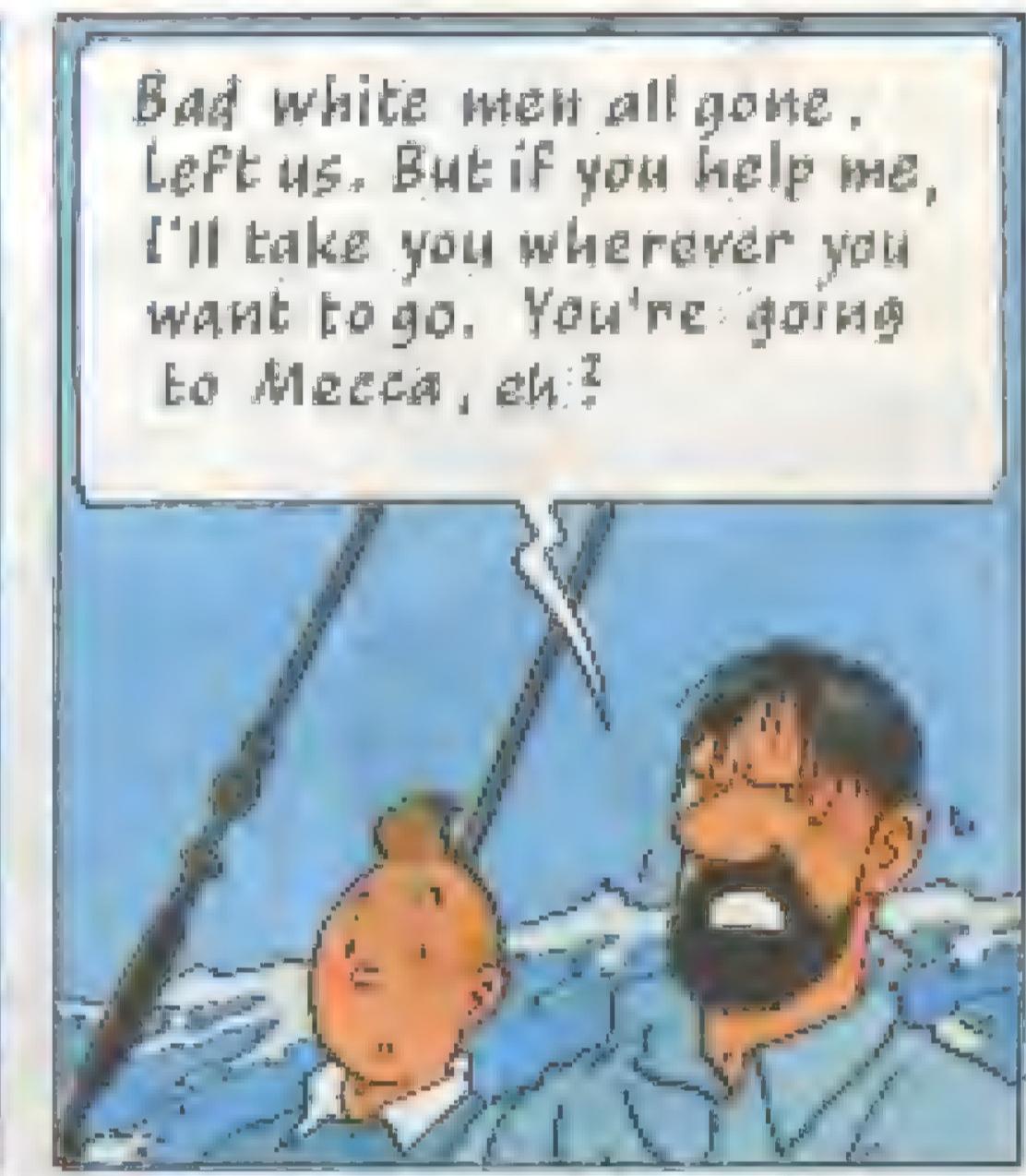
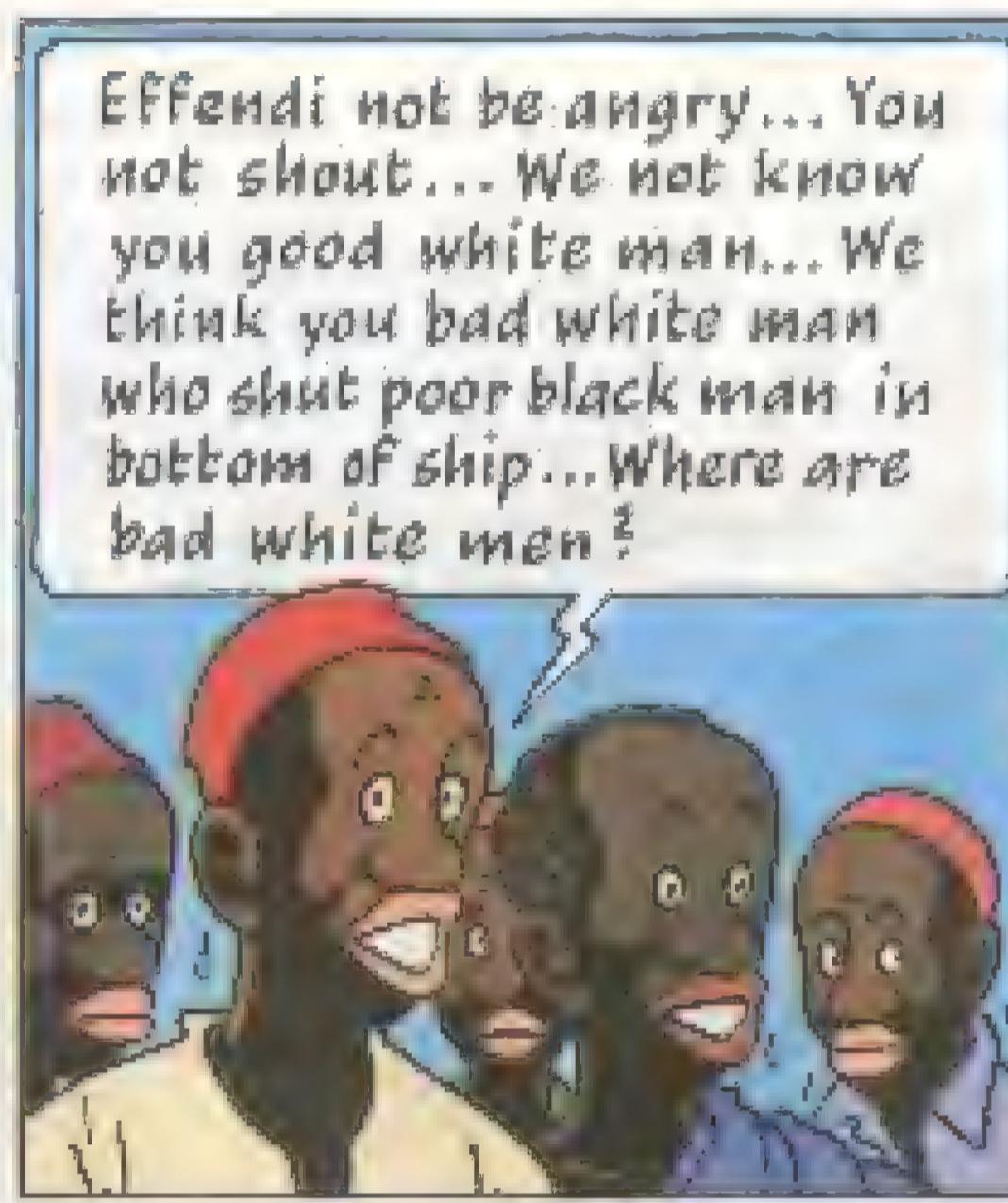
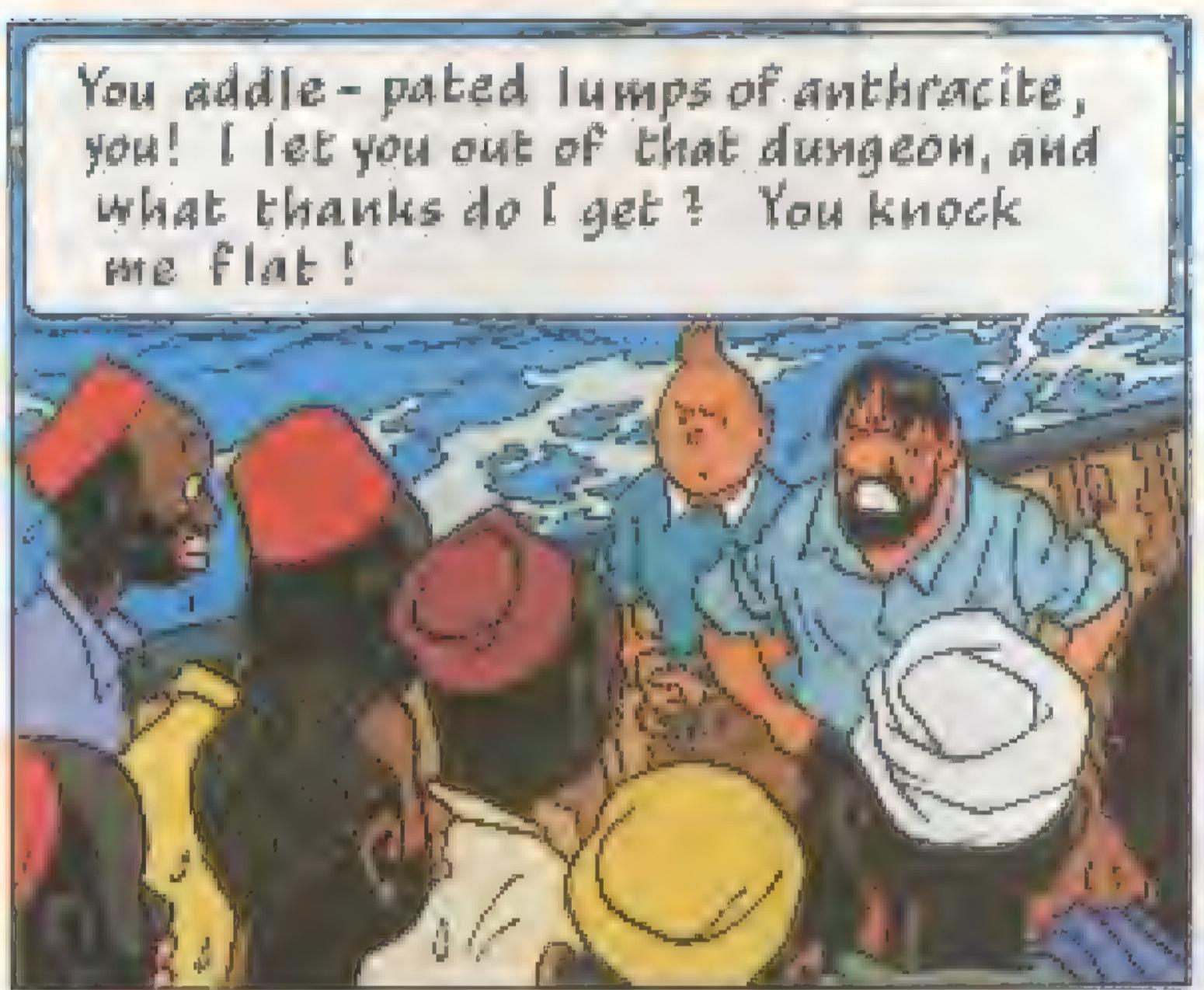
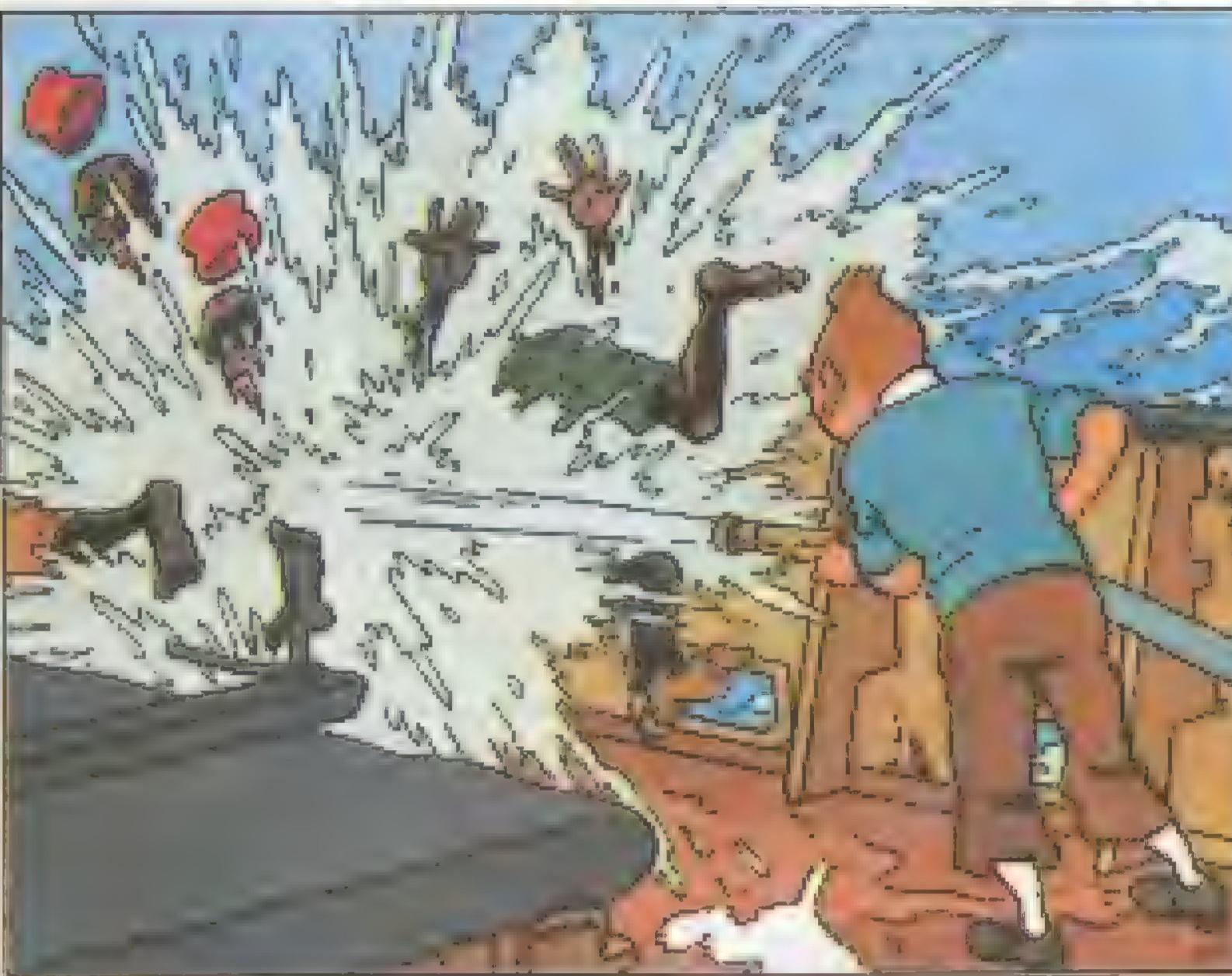
Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



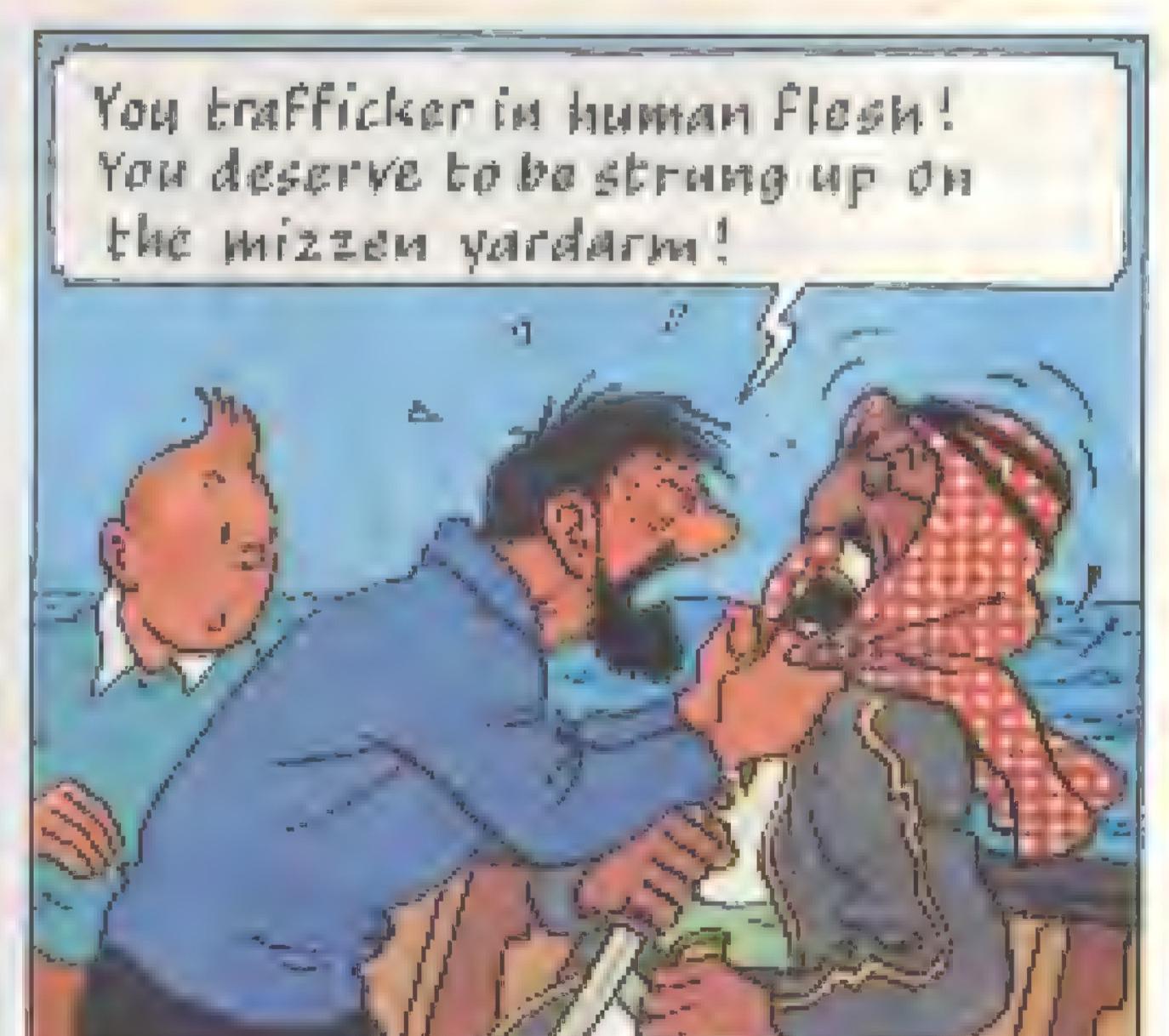
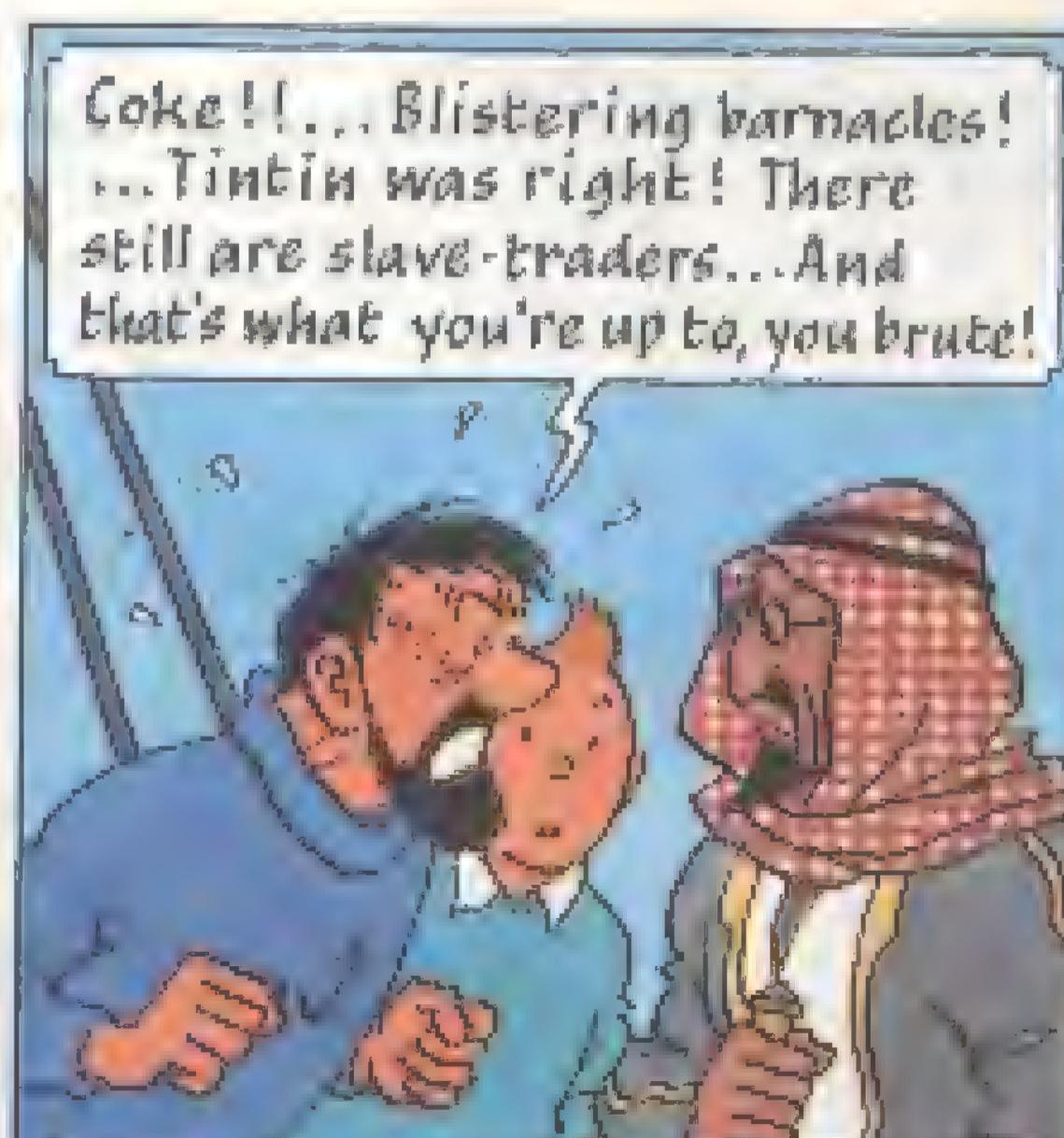
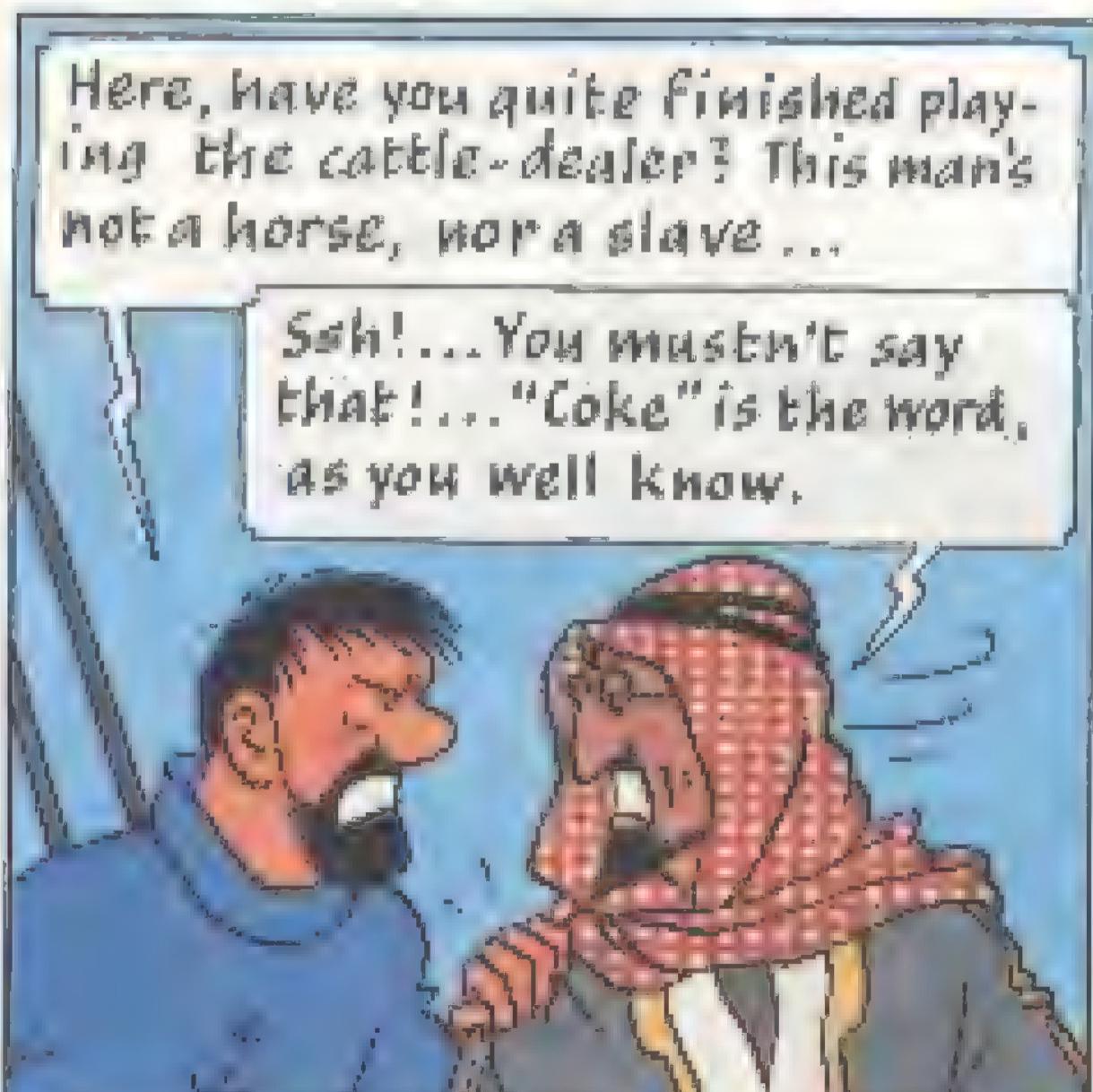
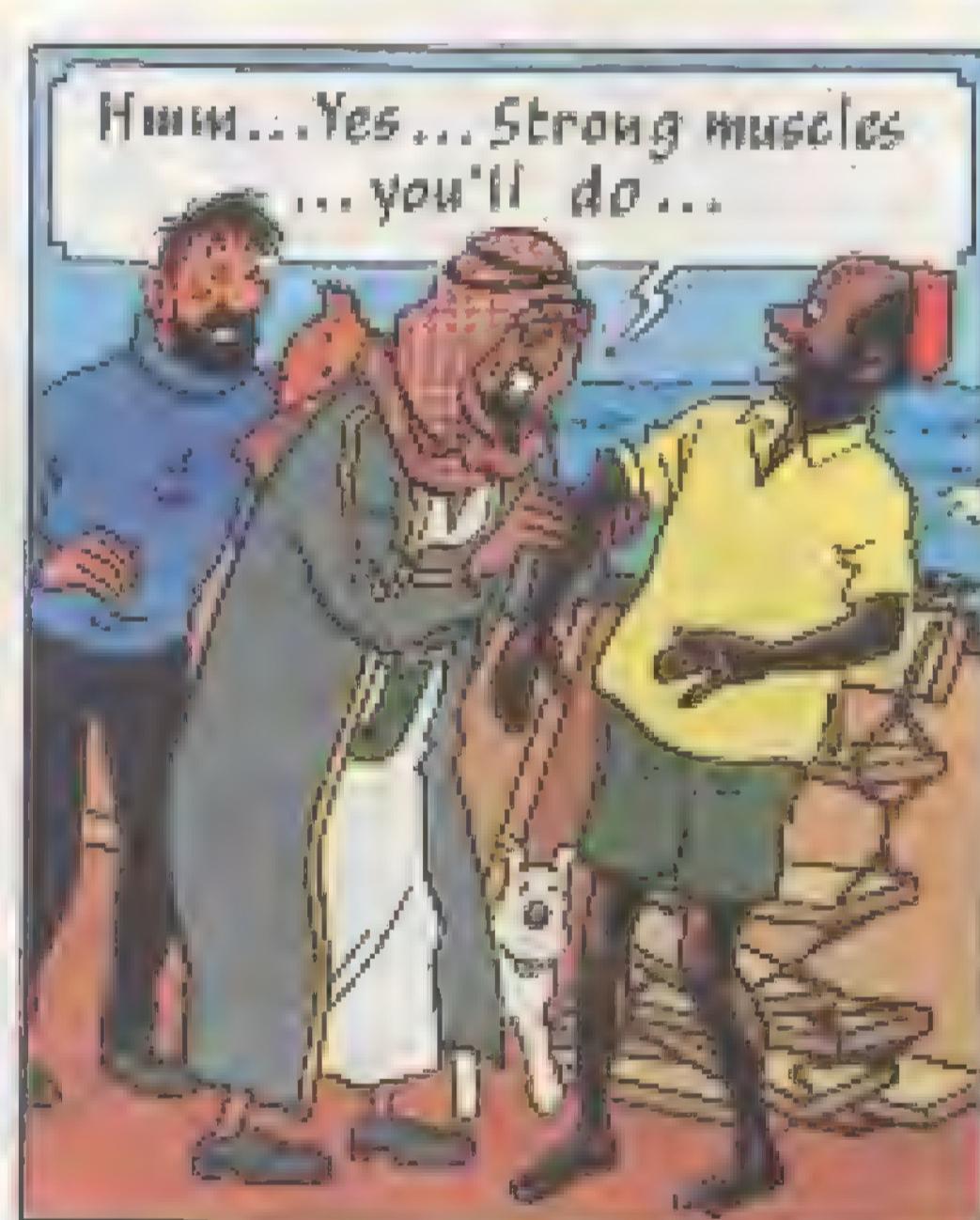
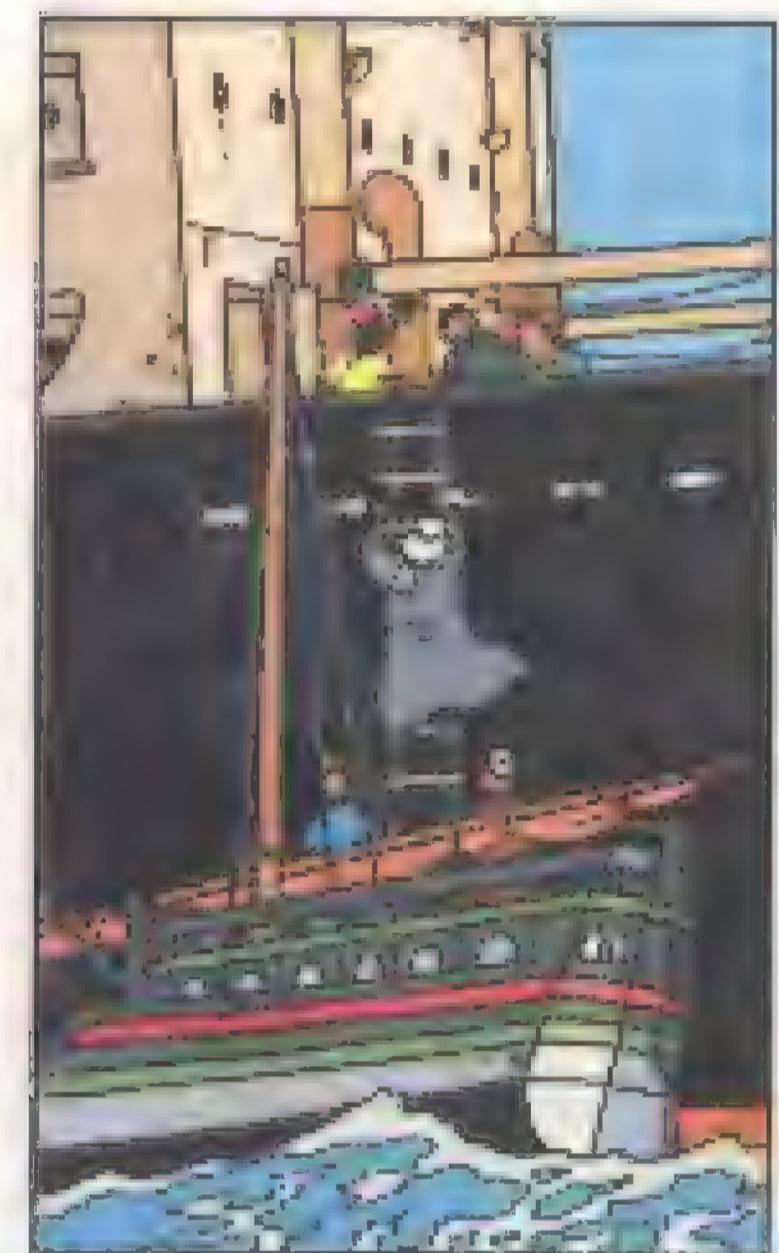
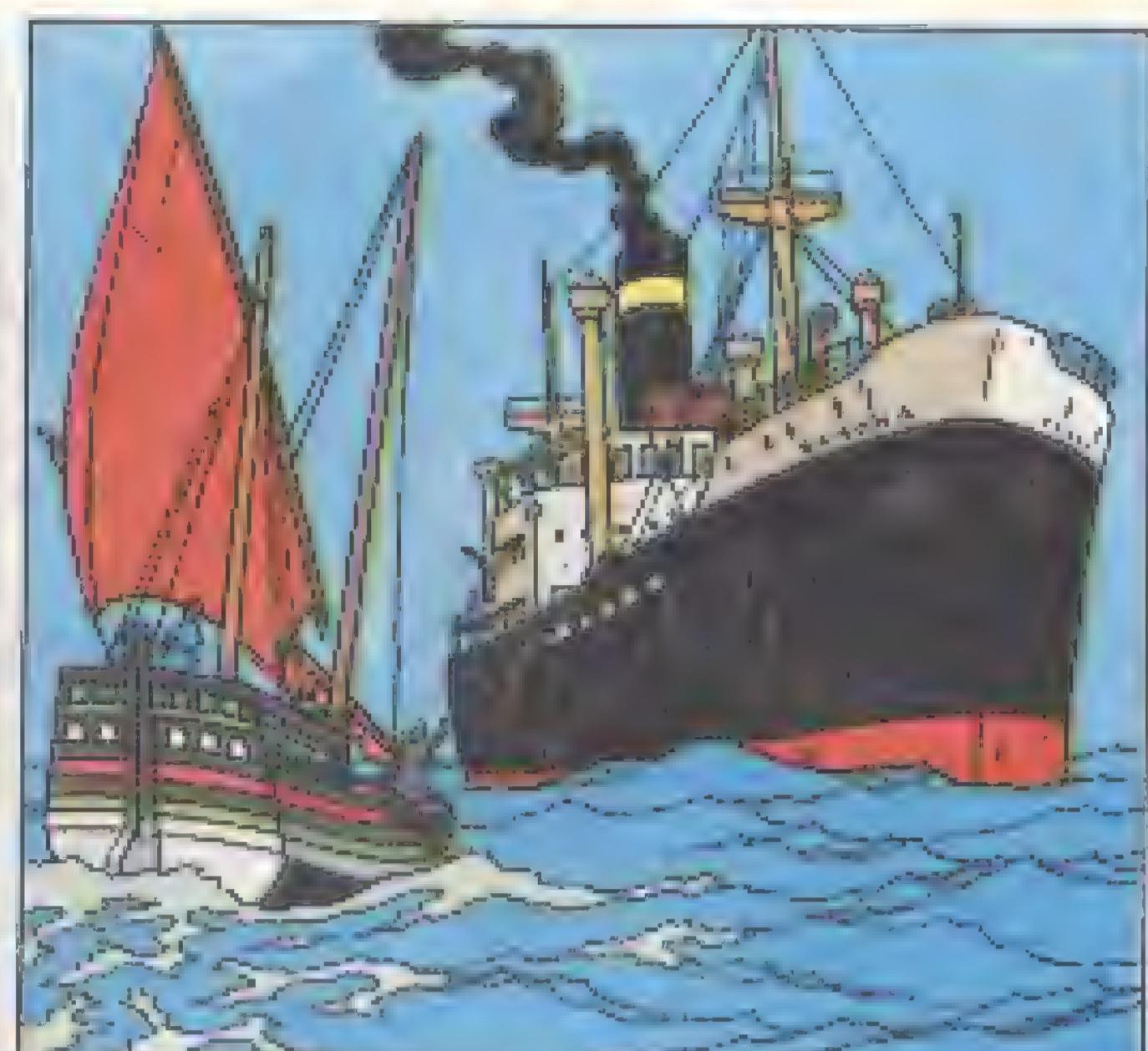
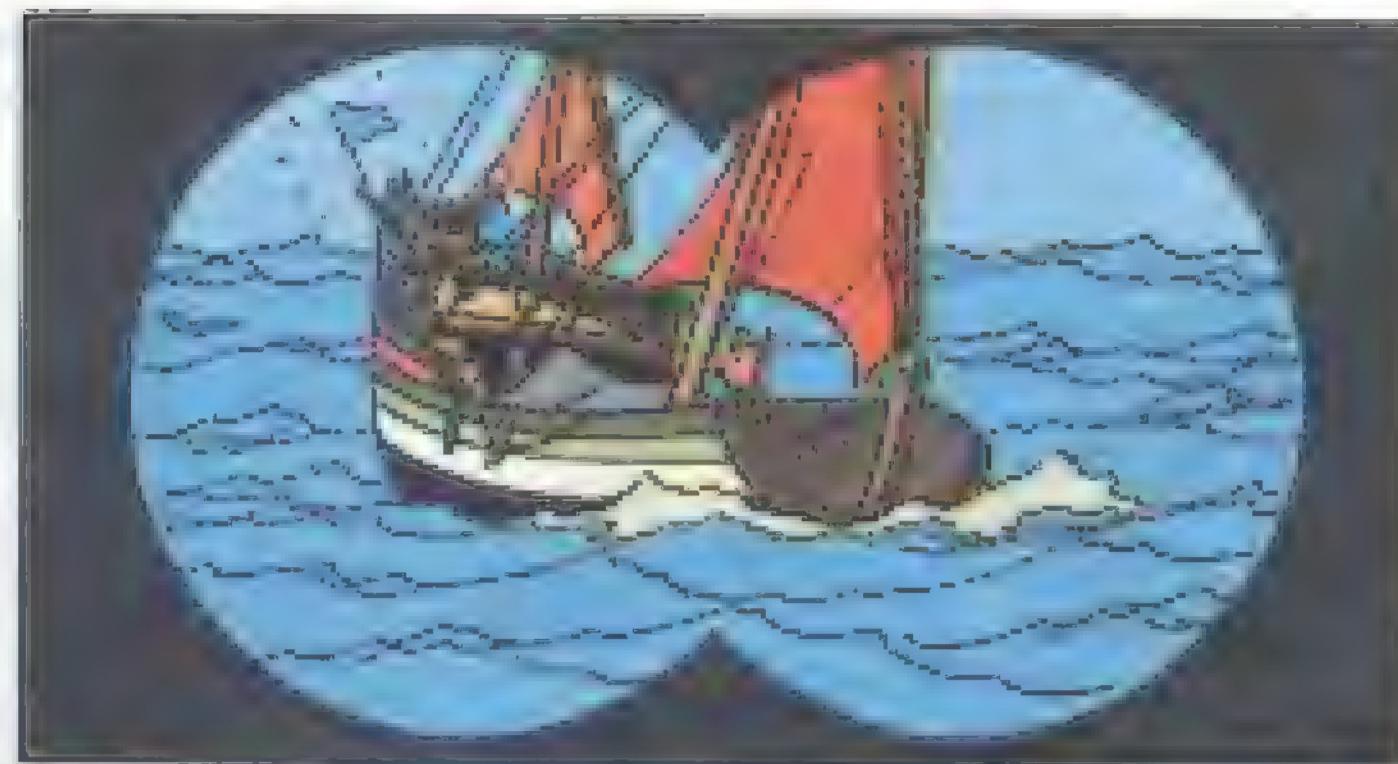
There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.

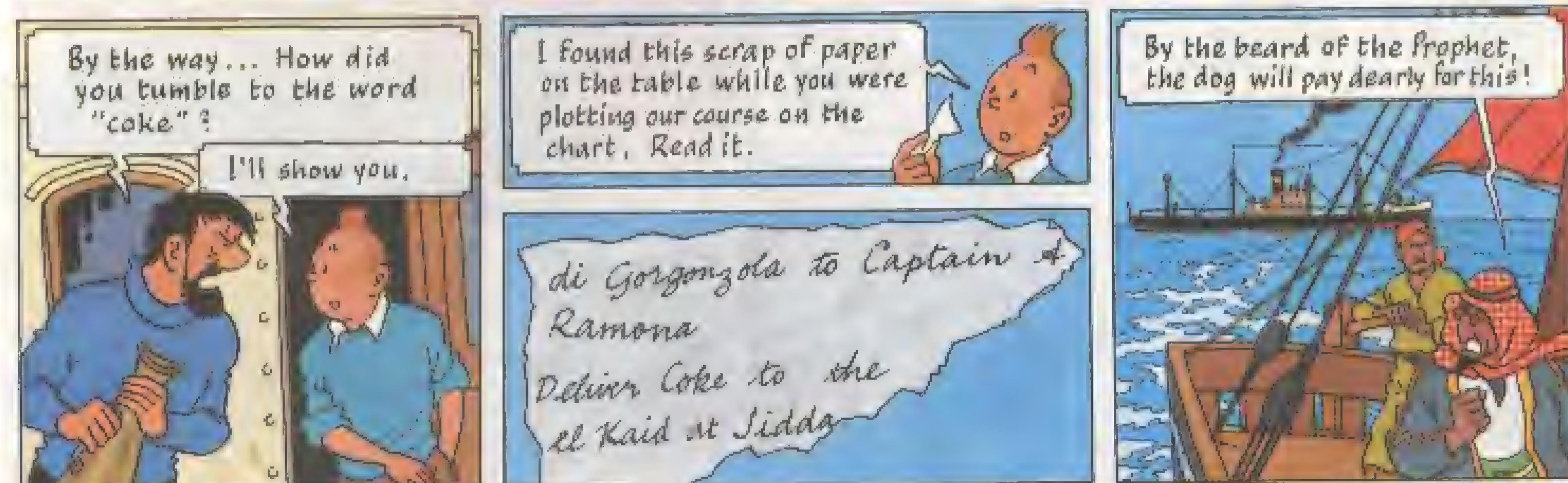
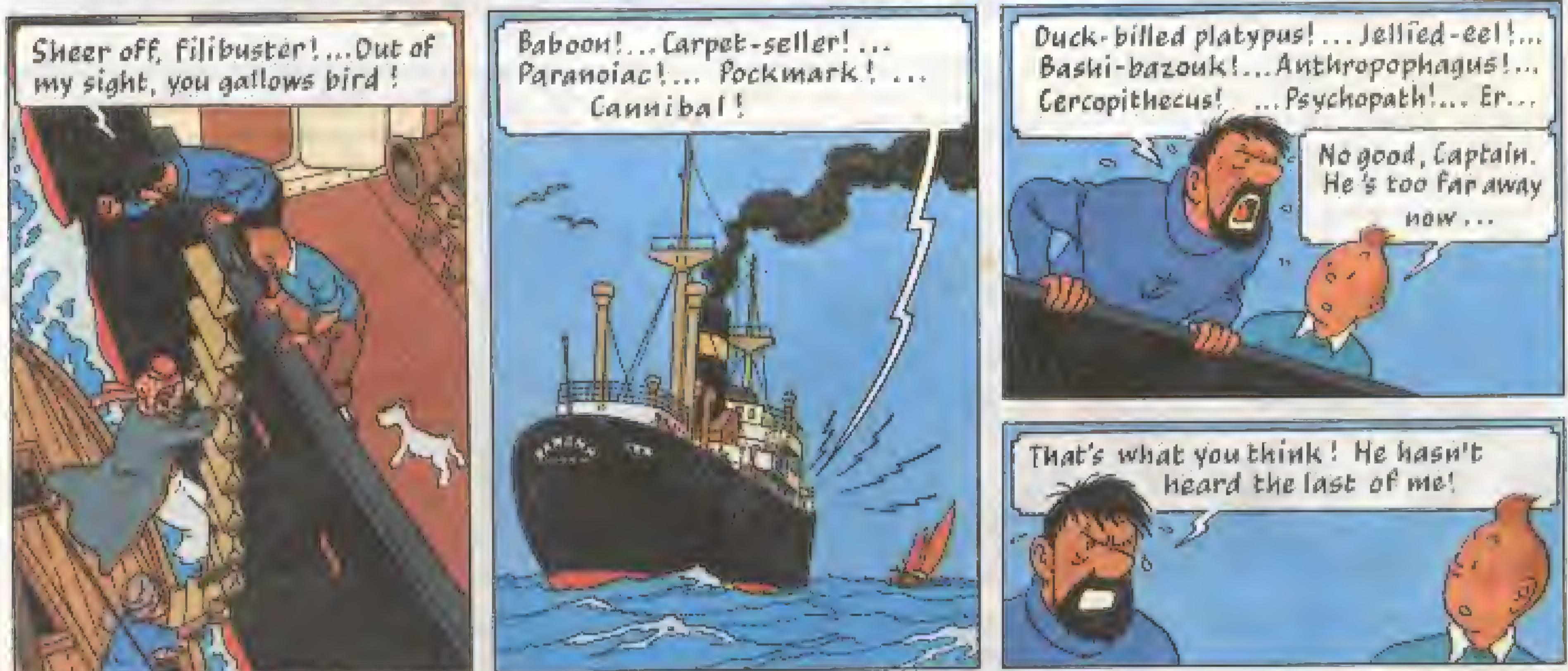
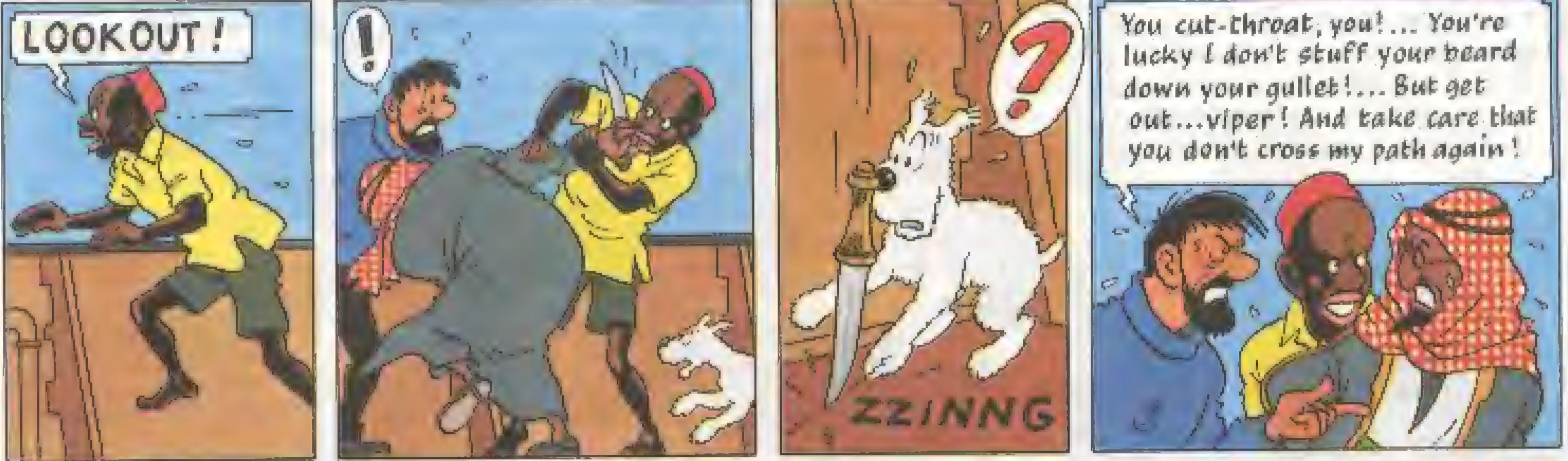






So it is ! A sambuk ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then ?





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan! ... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!

First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.

Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.

Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.

A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?

Yes.

Yes.

Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.

You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.

Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.

But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.

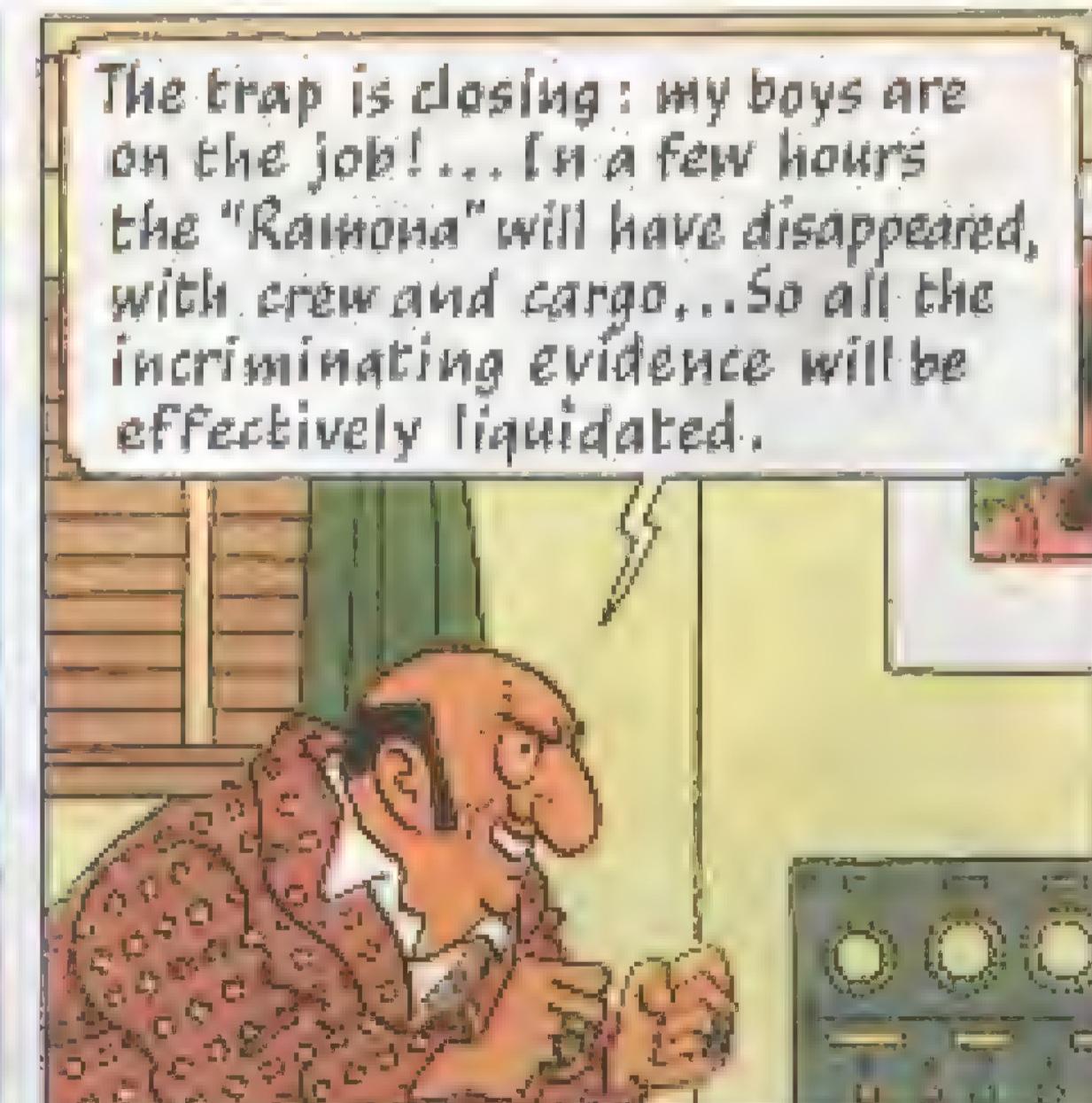
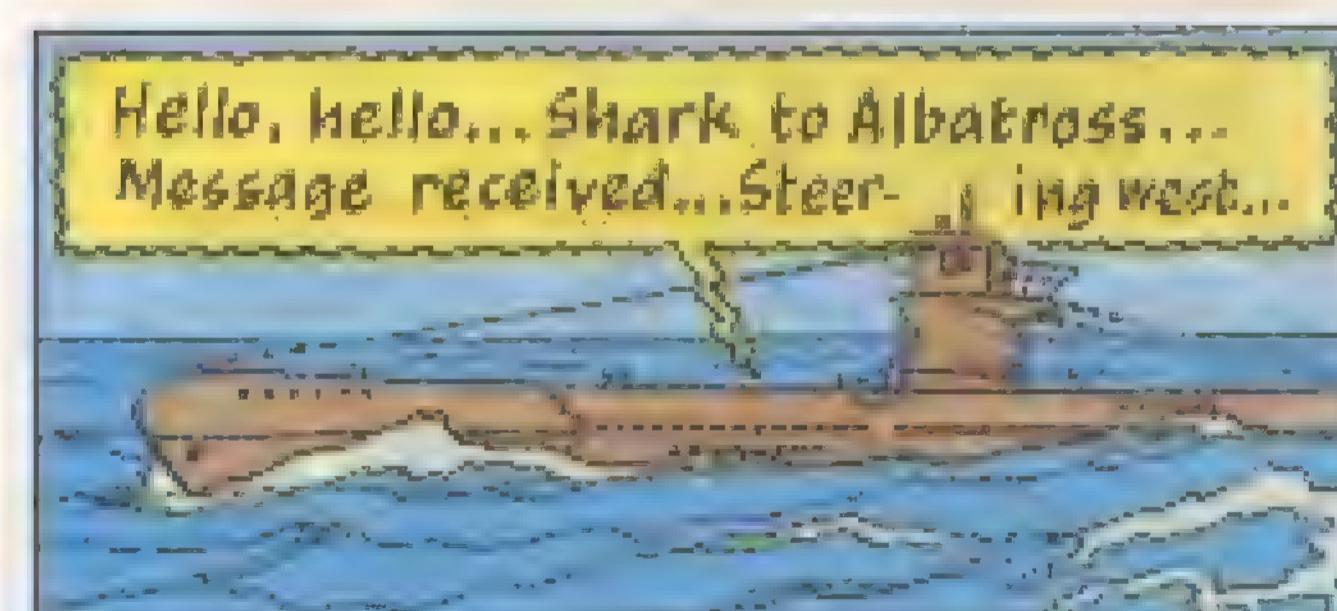
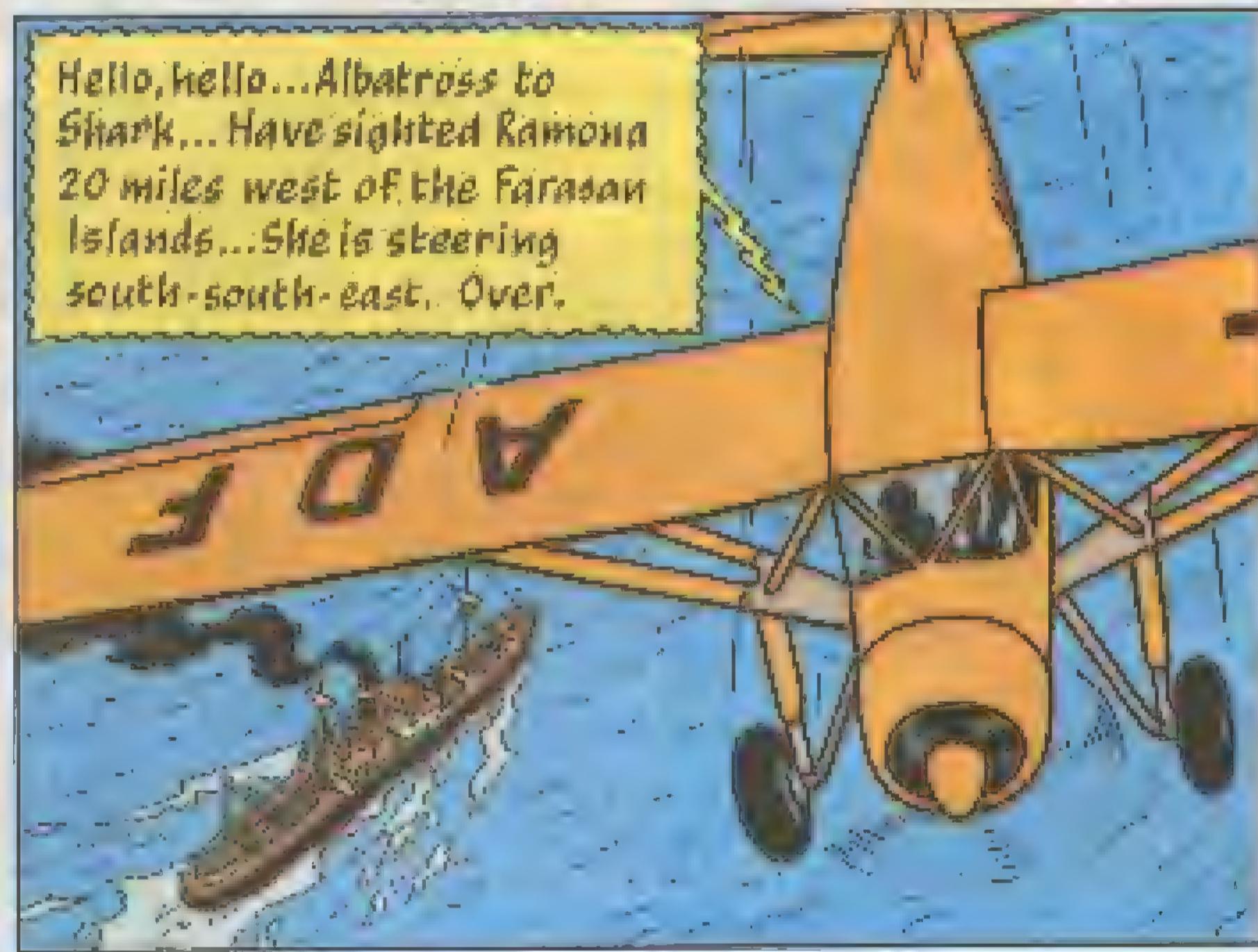
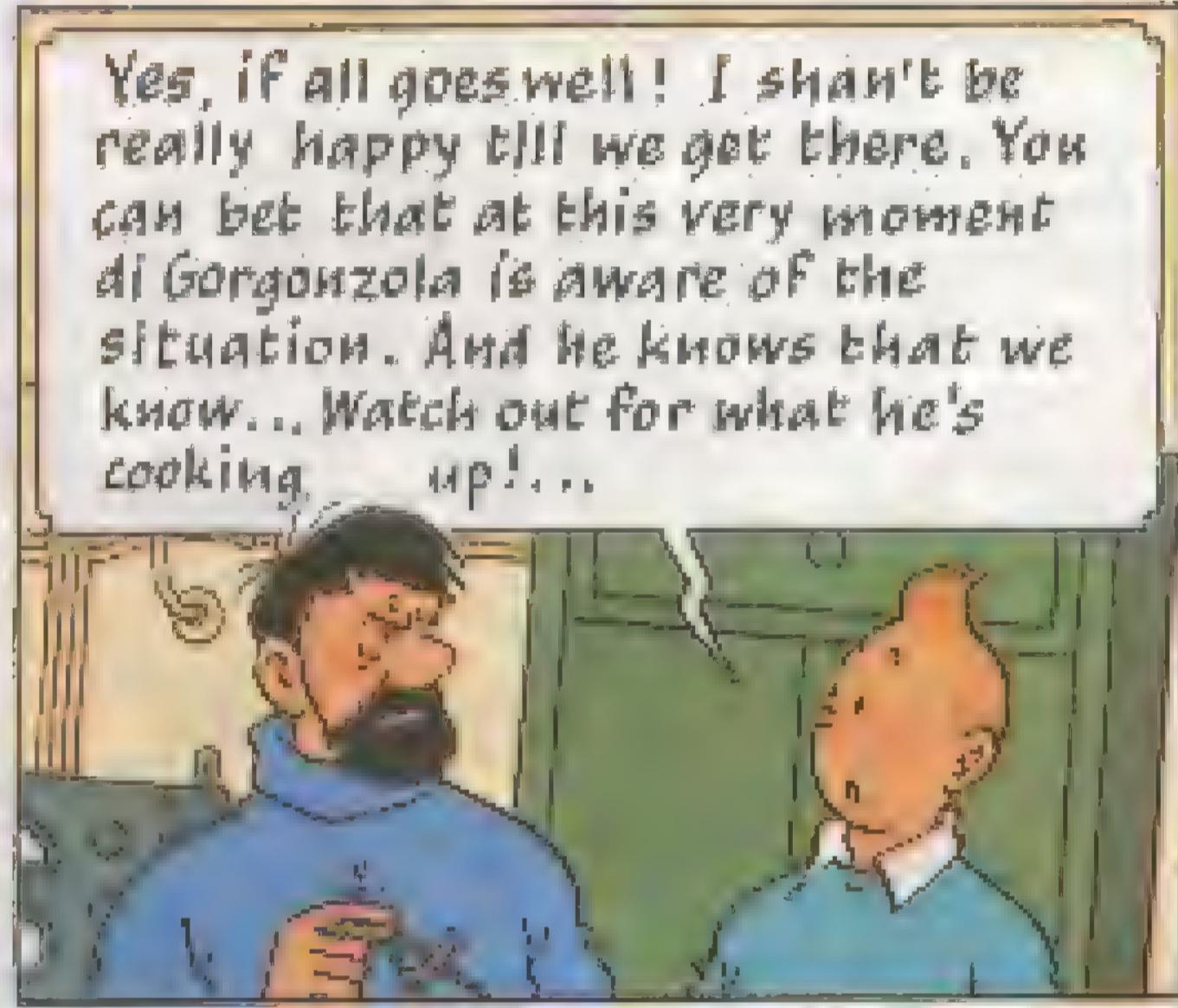
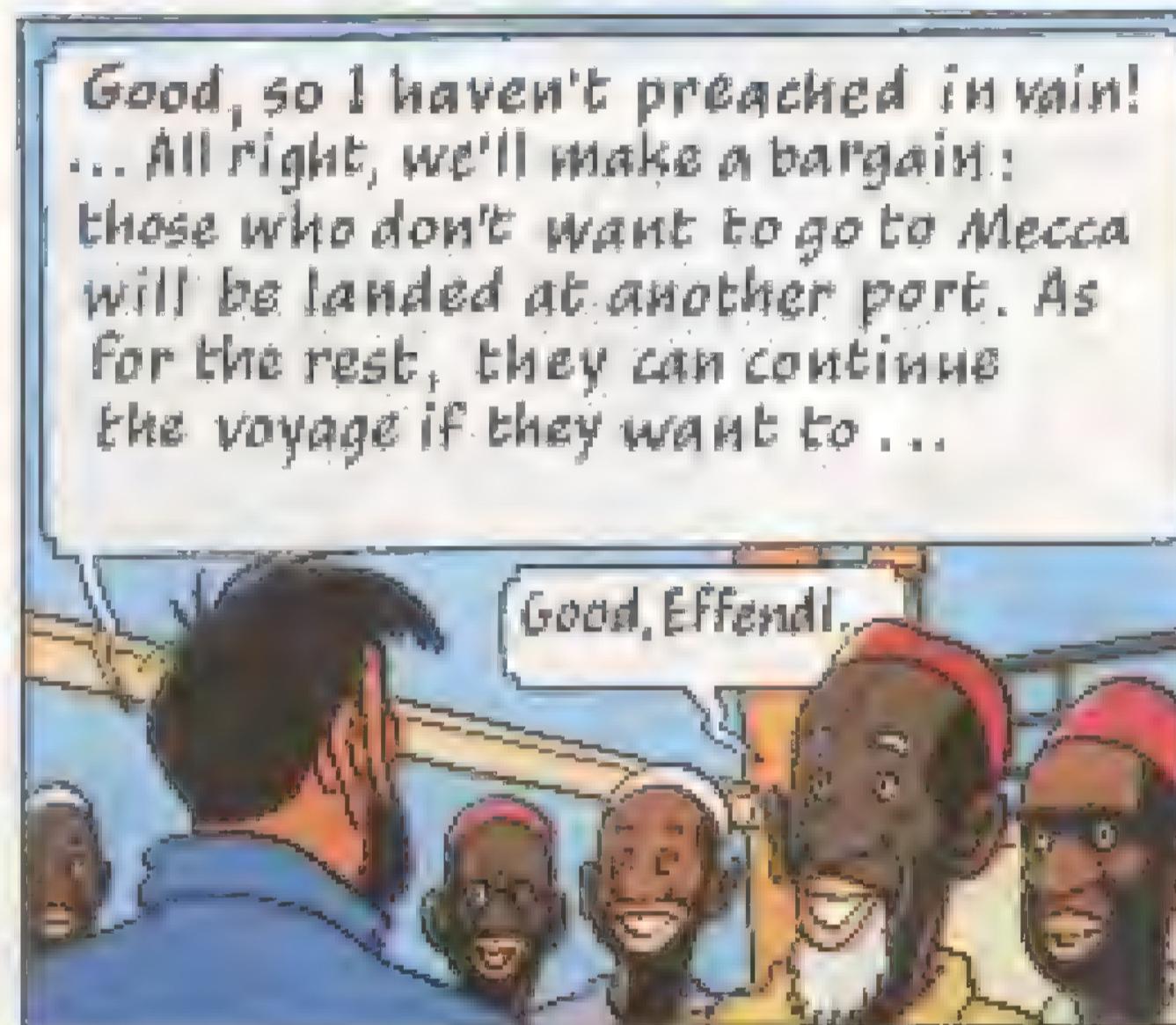
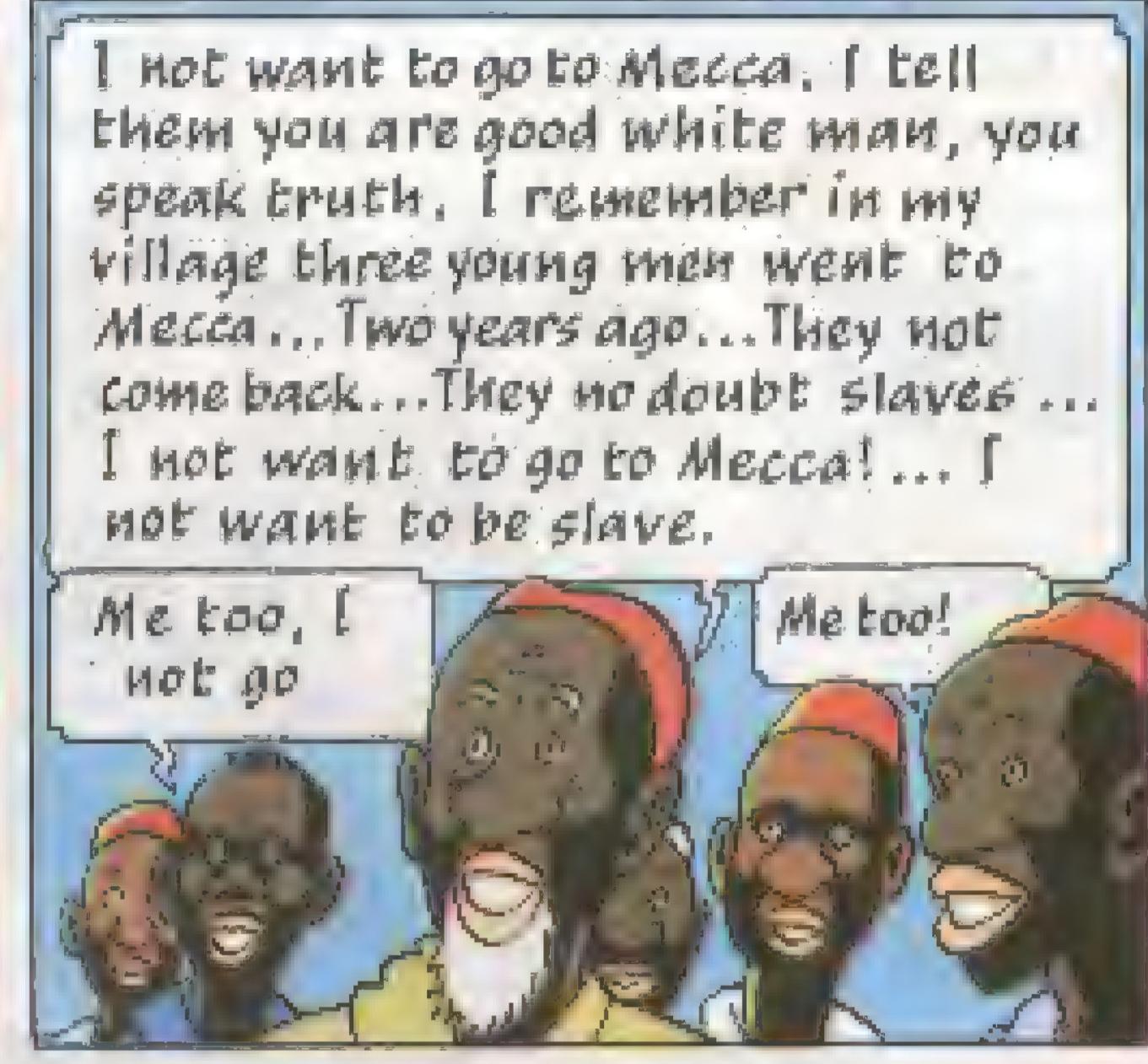
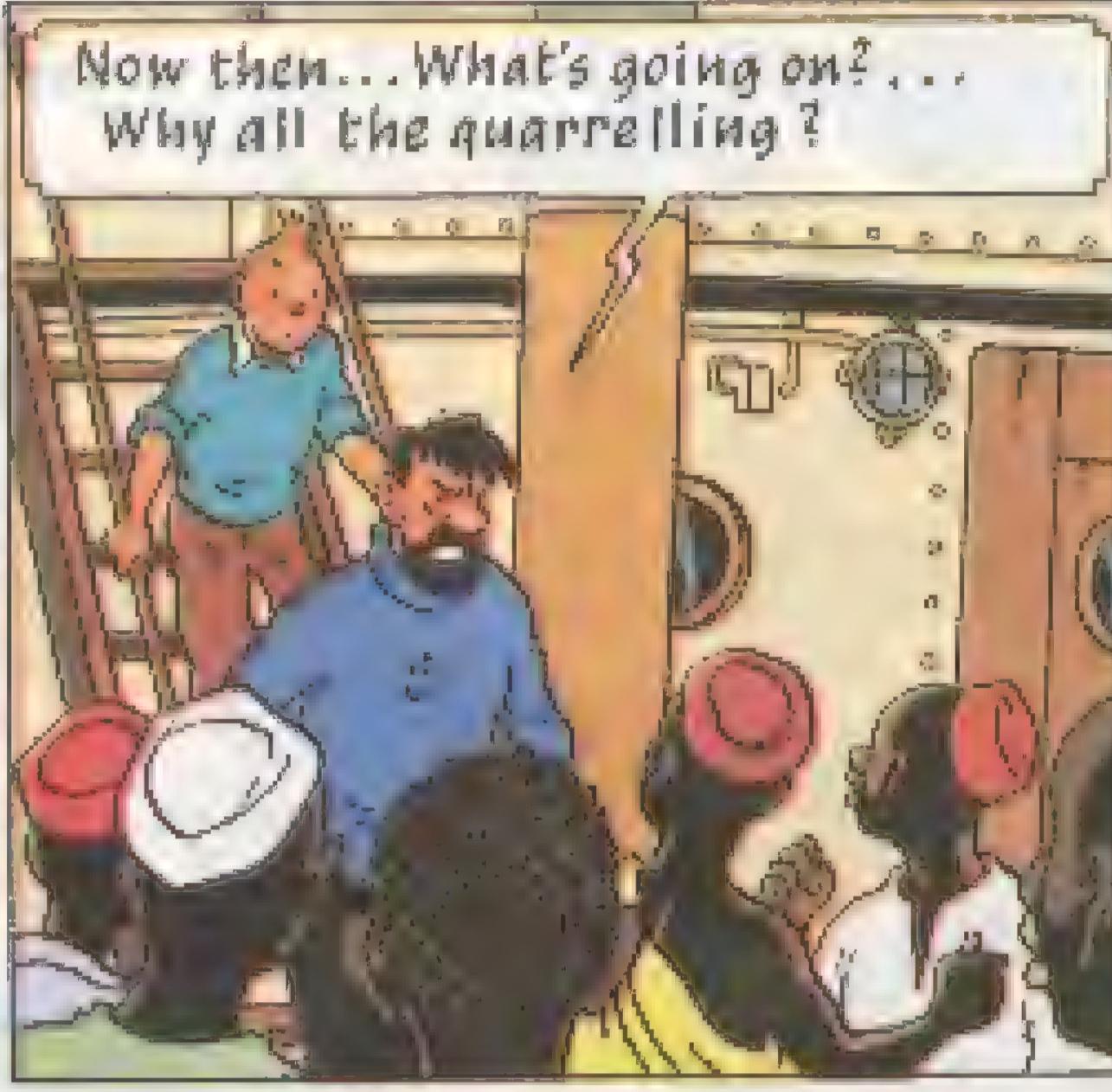
All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing! ... I've tried the lot! ... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all! ... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!



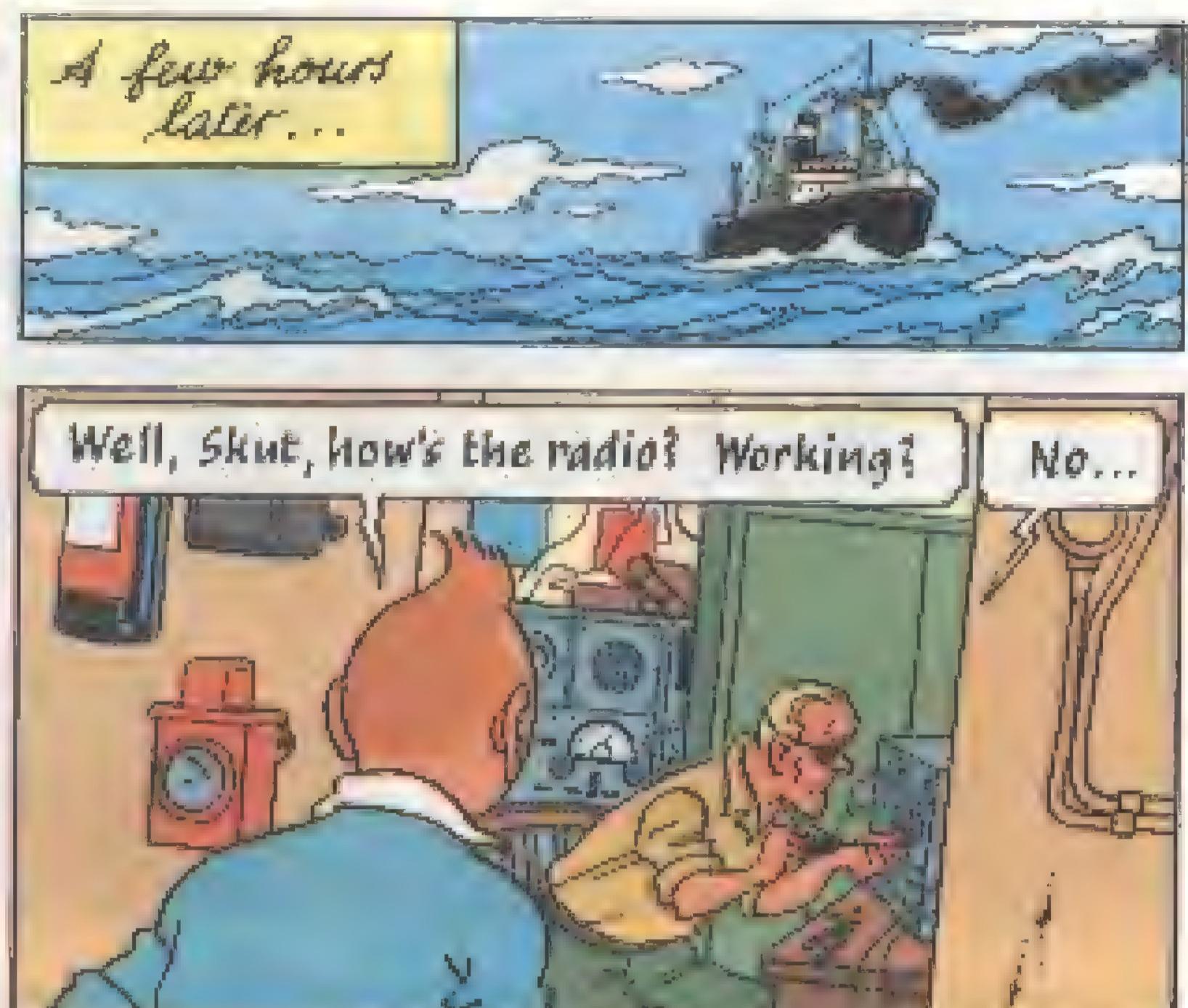


That plane swooping around worries me... If I were you, Captain, I'd alter course.

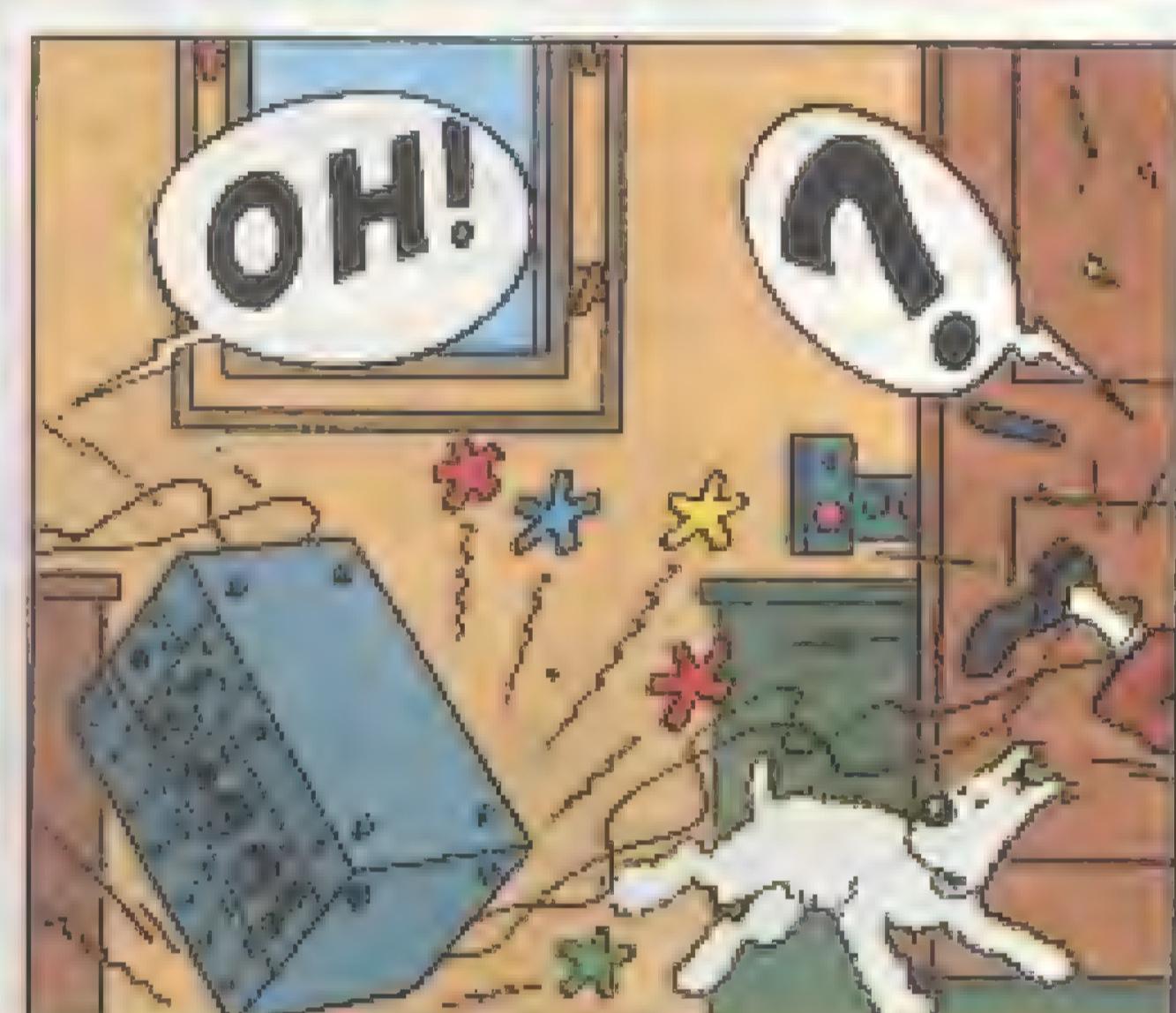
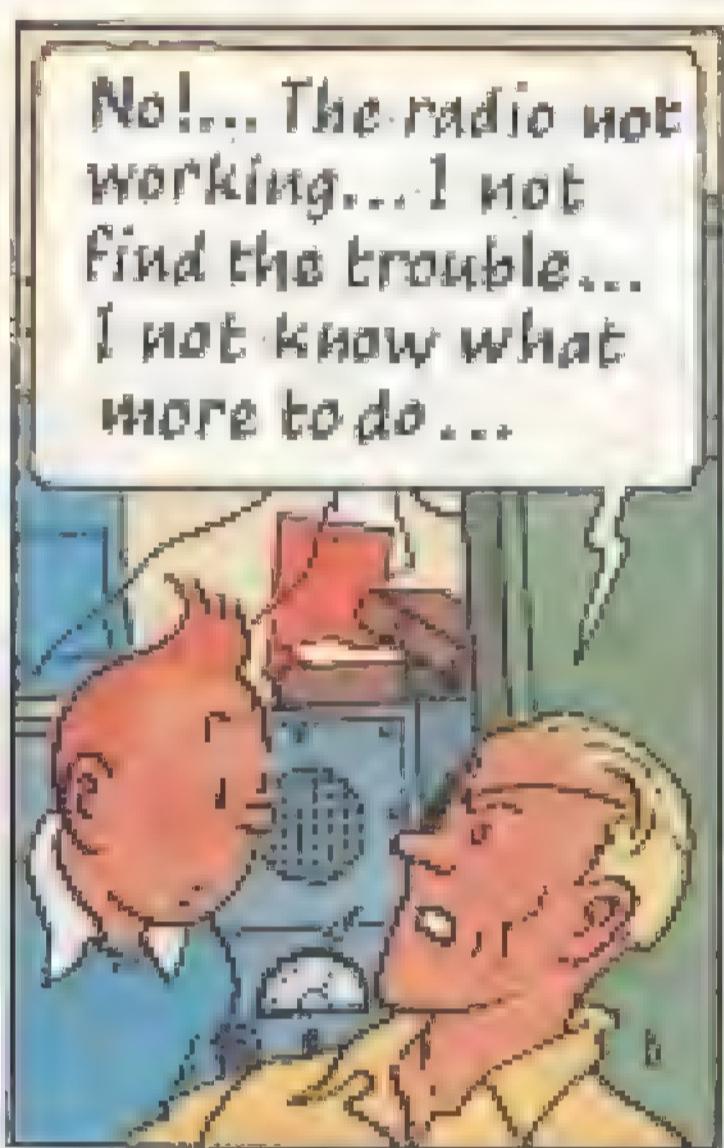
You're right... I'll do so.



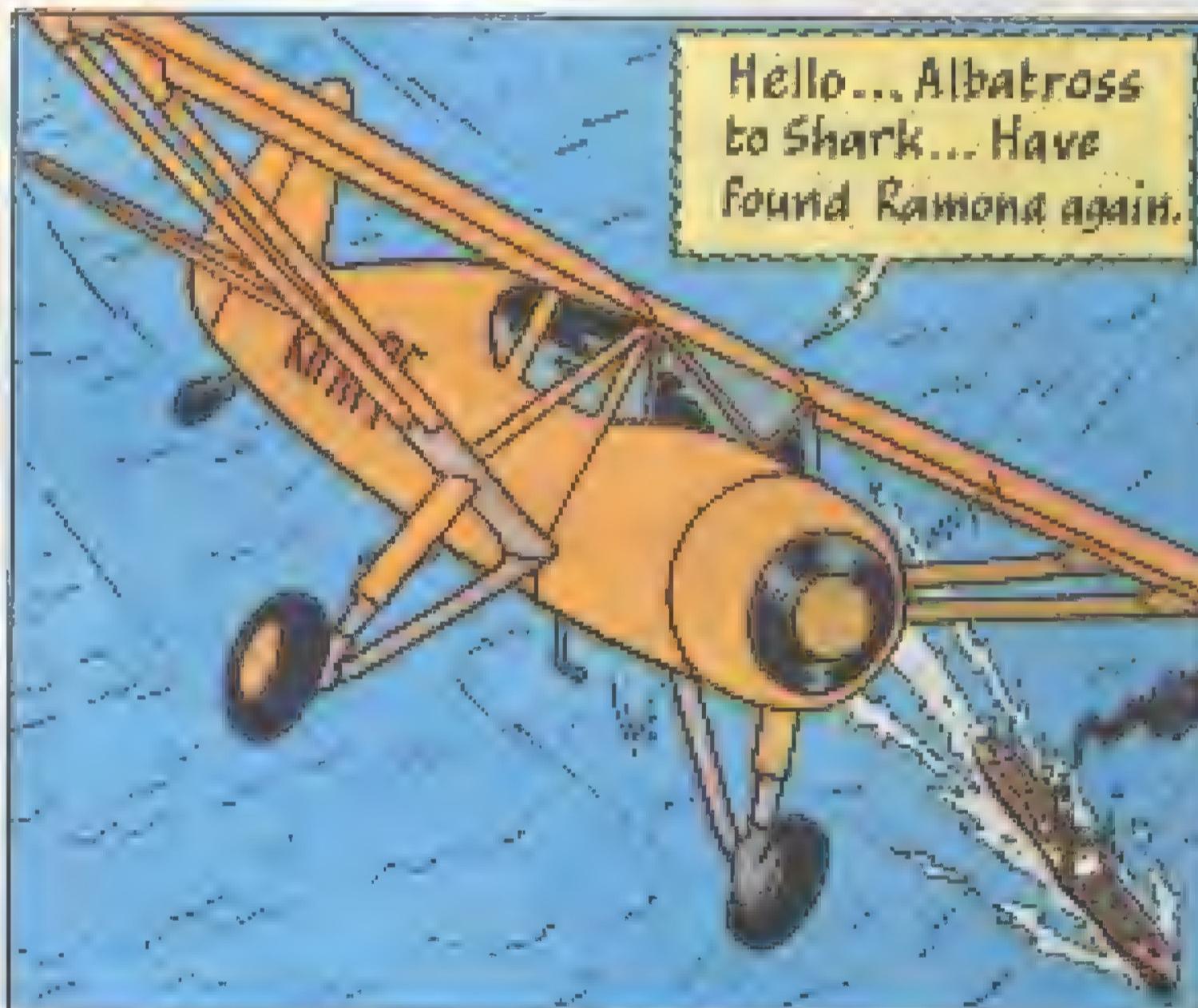
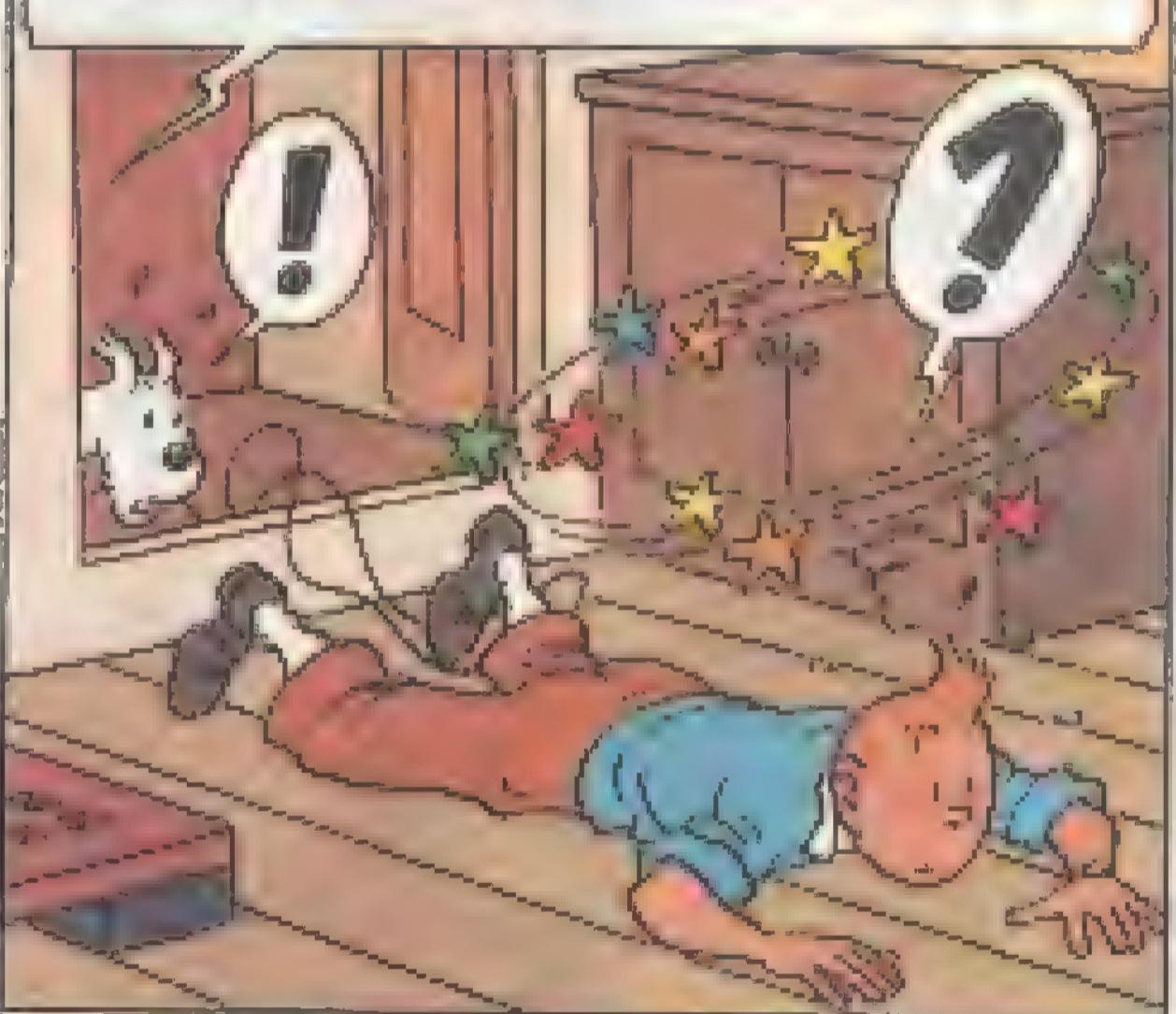
A few hours later...



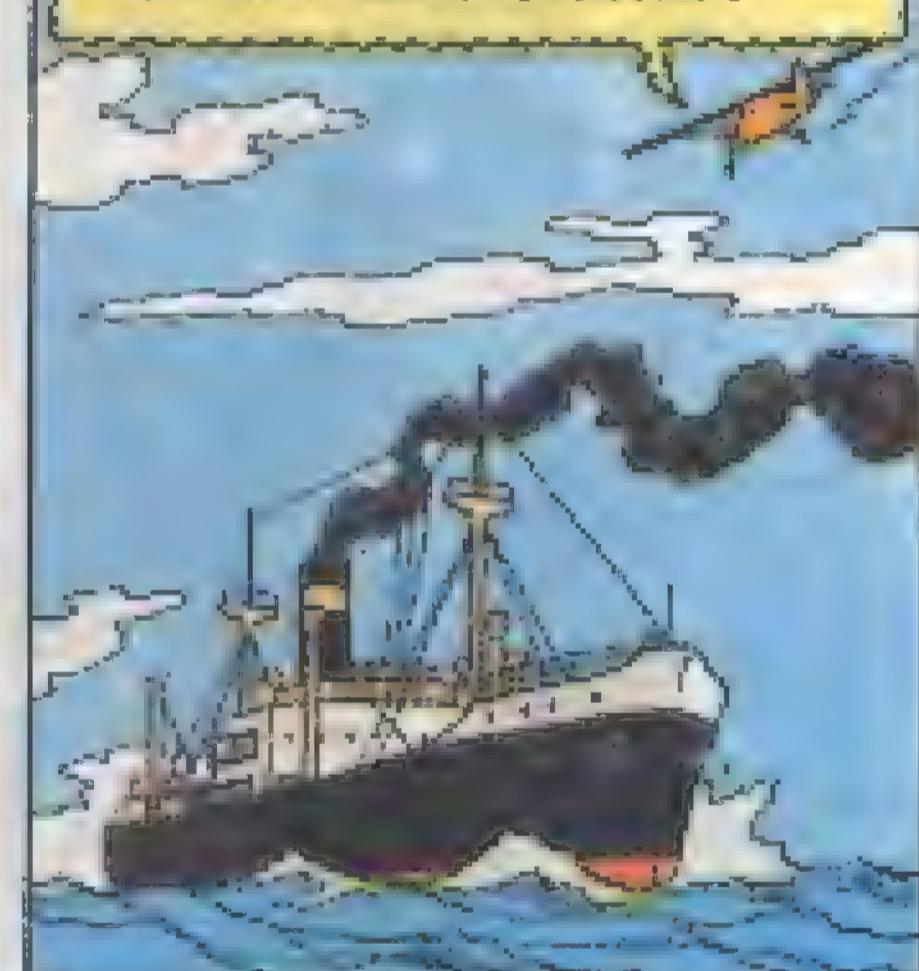
No!... The radio not working... I not find the trouble... I not know what more to do...



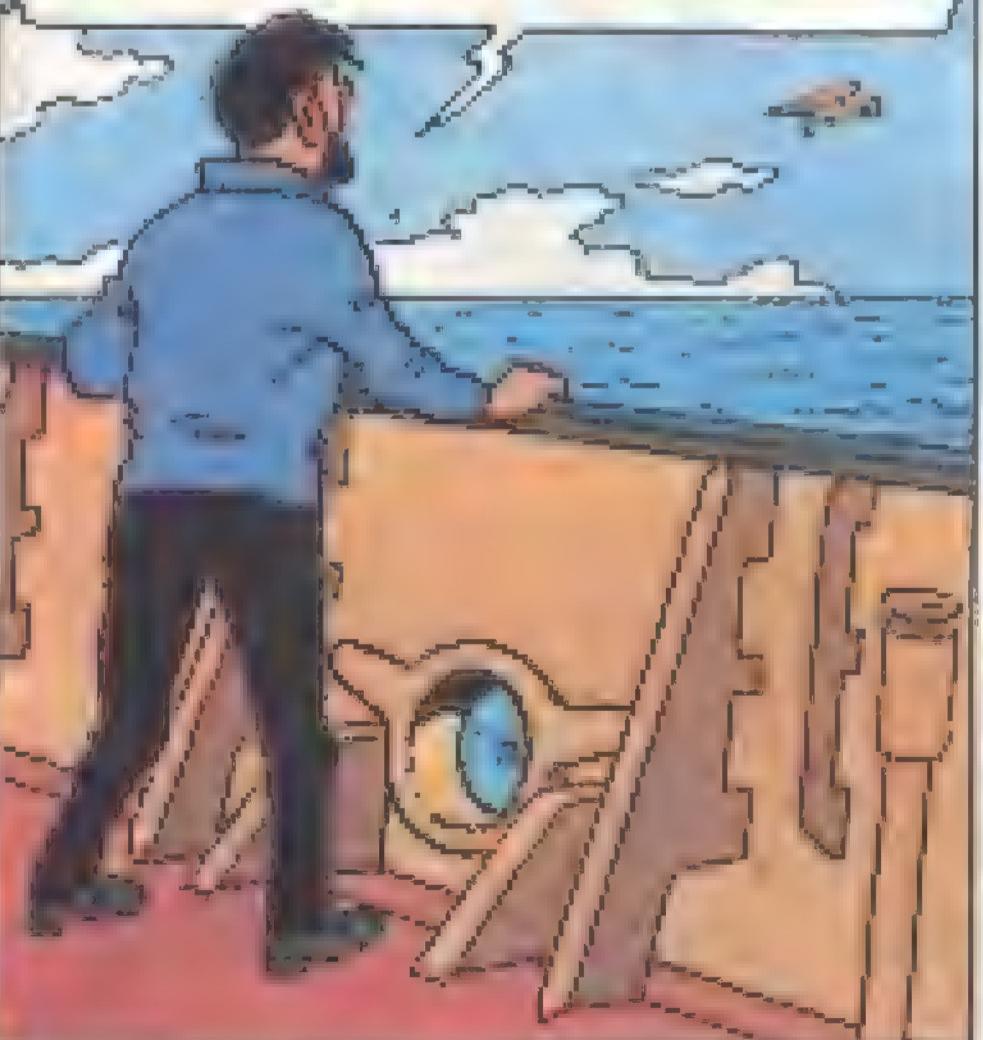
The radio!! Quite all broken now!



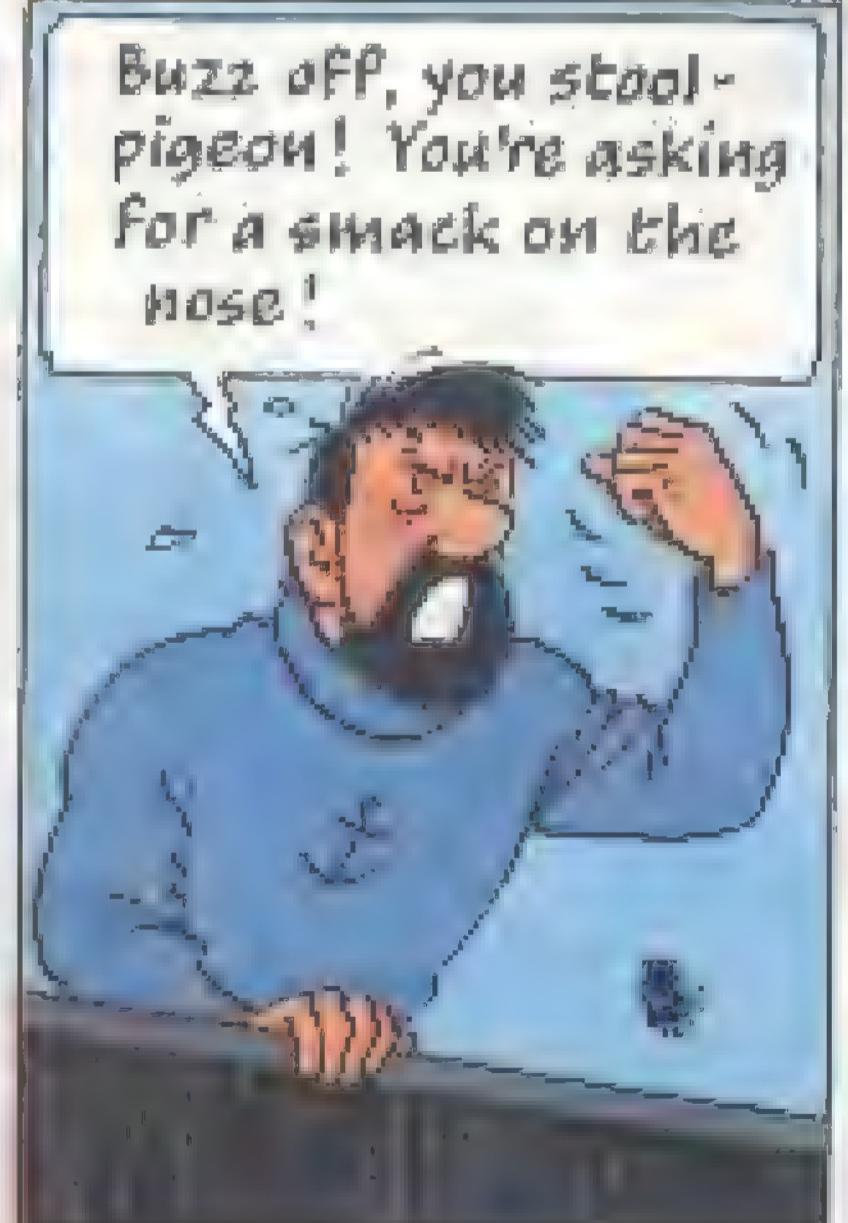
Steering due south; she is 30 miles east of Dahlak-Kebir Island.



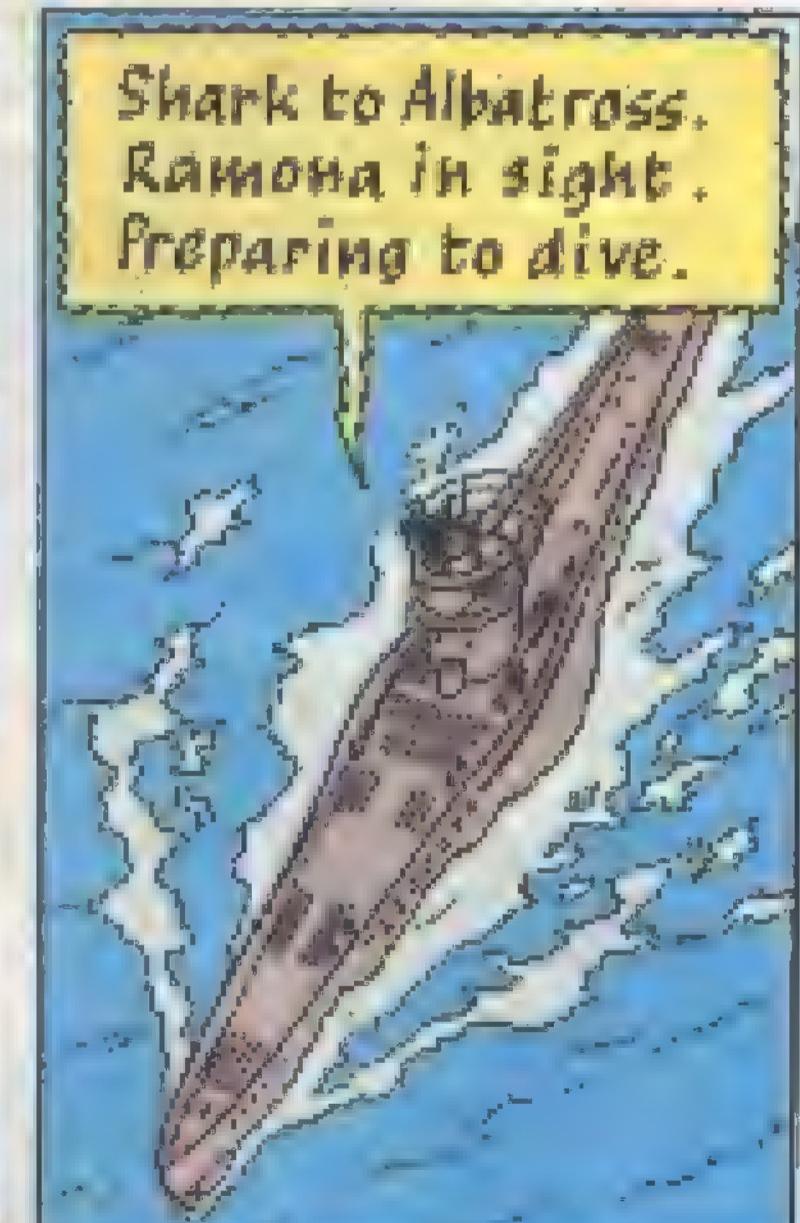
That bird of ill-omen is getting on my nerves.



Buzz off, you stool-pigeon! You're asking for a smack on the nose!



Shark to Albatross. Ramona in sight. Preparing to dive.



I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Ssh!

She working!... She working now!

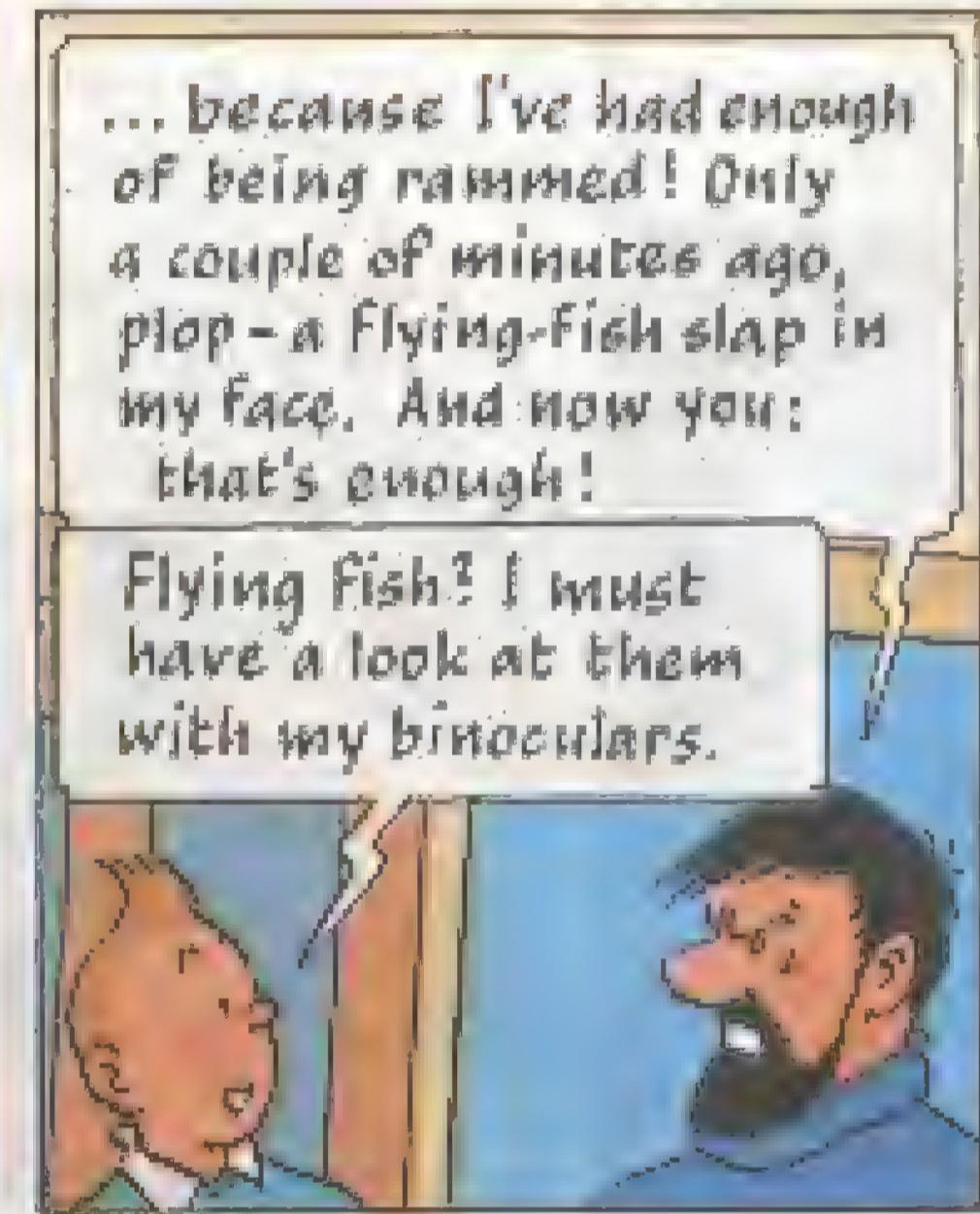
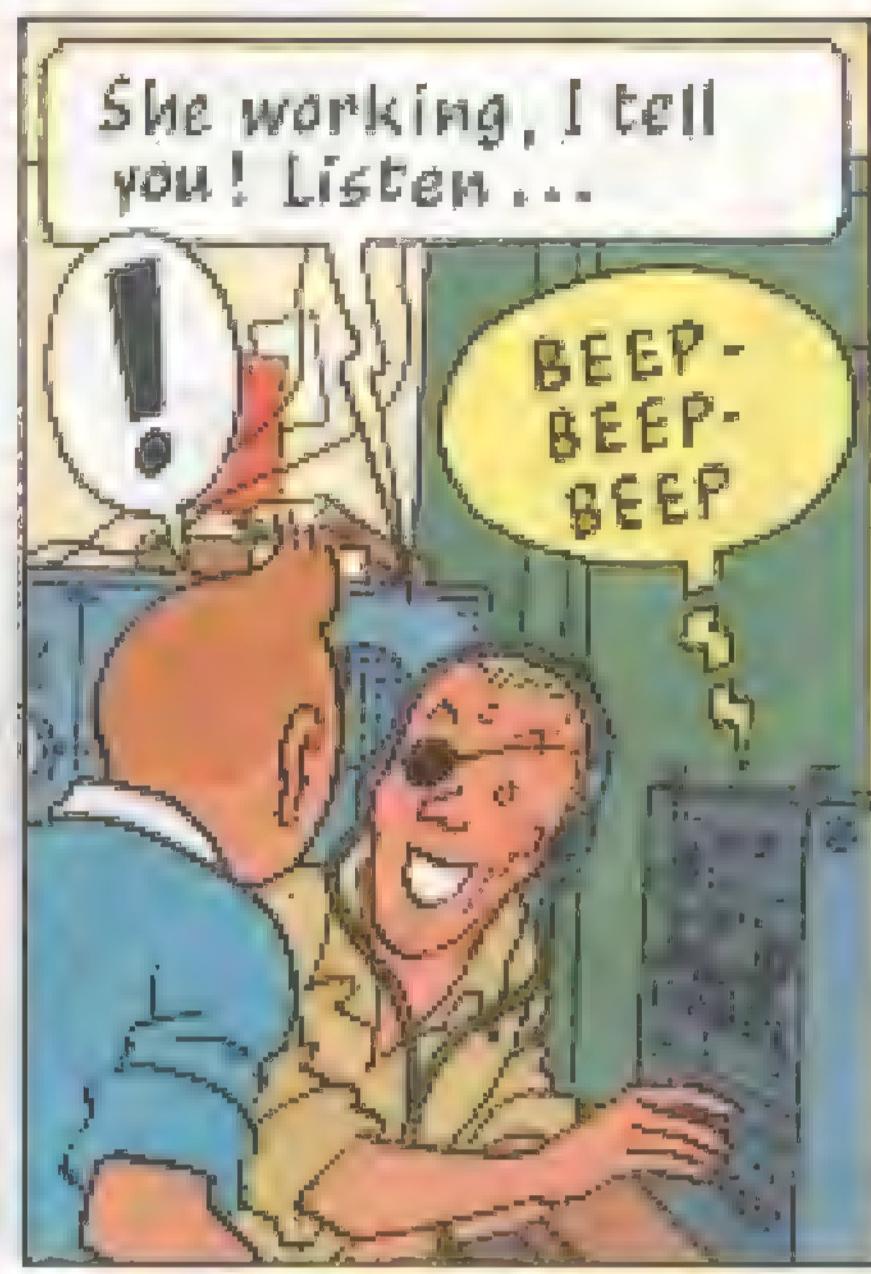
What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.

She working, I tell you! Listen...

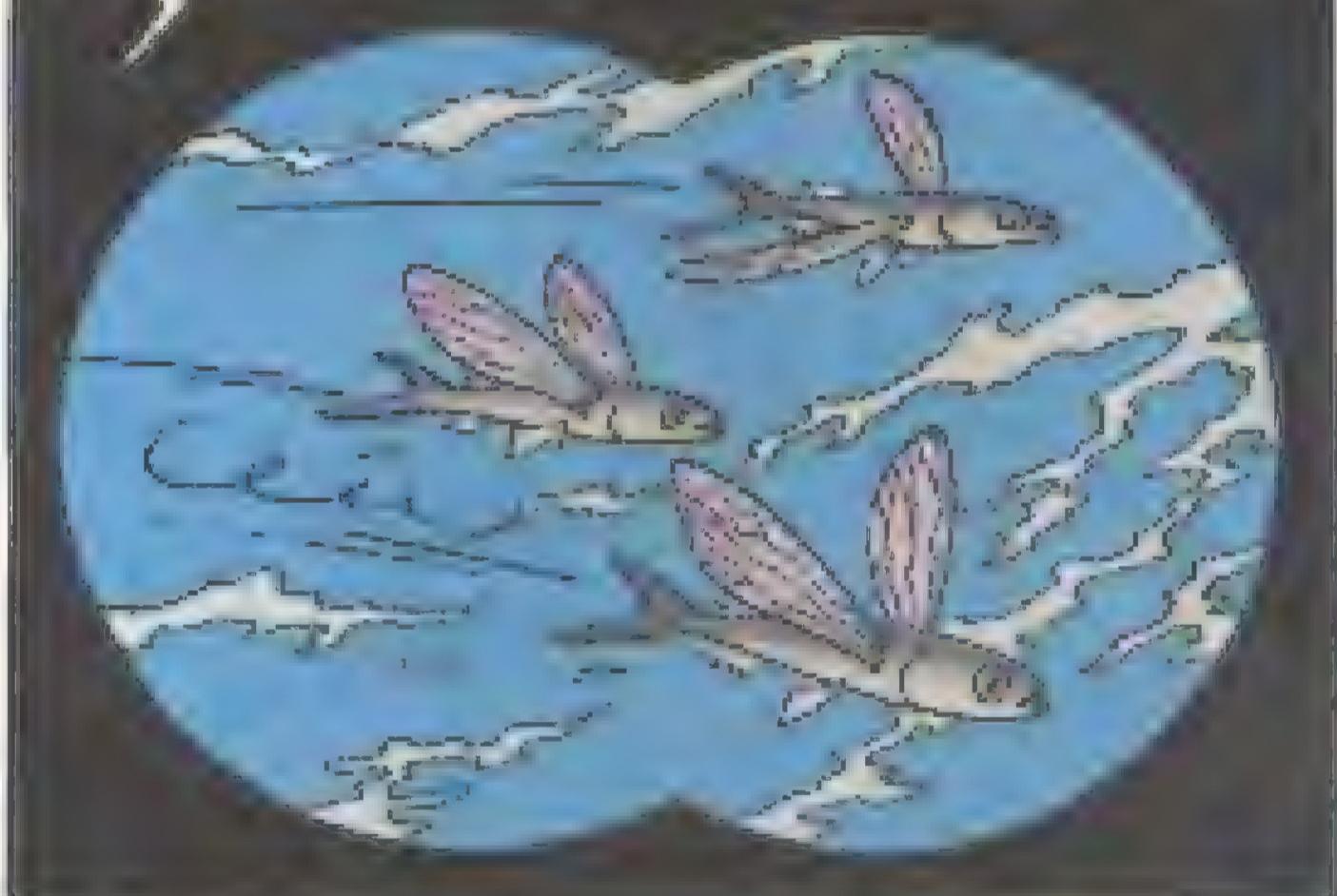


BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two... no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?

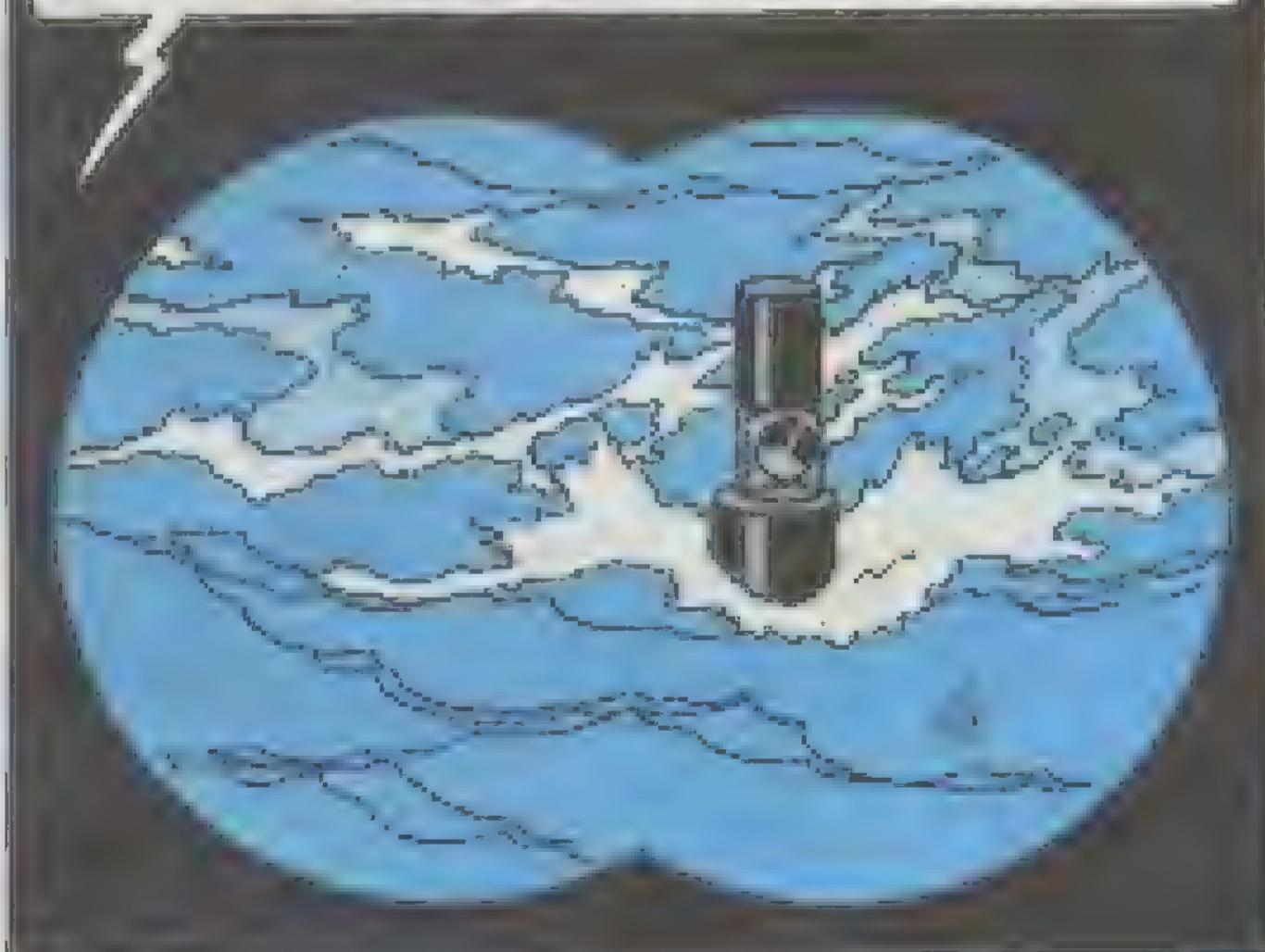


There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there... I saw the wake, I tell you...

Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...



Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skat! Confound! the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!



Calm down, Captain,
calm down!... All isn't
lost yet!

You're right... Keep
cool... Keep calm
and don't panic!

Disaster!... The end!...
There's nothing we can
do! If they're di Gorgonzola's
people we're finished!

But why?

The ammunition!... In
the forward hold... A
torpedo in there, and you
know the rest!

Of course! Only, the
torpedo isn't here yet!
Come on, hurry; everyone
on the alert.

Not far away...

We're almost within
range... They don't
know what's in store
for them.

This won't take long to settle.
... Stand by No. 1 tube ...



Tintin at the radio. You
at the wheel, Skut. Repeat
my orders when I give
them. Remember, starboard
is right; port on the
left ...



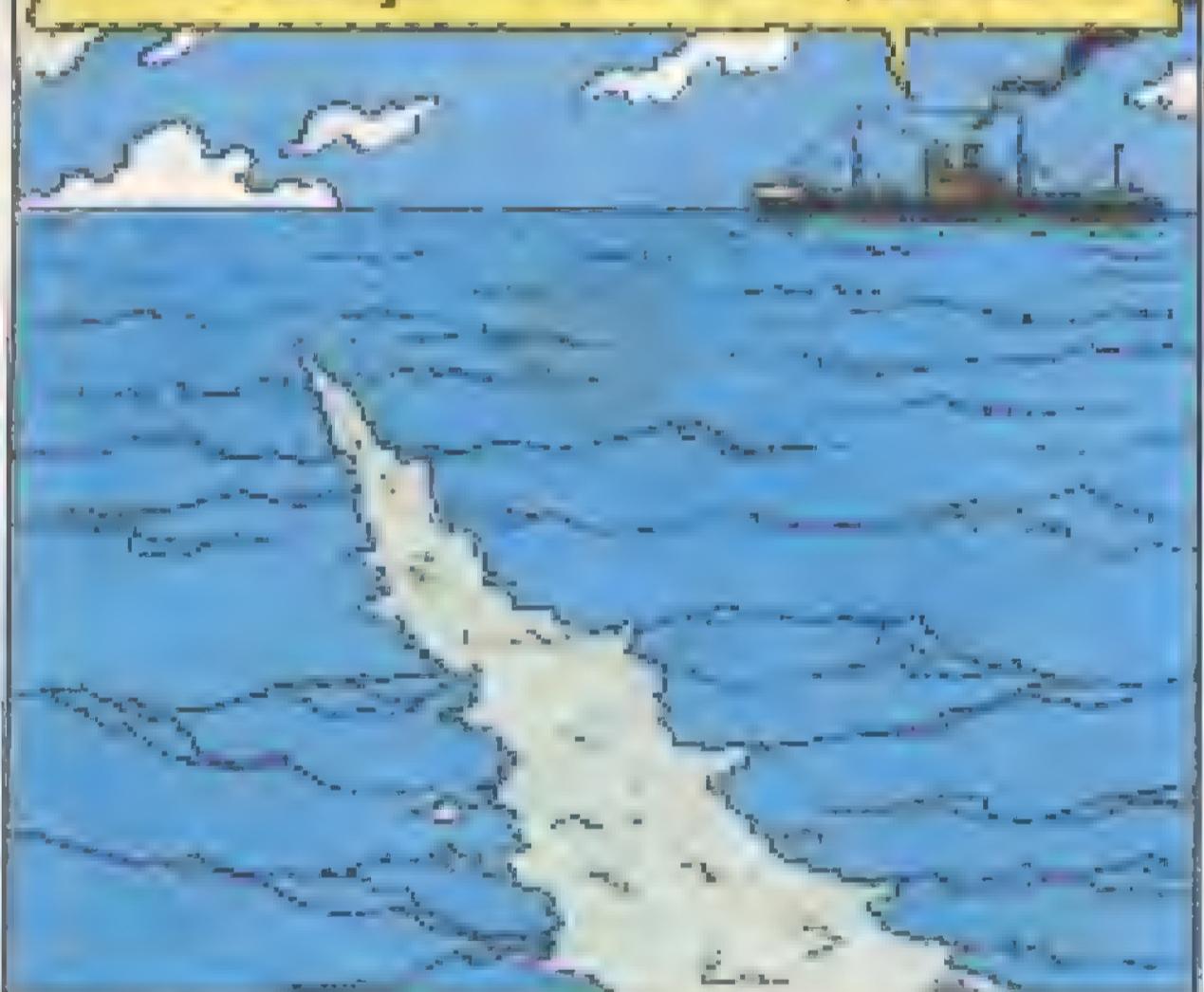
S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s.
Ramona calling. Un-
identified submarine
in immediate vicinity.
... We fear the worst...
Here is our position.



No. 1 tube, fire!



S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling
... In danger of being torpedoed...



Torpedo to port!
Hard a star-
board!...



Hard a starboard it
is!



Curses on them!
They've swung away...
They must have spotted us!



S.O.S... S.O.S... A torpedo has just missed us.
... S.O.S... Hurry please... S.O.S.



A moment later, aboard the U.L.L. Lorraine...

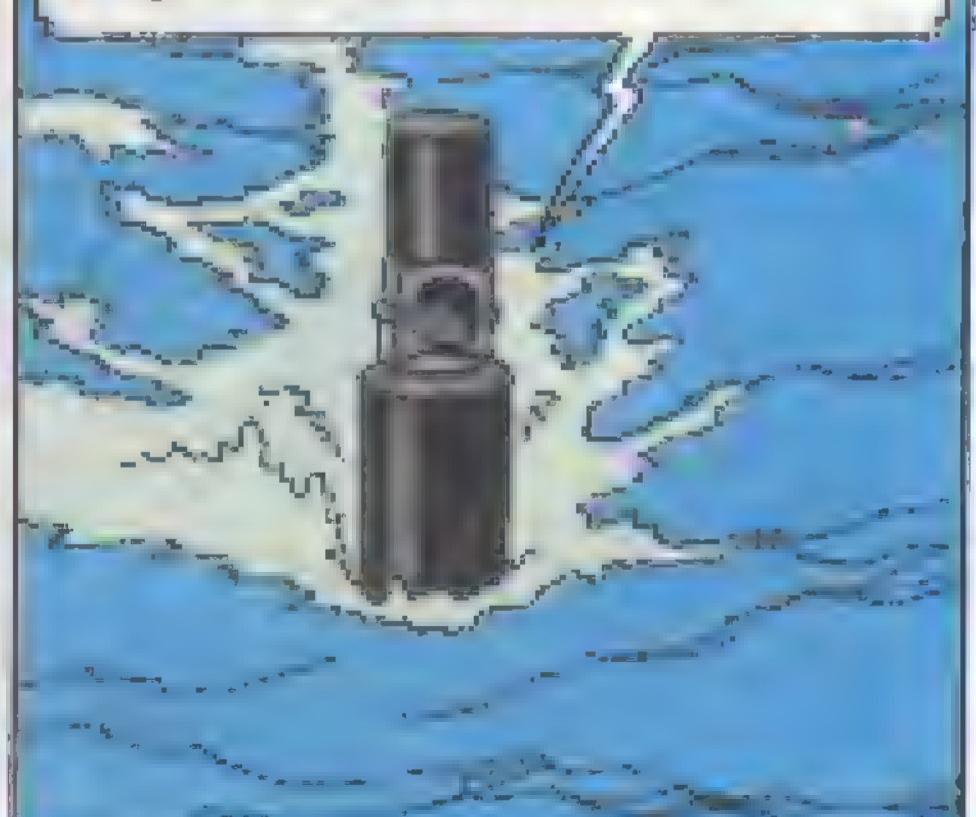
An S.O.S. I
just picked
up, sir.

What's all this bally-
hoo about a sub-
marine?... There
isn't a war on, is
there?



But meanwhile...

Starboard 20... Ahead,
speed six knots... Stand
by No. 2 tube.



Hooray! Someone's heard our call!

U.S.S. Los Angeles to s.s. Ramona. Your S.O.S. received. We are coming to your assistance. Will be with you in three hours.

We've managed to miss the first torpedo, but we'll probably be done for before you get here.

There they are ahead, to port. This time they won't escape us...

By rights he should be astern, to starboard. In a few minutes I'll turn to port again, to confuse him.

Peer sport 30°... I mean, steer port 30°.

Port 30° it is.

By the powers of Satan! They've dodged us again!

Wait now! He'll end up by turning to starboard again... And then ...

Submarine obviously belongs to the slave-traders. Their leader is the Marquis di Gorgonzola, now aboard m.s. Scheherazade, cruising in the Red Sea.

Starboard 45°.

Starboard 45° it is.

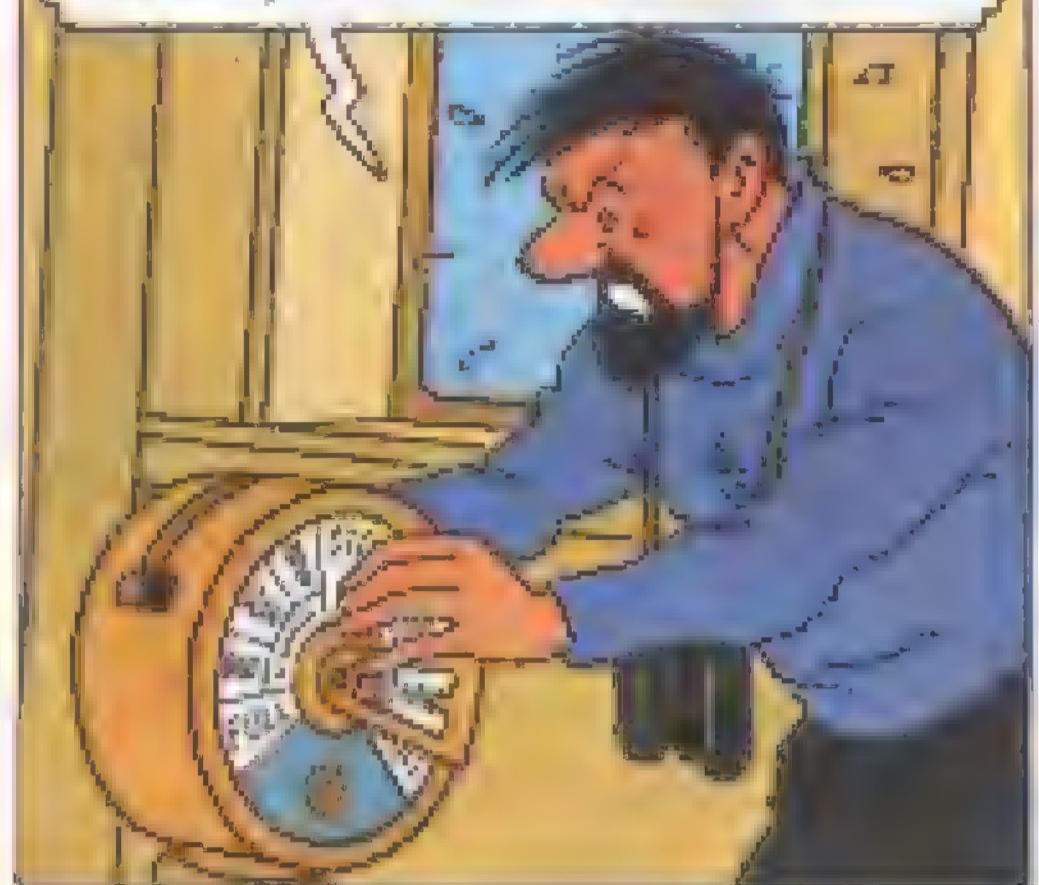
Right!... No. 2 tube, fire!

Torpedo to starboard! Thundering typhoons! Quick, the engine-room telegraph...

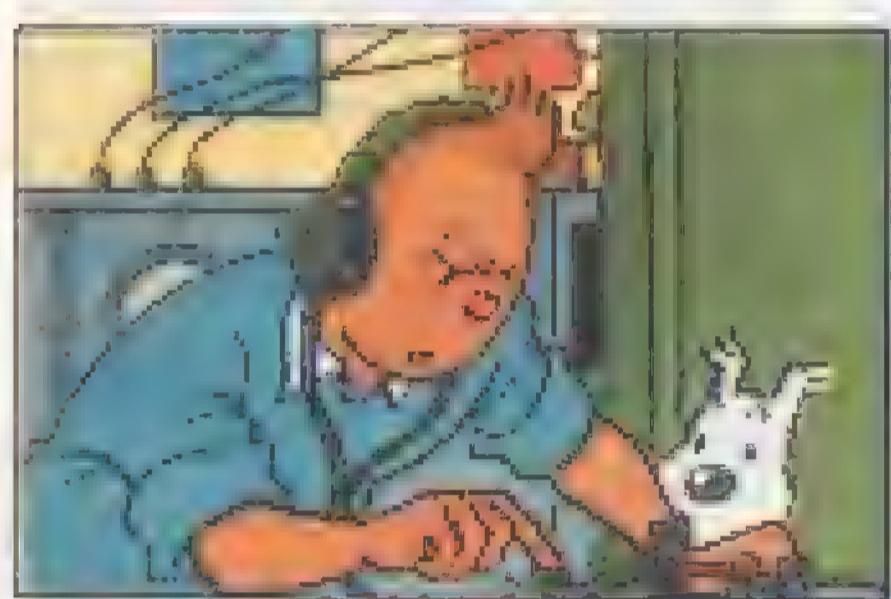
Blistering barnacles! Full speed ahead!

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!

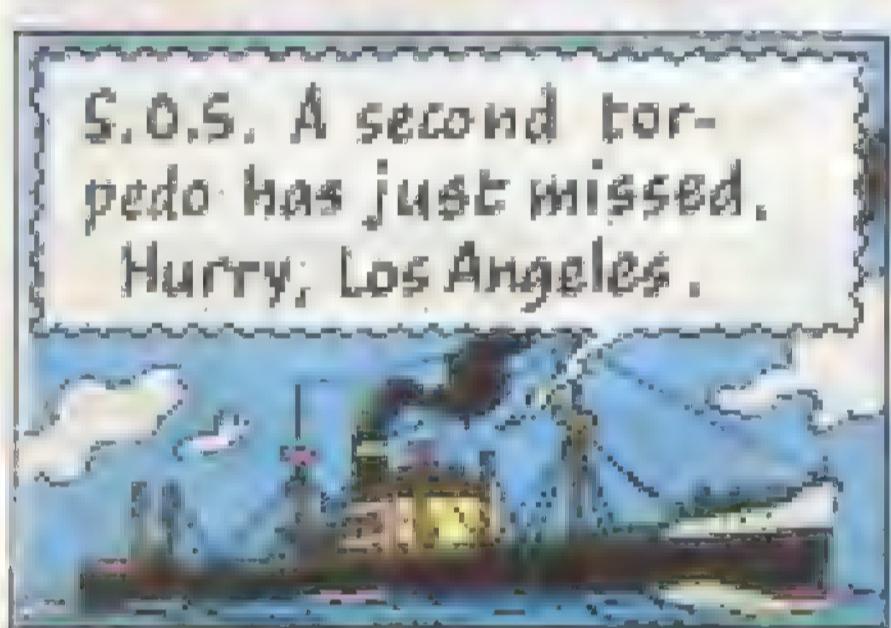
Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



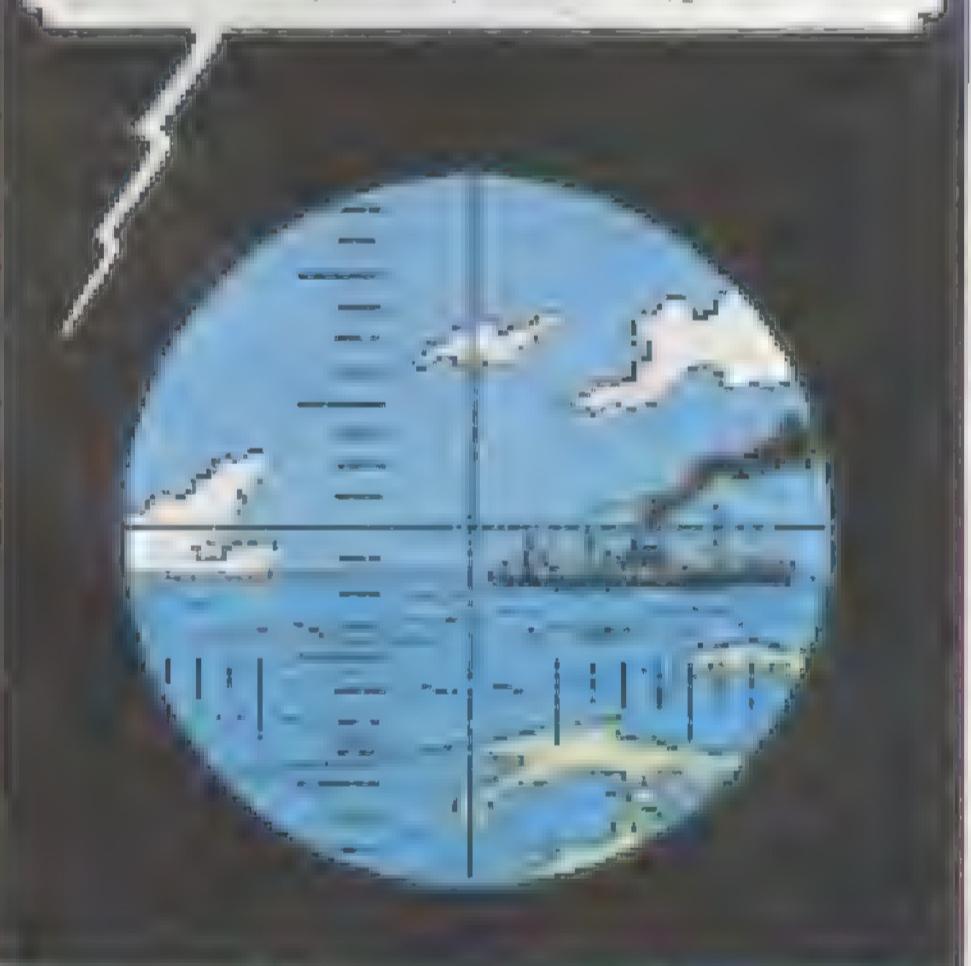
Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!

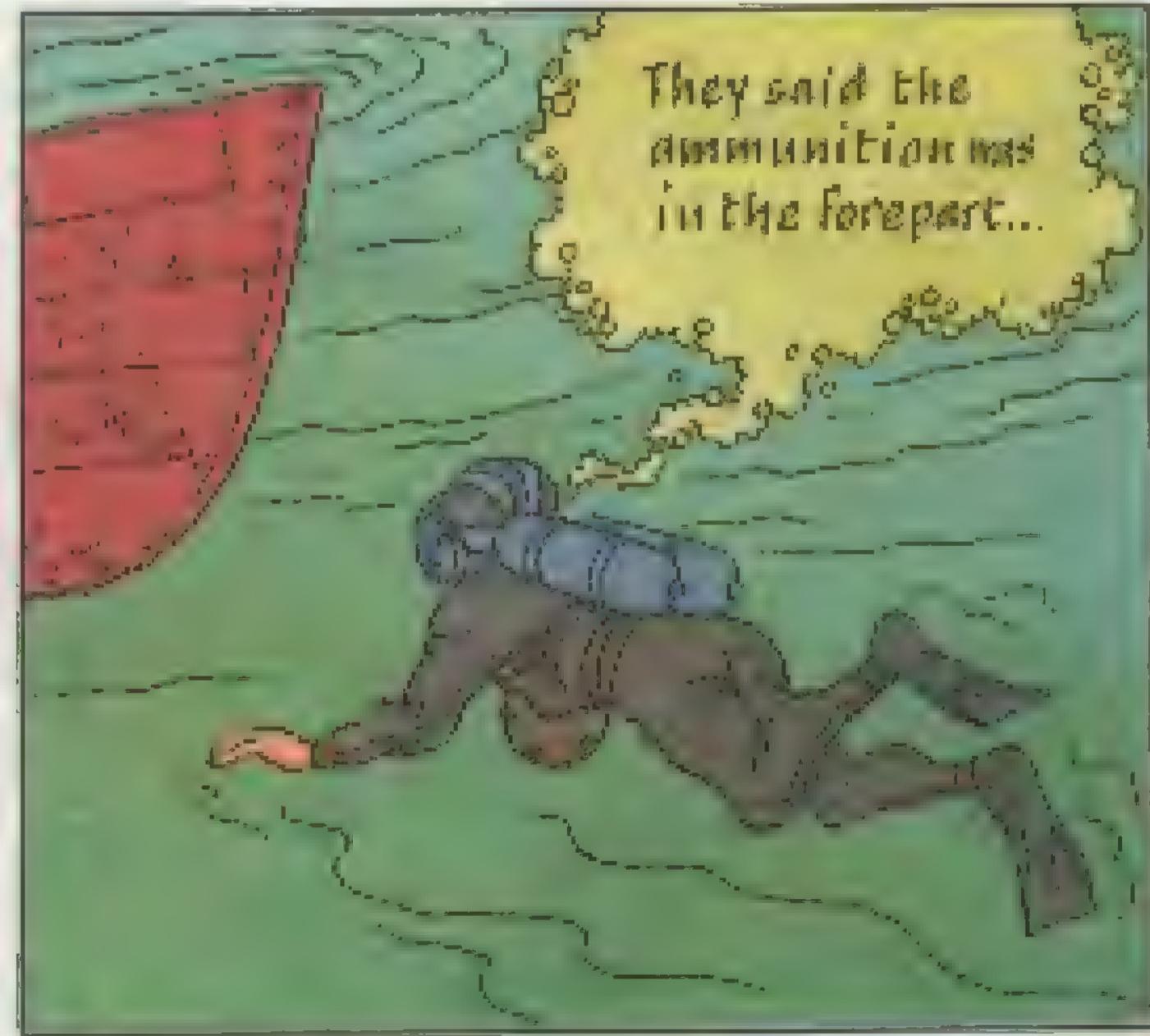
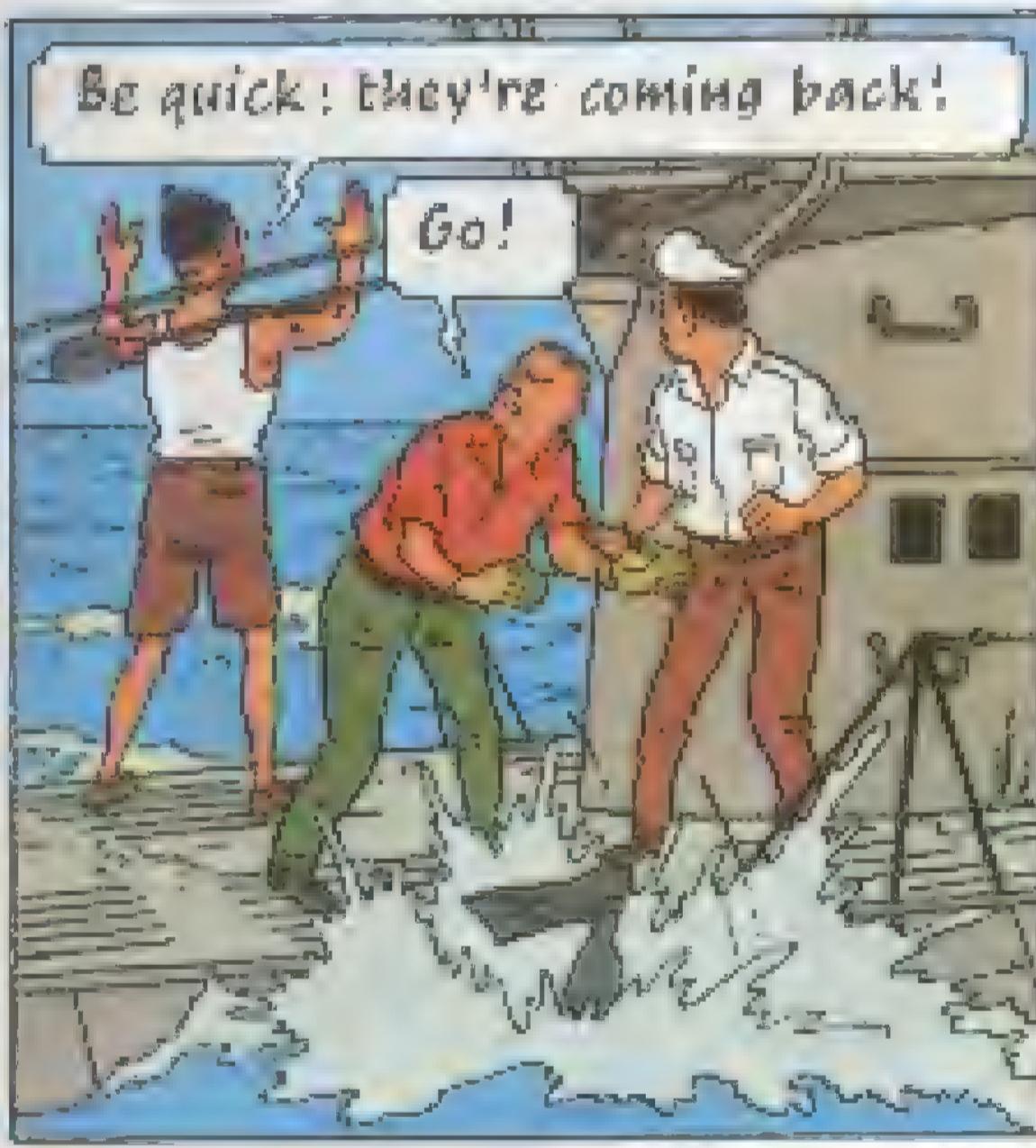
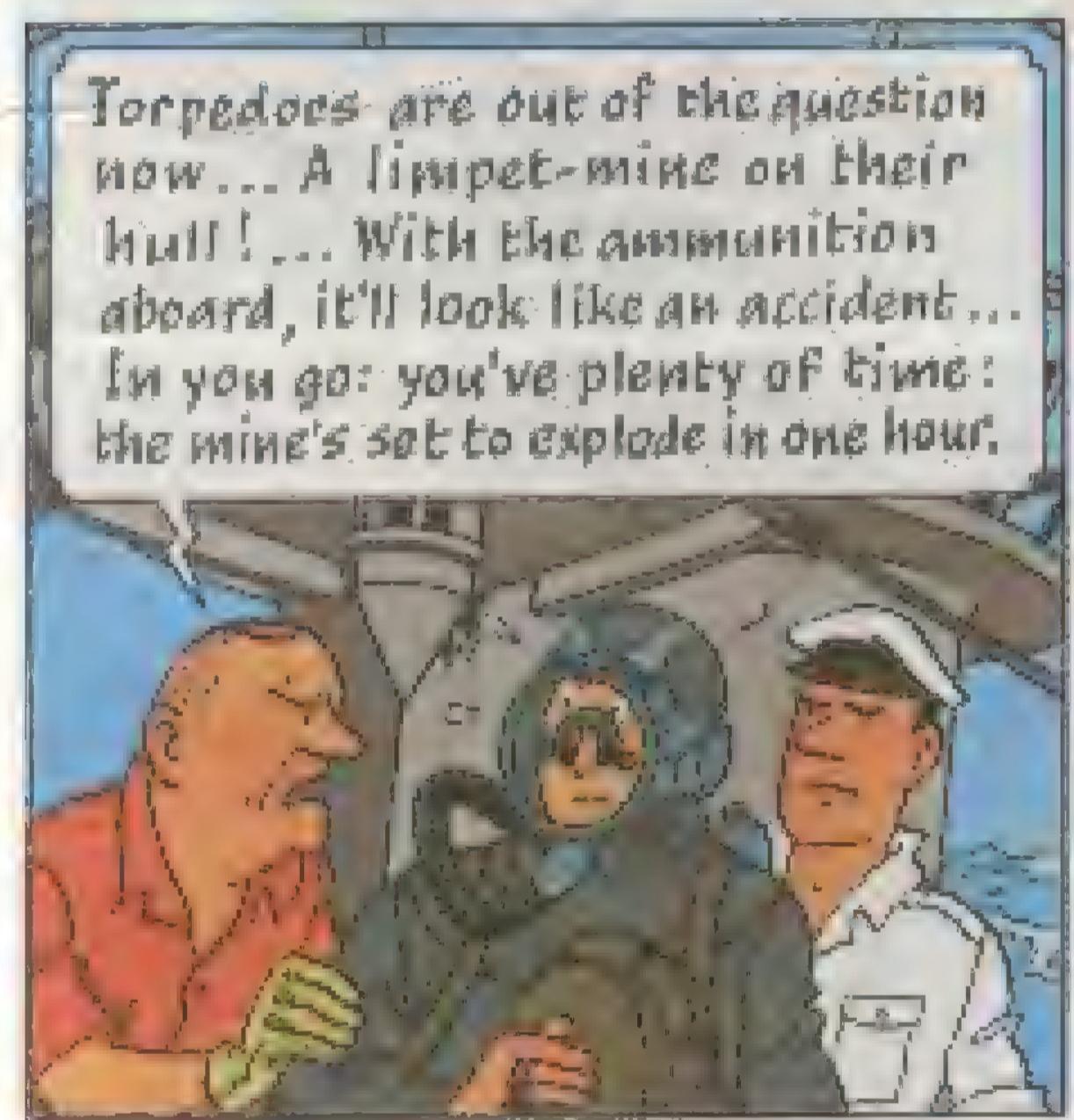
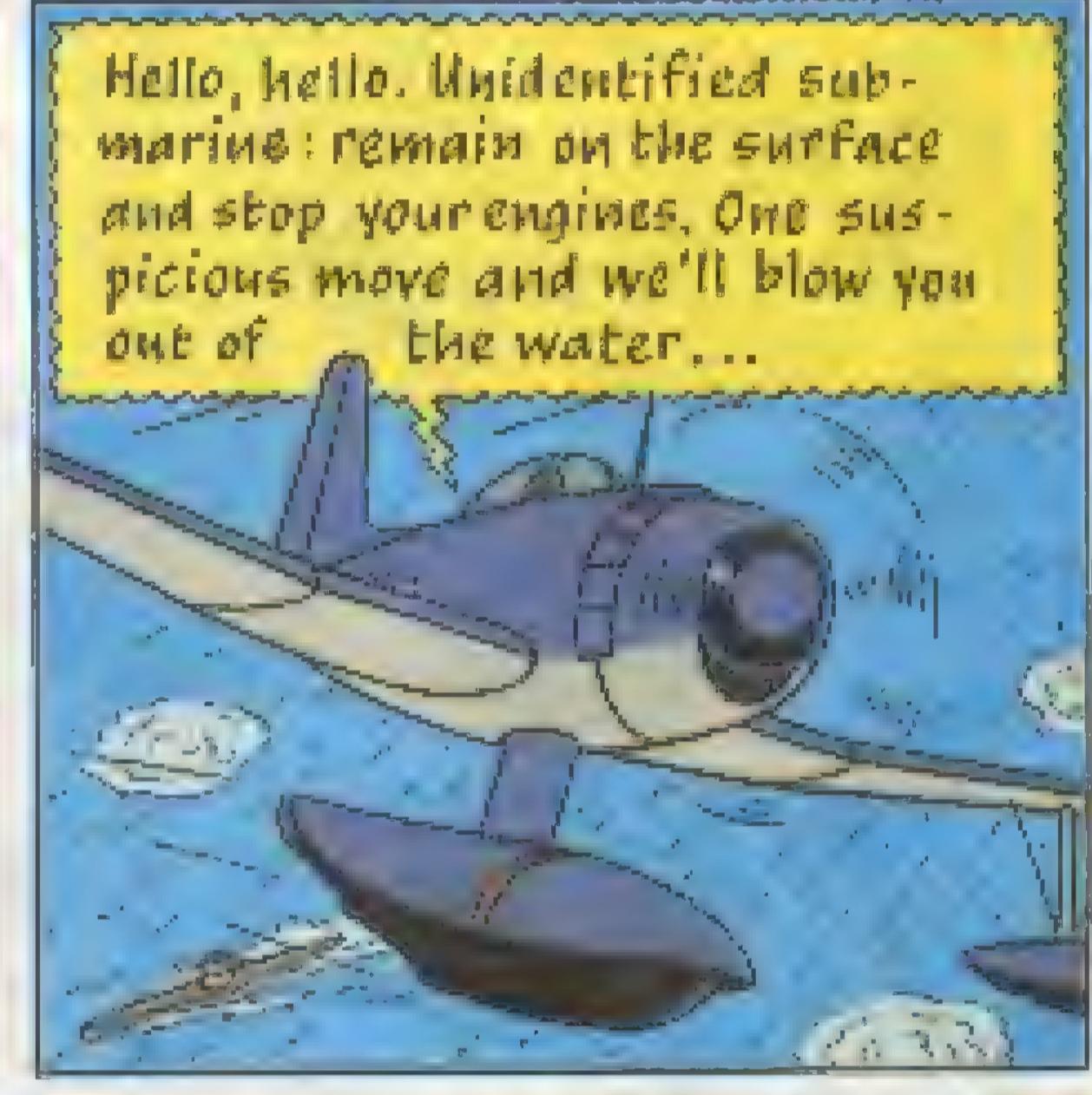


S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No. 3 and No. 4 tubes ready?



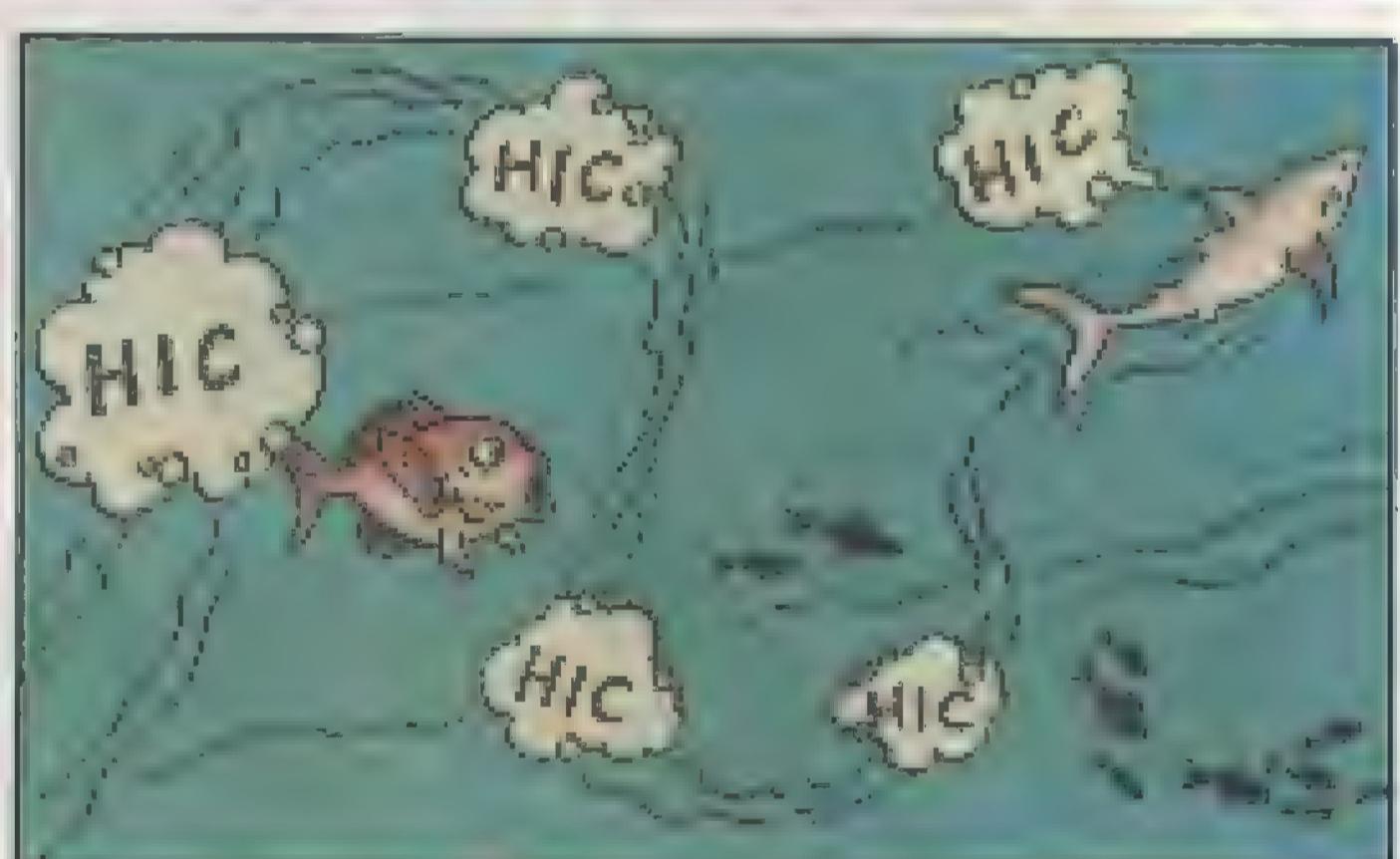
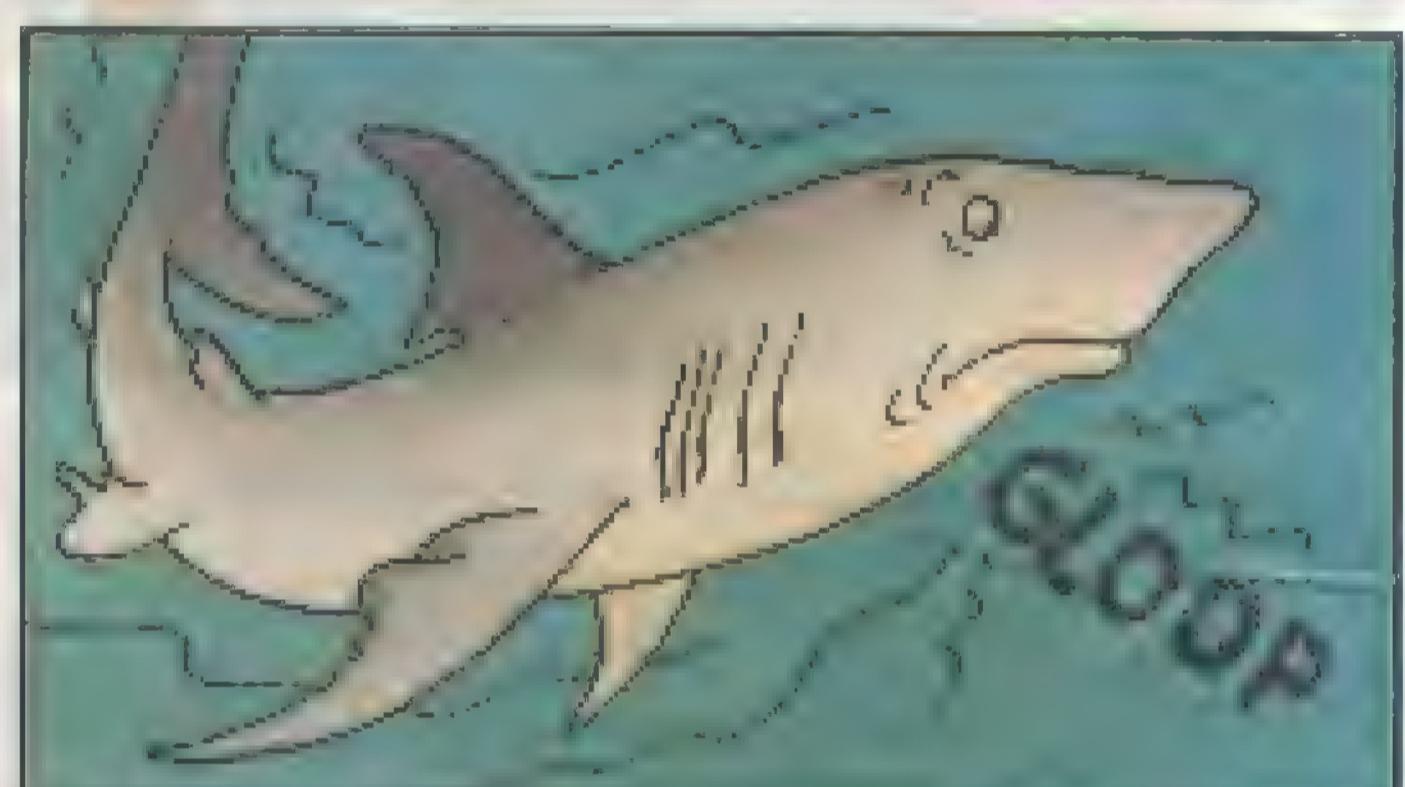
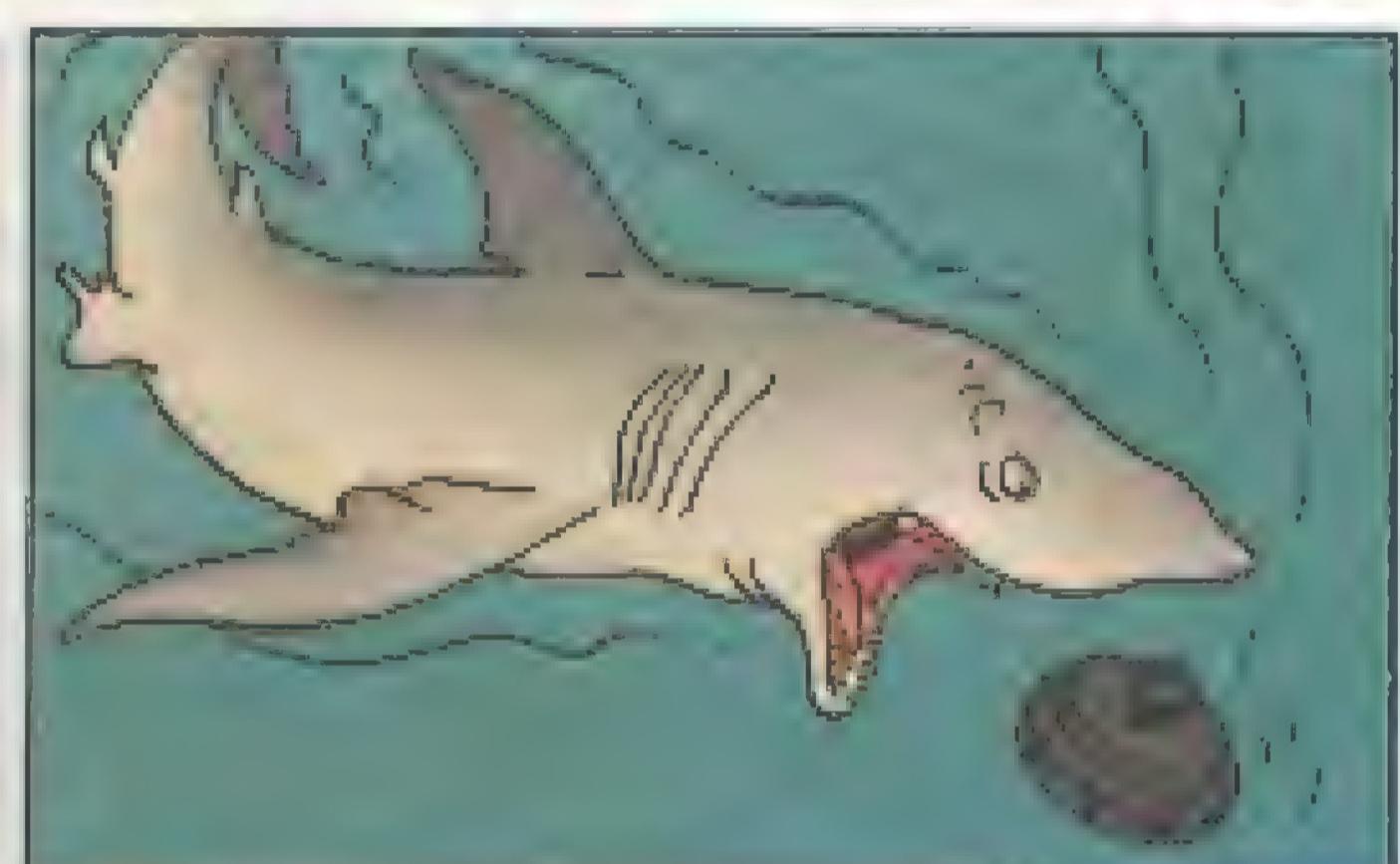


Meanwhile ...

This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.

Twenty-two fathoms depth ... that's perfect ...

Ahooy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.

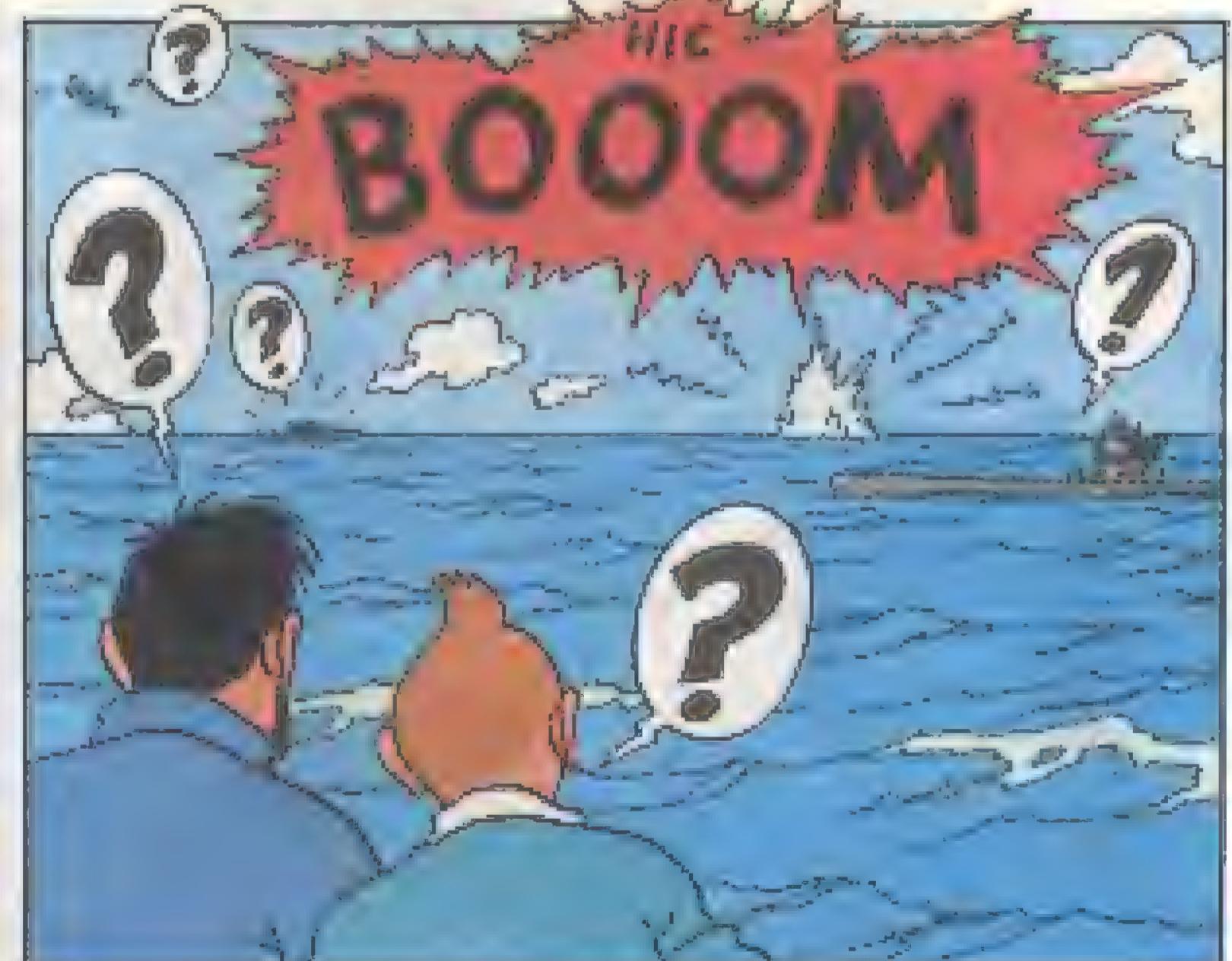
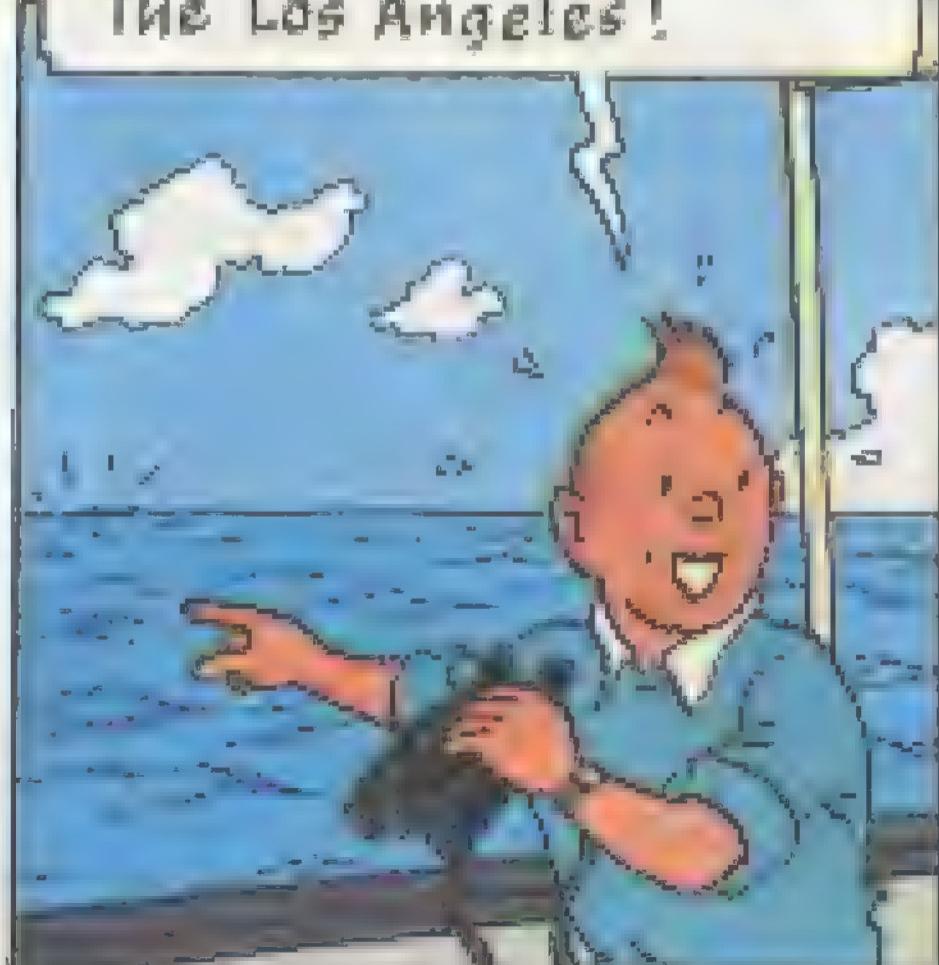


An hour later ...

Hooray! ... There she is! ...
The Los Angeles!

American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



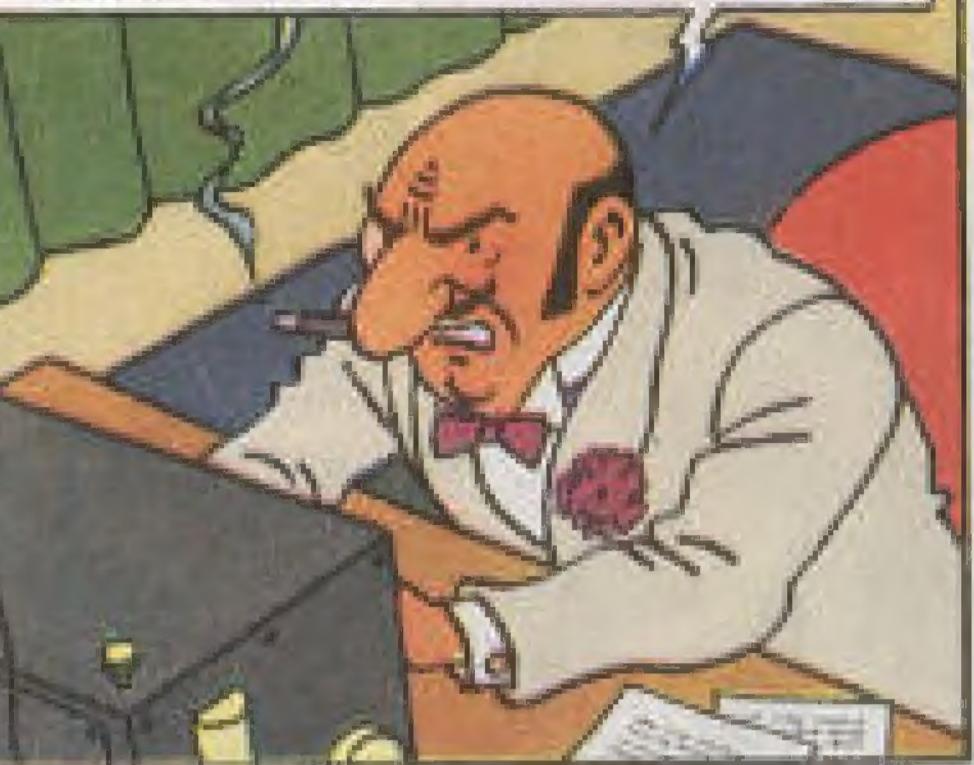
The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the Fools ?

... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...

Lost... All is lost!
... But it's impossible!

Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What? ... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.



All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



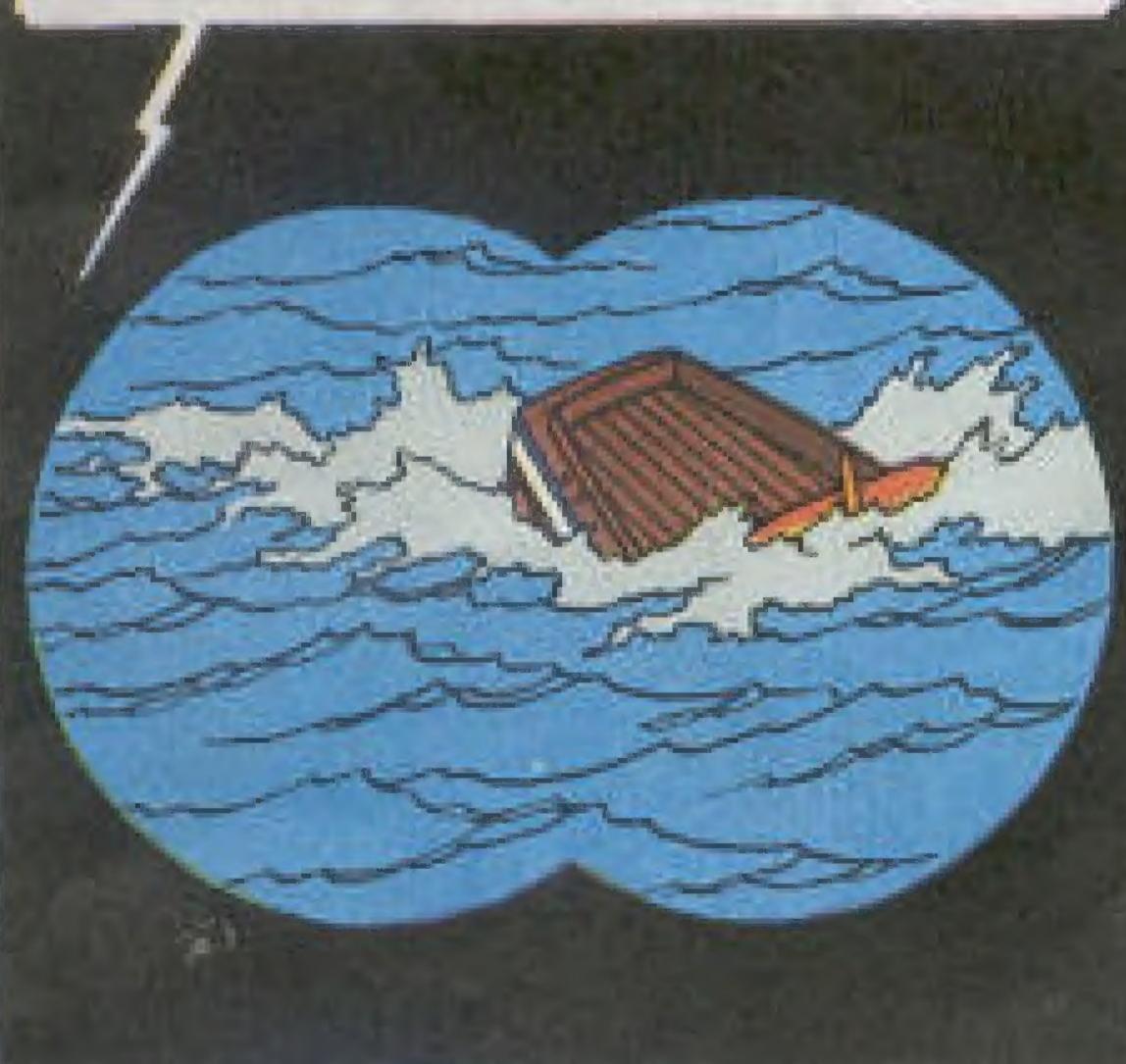
... And he's steering towards us!... Well, this beats everything!... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen!... Ha! ha! ha!



NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD

SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Figure 1. A schematic diagram of the experimental setup for the measurement of the absorption coefficient.



Happy Africans photographed
aboard the S.S. Ramona.
Timely intervention by
Tintin and Captain Haddock
saved them from a hideous

*dispatch from
as it is.*

EMIR BEN
KALISH EZAB

*Restored to
power in Khem*

MULL PASHA Revolutionary Leader



CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish
Cargo Vessel



Coup d'État San Theodo

Alcazar ousts Tapi

A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former chief of state, has seating

PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

RED SEA

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken.

TINTIN IN NEW COUNTRY

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL *Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport*

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Police in the International Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that he has encountered a shady individual.

Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for Rustam.

A fortnight later . . .

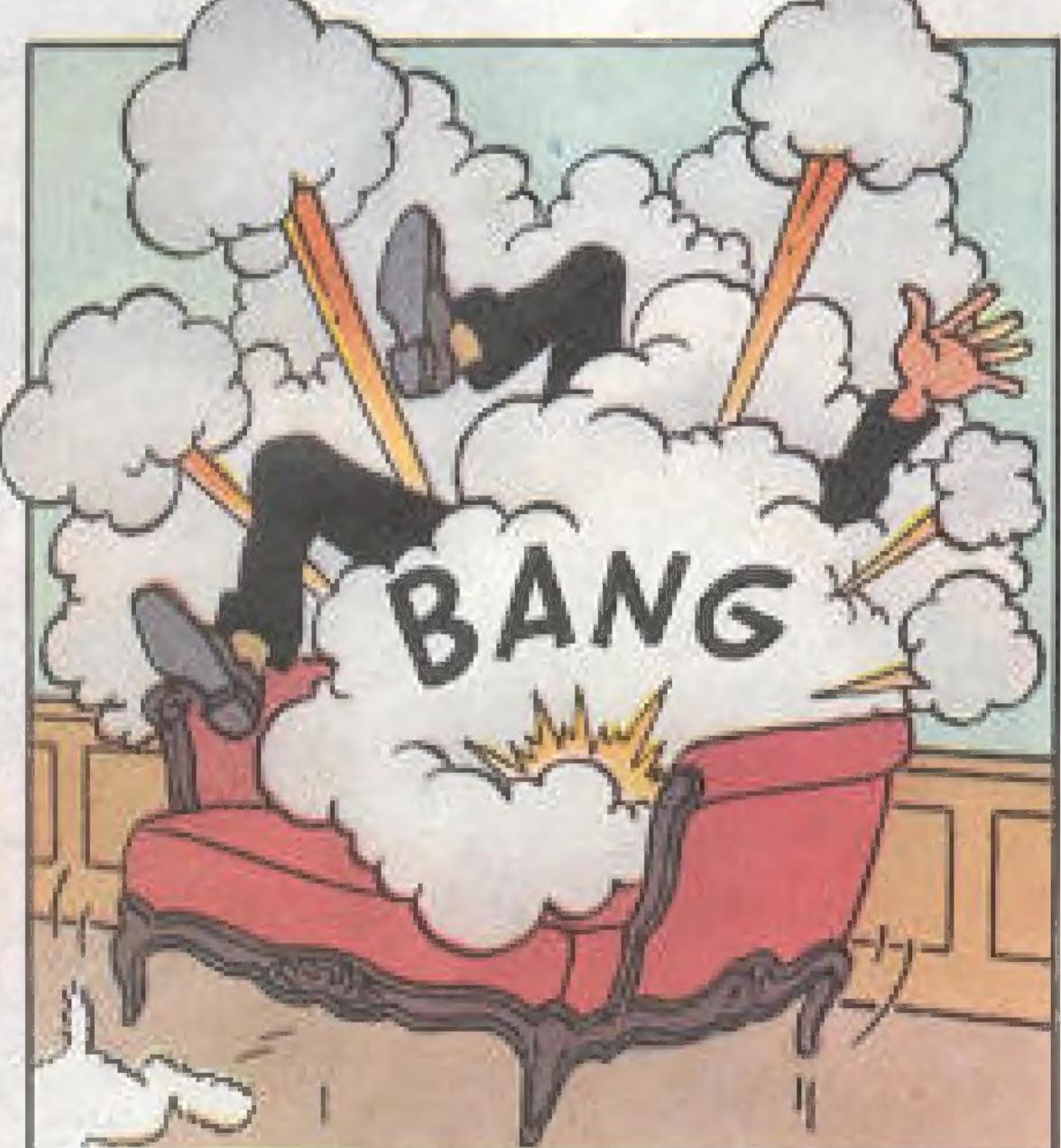
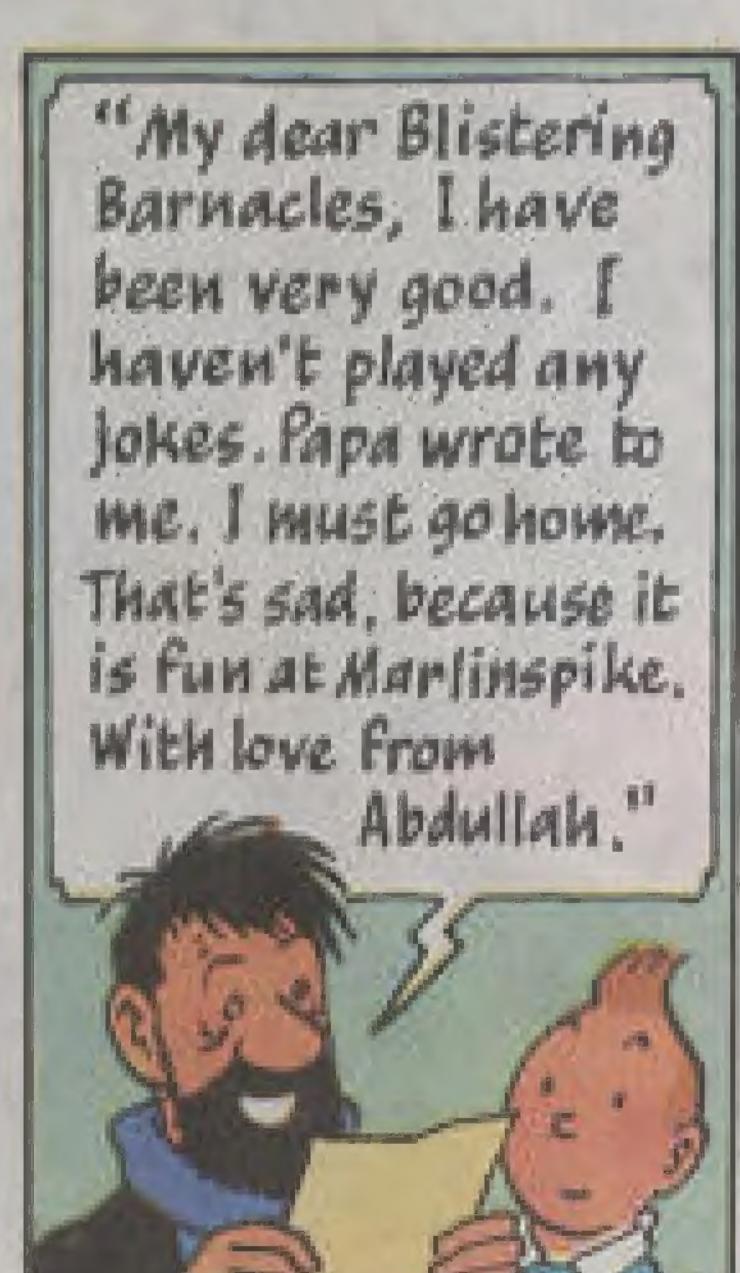
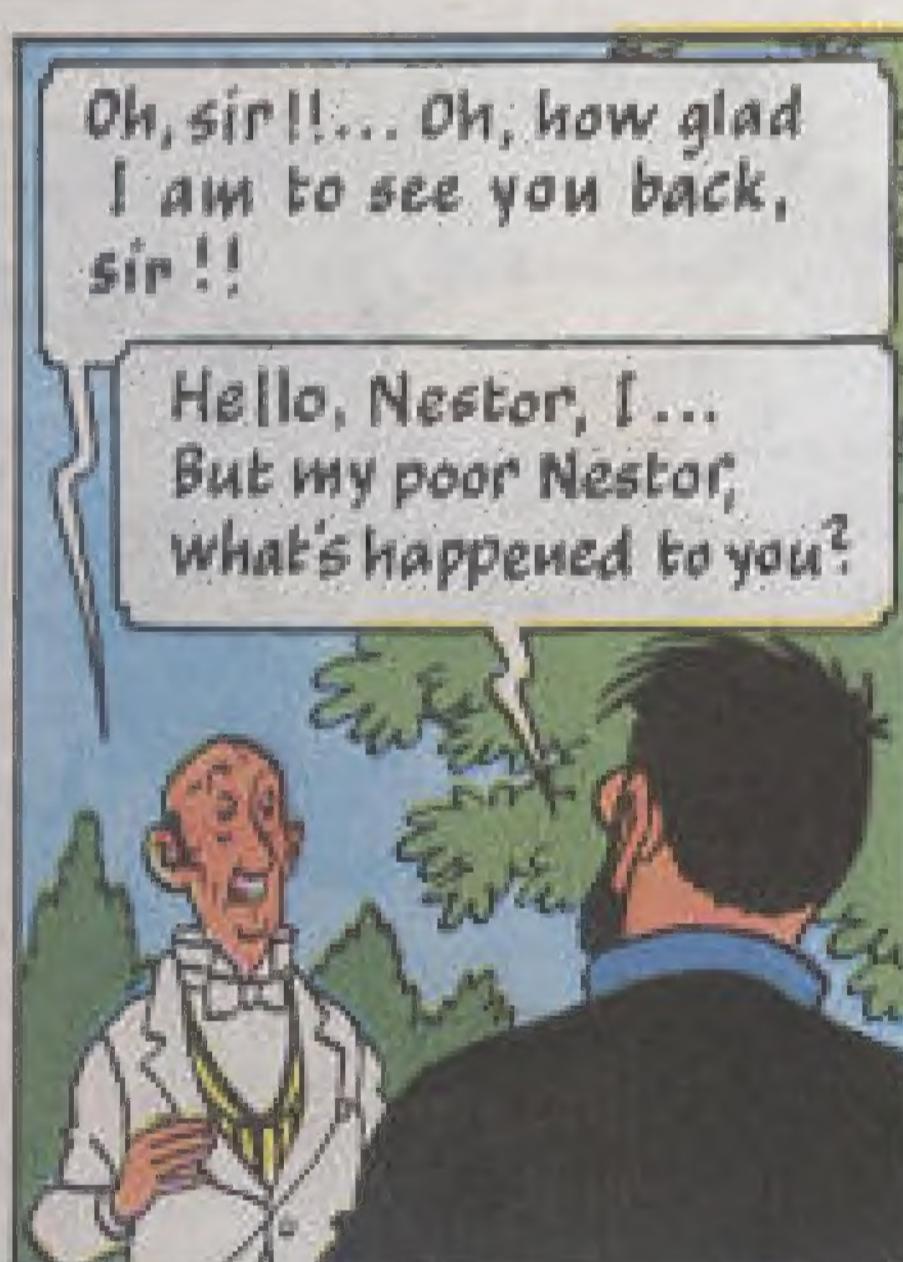
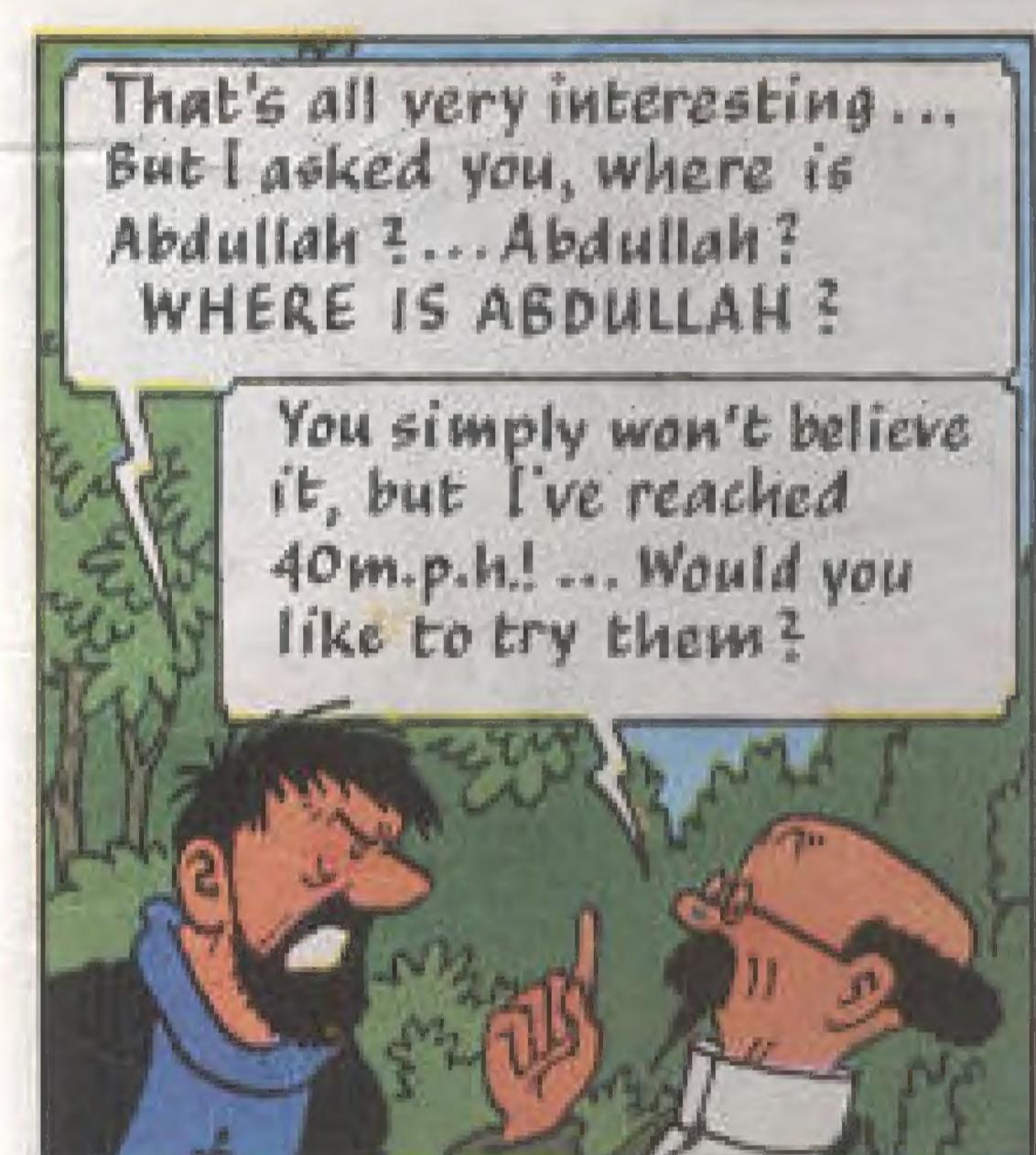
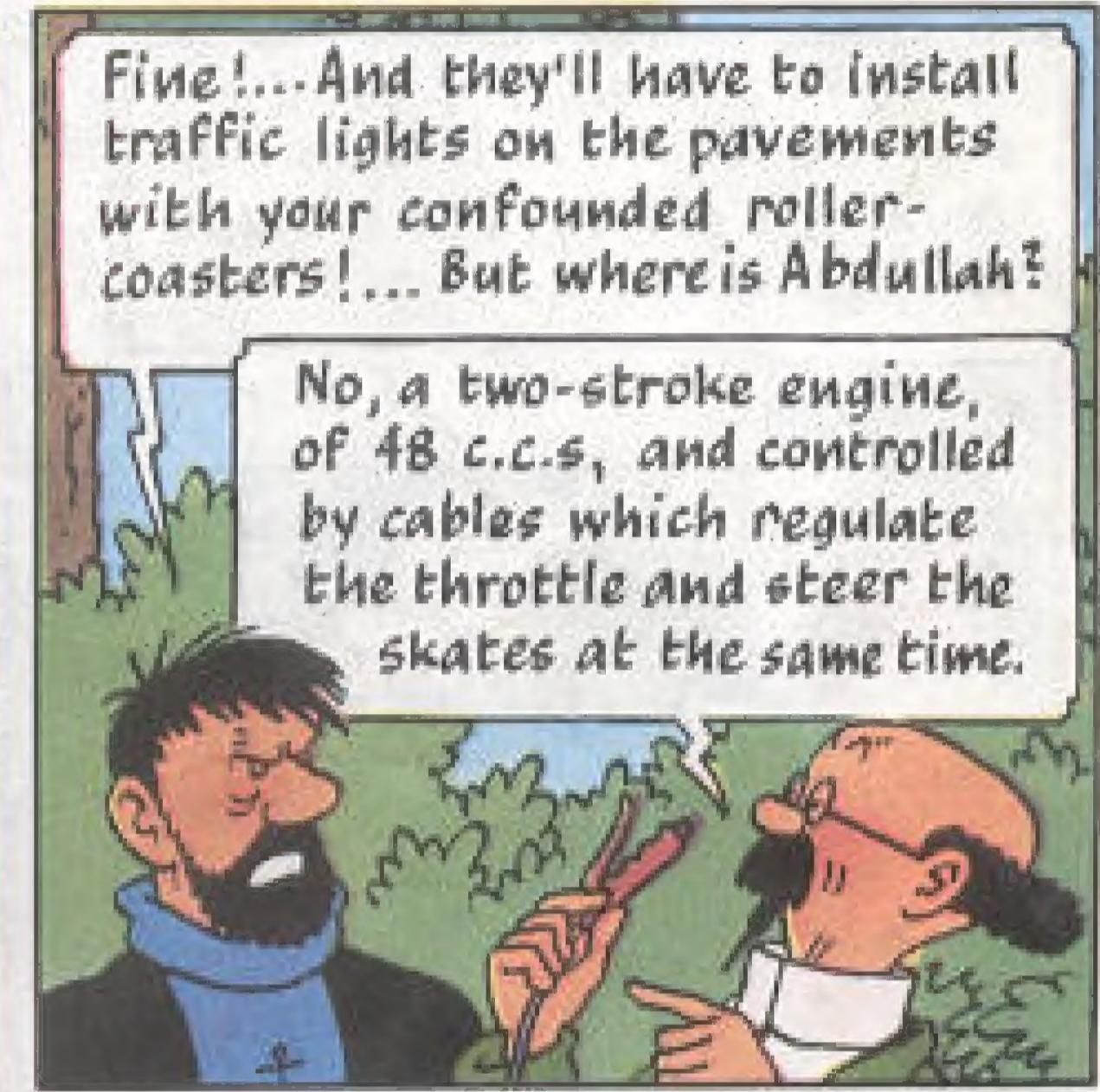
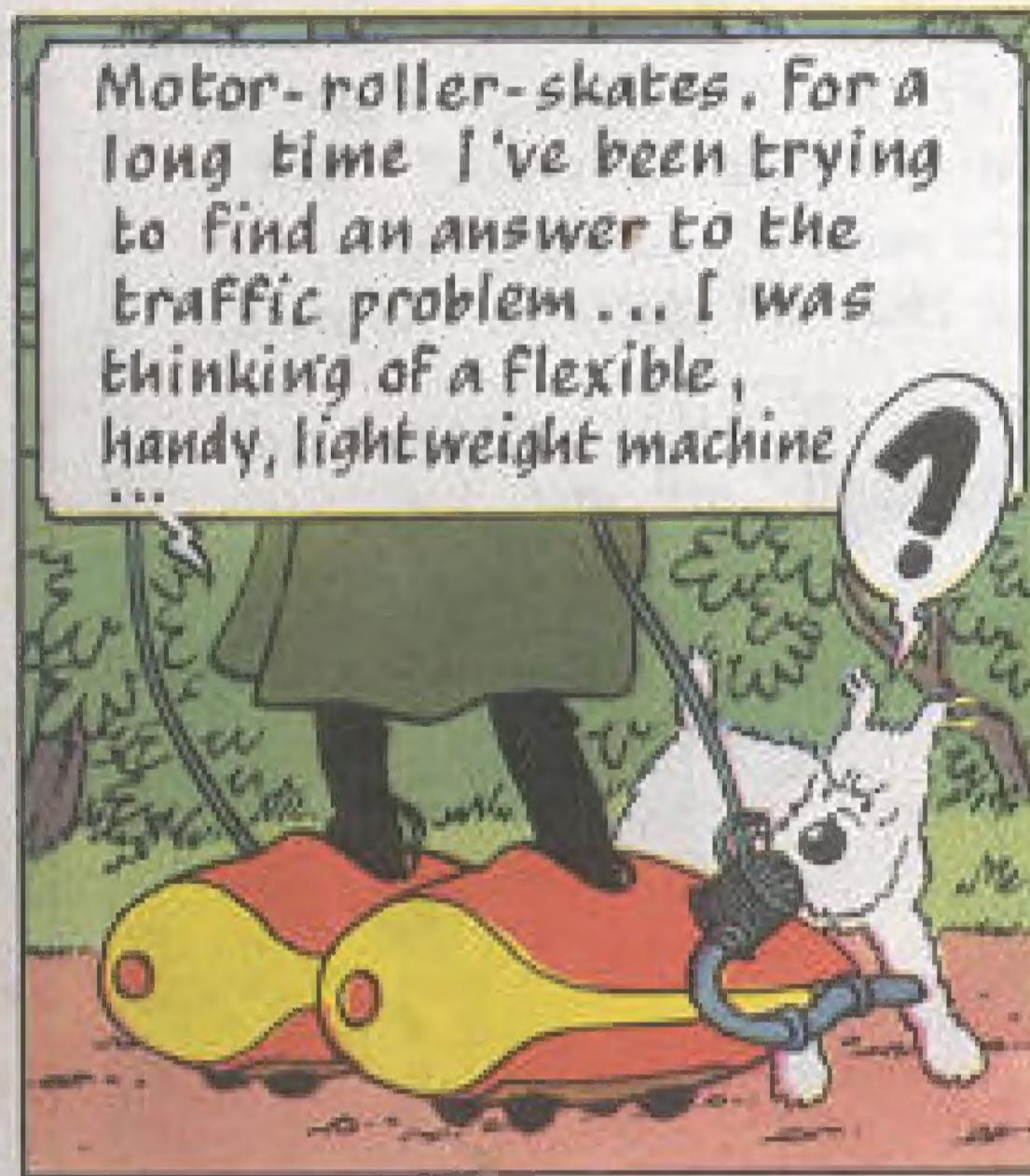
Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...



*...and hear the old
familiar sounds.*

*Listen: the sound of a
motor; it's the gardener
mowing the lawn.*





Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! Another joke by that infernal child... Shall I never be left in peace?! In peace !!



Sir, Mr. Wagg has just arrived...

Who?... Jolyon Wagg?... Oh, no, no!... I want some peace!... Peace!



Hello, old boy! How are you, you old sea-dog? I'm doing fine... in the pink!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!... What a lark to see you again, you old humbug, you!

Er...



Well, my old salt, I've got a surprise for you... I know the country's pretty, but it's dull as ditchwater...

A matter of taste...



No, no, take it from me, it's dull. So I said to myself: "Jolyon," I said, "you must go and liven things up for that old stick-in-the-mud..."

That's very kind of you, but...



Now, now, turn it up! No buts! Too easy. I'm president of the Vagabond Car Club down my way; all I've had to do is organise a rally, and the final trials...



...are at Marlinspike!

